

Homerus, ca. v8. Jh. / Pope, Alexander, 1688-1744 / Wakefield, Gilbert, 1756-1801

The Iliad Of Homer

Bd.: 2

London (1796)

A.gr.a. 1084-2

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10233195-3



Ex bibliotheca
Steph. Quatremeri.

A. gr. ~~1290*~~

a. 1084 - 2

Homer

THE
ILIAD
OF
HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

183

ILLIAD

OF

HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

THE
ILIAD
OF
HOMER.

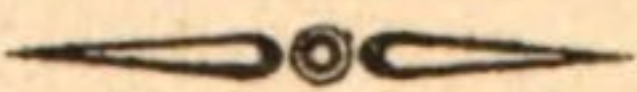
TRANSLATED BY
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

QUIS MARTEM TUNICA TECTUM ADAMANTINA
DIGNE SCRIPSERIT? AUT PULVERE TROÏCO
NIGRUM MERIONEN? AUT OPE PALLADIS
TYDIDEN SUPERIS PAREM?

HORAT.

A NEW EDITION,
WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES, CRITICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE,
BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.

VOLUME II.



LONDON:

Printed by H. Baldwin:

FOR T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, J. JOHNSON, C. DILLY, G. G. AND J. ROBINSON,
W. OTRIDGE AND SON, J. NICHOLLS, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, F. AND C.
RIVINGTON, LEIGH AND SOTHEY, T. PAYNE, J. WALKER, J. CLARKE
AND SON, R. FAULDER, HOOKHAM AND CARPENTER, J. SCATCHERD, B.
AND J. WHITE, J. EDWARDS, CADELL AND DAVIES, C. AND G. KEARSLEY,
AND M. POTE.

M DCC XCVI.

THIRD BOOK

A NEW EDITION.

WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES, CRITICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE.

BIBLIOTHECA

REGIA

MONACENSIS.

1861

I L I A D.

Of all the books of the kind, none is so well adapted to the purpose as this. It is a book which has a history of its own, and the progress of the French Revolution is the history of the French people. The attention and interest of the French people, which were just upon the point of joining battle, and the lofty manner of offering and accepting this important and unexpected challenge, have something in them wonderfully pompous and of an amazing solemnity. The second part, which describes the behaviour of Helton in his journey, not content with the old king and his councilors, with the review of the battle of the battlements, is an episode entirely of another sort, which exists in the natural and proper. The third consists of the comments of the earth on both sides, and the preliminaries to the battle with the beautiful review of Helton, who in the tenderest of a parent withdraws from the light of the day, and the particular detail the reader is expected to follow his progress for the fight itself. The fourth is the description of the battle as exact piece of painting, where we see every minute motion, and action of the combatants, and which is divided into distinct and well chosen with a surprising propriety, in the review of Paris by Helton. The machine of that God, which makes the third part, and whole and is to reconcile Paris and Helton, is admirable in every circumstance, and the circumstance which Helton is in, is the reluctance with which the object of the review, the review of Paris, and the history and country with which he is to be over to him. Helton (the main cause of this war) was not to be made an odious character, but a great patriot with the best of his kind, but not an abandoned creature. The perpetual struggle of virtue and vice, and fortitude which overcome them, on the other hand, author has been remarkably anxious to tell us this, whenever he has highly named her in the foregoing part of his work, she is represented at the same time as a woman, and it is thus we see her in large and full appearance in the present book, which is one of the shortest of the whole, but in recompense has become almost in every line, and most of them to be read, it is to acknowledge that we need not to read them.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

OF all the books of the Iliad, there is scarce any more pleasing than the third. It may be divided into five parts, each of which has a beauty different from the other. The first contains what passed before the two armies, and the proposal of the combat between Paris and Menelaus: the attention and suspense of these mighty hosts, which were just upon the point of joining battle, and the lofty manner of offering and accepting this important and unexpected challenge, have something in them wonderfully pompous, and of an amusing solemnity. The second part, which describes the behaviour of Helena in this juncture, her conference with the old king and his counsellors, with the review of the heroes from the battlements, is an episode entirely of another sort, which excels in the natural and pathetick. The third consists of the ceremonies of the oath on both sides, and the preliminaries to the combat; with the beautiful retreat of Priam, who in the tenderness of a parent withdraws from the sight of the duel: these particulars detain the reader in expectation, and heighten his impatience for the fight itself. The fourth is the description of the duel, an exact piece of painting, where we see every attitude, motion, and action of the combatants particularly and distinctly, and which concludes with a surprizing propriety, in the rescue of Paris by Venus. The machine of that Goddess, which makes the fifth part, and whose end is to reconcile Paris and Helena, is admirable in every circumstance: the remonstrance she holds with the Goddess, the reluctance with which she obeys her, the reproaches she casts upon Paris, and the flattery and courtship with which he so soon wins her over to him. Helen (the main cause of this war) was not to be made an odious character; she is drawn by this great master with the finest strokes, as a frail, but not as an abandoned creature. She has perpetual struggles of virtue on the one side, and softnesses which overcome them, on the other. Our author has been remarkably careful to tell us this; whenever he but slightly names her in the foregoing part of his work, she is represented at the same time as repentant; and it is thus we see her at large at her first appearance in the present book; which is one of the shortest of the whole Iliad, but in recompence has beauties almost in every line, and most of them so obvious, that to acknowledge them we need only to read them.

P.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE DUEL OF MENELAUS AND PARIS.

THE Armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helena to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues, wherein Paris being overcome, is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three and twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the fields before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself. P.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF THE

I L I A D.

THUS by their leader's care each martial
band
Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land.
With shouts the Trojans rushing from afar,
Proclaim their motions, and provoke the war:

Ver. 3. *With shouts the Trojans.*] The book begins with a fine opposition of the noise of the Trojan army to the silence of the Grecians. It was but natural to imagine this, since the former was composed of many different nations, of various languages, and strangers to each other; the latter were more united in their neighbourhood, and under leaders of the same country. But as this observation seems particularly insisted upon by our author (for he uses it again in the fourth book, ver. 486.) so he had a farther reason for it. Plutarch, in his treatise of reading the poets, remarks upon this distinction, as a particular credit to the military discipline of the Greeks. And several ancient authors tell us, it was the manner of the Barbarians to encounter with shouts and outcries; as it continues to this day the custom of the Eastern nations. Perhaps these clamours were only to encourage their men, instead of martial instruments. I think Sir Walter Raleigh says, there never was a people but made use of some sort of musick in battle: Homer never mentions any in the Greek or Trojan armies, and it is scarce

So when inclement winters vex the plain 5
 With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,
 To warmer seas the cranes embody'd fly,
 With noise, and order, thro' the mid-way sky;

to be imagined he would omit a circumstance so poetical without some particular reason. The verb *Σαλπίζω*, which the modern Greeks have since appropriated to the sound of a trumpet, is used indifferently in our author for other sounds, as for thunder in the 21st Iliad, ver. 388. Ἀμφὶ δὲ Σάλπιγξεν μέγας ἔρανος—He once names the trumpet *Σαλπίγξ* in a simile, upon which Eustathius and Didymus observe, that the use of it was known in the poet's time, but not in that of the Trojan war. And hence we may infer that Homer was particularly careful not to confound the manners of the times he wrote of, with those of the times he lived in. P.

Ver. 7. *The cranes embody'd fly.*] If wit has been truly described to be a similitude in ideas, and is more excellent as that similitude is more surprizing; there cannot be a truer kind of wit than what is shewn in apt comparisons, especially when composed of such subjects as having the least relation to each other in general, have yet some particular that agrees exactly. Of this nature is the simile of the *cranes* to the Trojan army, where the fancy of Homer flew to the remotest part of the world for an image which no reader could have expected. But it is no less exact than surprizing. The likeness consists in two points, the *noise* and the *order*; the latter is so observable, as to have given some of the ancients occasion to imagine, the embattling of an army was first learned from the close manner of flight of these birds. But this part of the simile not being directly expressed by the author, has been overlooked by some of the commentators. It may be remarked, that Homer has generally a wonderful closeness in all the particulars of his comparisons, notwithstanding he takes a liberty in his expression of them. He seems so secure of the main likenesses, that he makes no scruple to play with the circumstances; sometimes by transposing the order of them, sometimes by superadding them, and sometimes (as in this place) by neglecting them in such a manner, as to leave the reader to supply them himself. For the present comparison, it has been taken by Virgil in the tenth book, and applied to the clamours of soldiers in the same manner;

To Pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,
 And all the war descends upon the wing. 10
 But silent, breathing rage, resolv'd and skill'd
 By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,
 Swift march the Greeks: the rapid dust around
 Dark'ning arises from the labour'd ground.
 Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus sheds 15
 A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,
 Swift-gliding mists the dusky fields invade,
 To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade;
 While scarce the swains their feeding flocks
 survey,
 Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day: 20
 So wrapt in gath'ring dust, the Grecian train,
 A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.
 Now front to front the hostile armies stand,
 Eager of fight, and only wait command;

“ ——— Quales sub nubibus atris

“ Strymoniaë dant signa grues, atque æthera tranant

“ Cum fonitu, fugiuntque Notos clamore secundo.” P.

Ver. 11.] These rhymes cannot be endured.

Ver. 14.] *Labour'd* ground seems but an unhappy expression for *ploughed* ground: and I cannot discover for what else it could be intended with any degree of elegance.

Ver. 18.] He has suppressed a simple comparison of his original, which Hobbes does not represent amiss:

As when upon the mountains lies a mist,
 Which to a stone's cast limiteth the eye.

When, to the van, before the sons of fame 25
 Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came,
 In form a God! the panther's speckled hide
 Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride,
 His bended bow across his shoulders flung,
 His sword beside him negligently hung, 30
 Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,
 And dar'd the bravest of the Grecian race.

As thus with glorious air and proud disdain,
 He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain,
 Him Menelaüs, lov'd of Mars, espies, 35
 With heart elated, and with joyful eyes:

Ver. 26. *The beauteous Paris came, in form a God.*] This is meant by the epithet Θεοειδής, as has been said in the notes on the first book, ver. 169. The picture here given of Paris's air and dress, is exactly correspondent to his character; you see him endeavouring to mix the fine gentleman with the warrior; and this idea of him Homer takes care to keep up, by describing him not without the same regard, when he is arming to encounter Menelaus afterwards in a close fight, as he shews here, where he is but preluding and flourishing in the gaiety of his heart. And when he tells us, in that place, that he was in danger of being strangled by the strap of his helmet, he takes notice that it was πολύνκυστος, *embroidered*. P.

Ver. 33.] For these *four* lines his author literally had said:
 Him when the warlike Menelaus view'd
 Advancing in the front with lofty step:
 so that our poet has amplified partly from Dacier: “Ménélas n'eut
 “pas plutôt apperçû qu'il s'avançoit à grands pas à la tête des
 “Troyens, que transporté de joye — :” and partly from Ogilby:

Betwixt the Greeks and Trojans him espy'd
 Stalking about with such majestic pride.

So joys a lion, if the branching deer
 Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear;
 Eager he feizes and devours the slain,
 Prest by bold youths, and baying dogs in vain. 40

Ver. 37. *So joys a lion, if the branching deer, Or mountain goat.*] The old scholiasts refining on this simile, will have it, that Paris is compared to a goat on account of his incontinence, and to a stag for his cowardice: to this last they make an addition which is very ludicrous, that he is also likened to a deer for his *skill in music*, and cite Aristotle to prove that animal delights in harmony, which opinion is alluded to by Mr. Waller in these lines:

Here Love takes stand, and while she charms the ear
 Empties his quiver on the list'ning deer.

But upon the whole, it is whimsical to imagine this comparison consists in any thing more, than the joy which Menelaus conceived at the sight of his rival, in the hopes of destroying him. It is equally an injustice to Paris, to abuse him for understanding music, and to represent his retreat as purely the effect of fear, which proceeded from his sense of guilt with respect to the particular person of Menelaus. He appeared at the head of the army to challenge the boldest of the enemy: nor is his character elsewhere in the Iliad by any means that of a coward. Hector at the end of the sixth book confesses, that no man could justly reproach him as such. Nor is he represented so by Ovid (who copied Homer very closely) in the end of his epistle to Helen. The moral of Homer is much finer: a brave mind, however blinded with passion, is sensible of remorse as soon as the injured object presents itself; and Paris never behaves himself ill in war, but when his spirits are depressed by the consciousness of an injustice. This also will account for the seeming incongruity of Homer in this passage, who (as they would have us think) paints him a shameful coward, at the same time that he is perpetually calling him *the divine Paris*, and *Paris like a God*. What he says immediately afterwards in answer to Hector's reproof, will make this yet more clear. P.

It stood thus in the first edition:

In vain the youths oppose, the mastives bay,
 The lordly savage rends the panting prey.

Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
 In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground
 From his high chariot: him, approaching near,
 The beauteous champion views with marks of
 fear;

Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind, 45
 And shuns the fate he well deserv'd to find.
 As when some shepherd, from the rustling trees
 Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees;

Ver. 46.] This condemnation of Paris is not in Homer. I think Travers preferable on the whole:

Soon as the warrior in his front appear'd,
 The conscious ravisher beheld and fear'd:
 Back he retir'd; and with disgraceful flight,
 Screen'd by his ranks, declin'd the deadly fight.

Ver. 47. *As when a shepherd.*] This comparison of the serpent is finely imitated by Virgil in the second Æneid.

“ Improvisum aspris veluti qui sentibus anguem
 “ Pressit humi nitens, trepidusque repente refugit
 “ Attollentem iras, & cœrula colla tumentem:
 “ Haud secus Androgeus visu tremefactus abibat.

But it may be said to the praise of Virgil, that he has applied it upon an occasion where it has an additional beauty. Paris upon the sight of Menelaus's approach, is compared to a traveller who sees a snake shoot on a sudden towards him. But the surprize and danger of Androgeus is more lively, being just in the reach of his enemies before he perceived it; and the circumstance of the serpent's rousing his crest, which brightens with anger, finely images the shining of their arms in the night-time, as they were just lifted up to destroy him. Scaliger criticises on the needless repetition in the words *παλινόρσος* and *ἀνεχώρησεν*, which is avoided in the translation. But it must be observed in general, that *little exactnesses* are what we should not look for in Homer: the genius of his age was too incorrect, and his own too fiery, to regard them. P.

Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright,
And all confus'd precipitates his flight : 50
So from the King the shining warrior flies,
And plung'd amid the thickest Trojans lies.

As God-like Hector sees the prince retreat,
He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous heat.

The criticism of Scaliger is unjust and petulant. A man may *retreat* in various ways : but Homer, with a beautiful propriety on this occasion, makes Paris retreat with *impetuosity* and a *spring*.

Ver. 49.] The beauty of the original, which describes the effects upon the man by the *past tense*, to denote the *instantaneous* operation of them, is not attempted by any of the translators. This happy artifice of language was employed with great success on various occasions, both by Homer and Virgil. It were indeed easy to specify numerous instances of this elegance in all the best authors of antiquity : but every reader of taste will be satisfied with his own frequent observation of them. See my note on Lucretius i. 269.

Ver. 53. *As God-like Hector.*] This is the first place of the poem where Hector makes a figure, and here it seems proper to give an idea of his character, since if he is not the chief hero of the Iliad, he is at least the most amiable. There are several reasons which render Hector a favourite character with every reader, some of which shall here be offered. The chief moral of Homer was to expose the ill effects of discord ; the Greeks were to be shewn disunited, and to render that disunion the more probable, he has designedly given them *mixt* characters. The Trojans, on the other hand, were to be represented making all advantages of the others disagreement, which they could not do without a strict union among themselves. Hector therefore, who commanded them, must be endued with all such qualifications as tended to the preservation of it ; as Achilles with such as promoted the contrary. The one stands, in contrast to the other, an accomplished character of valour unruffled by rage and anger, and uniting his people by his prudence and example. Hector has also a foil to set him off in his own family ; we are perpetually opposing in our own minds the incontinence of Paris, who exposes his country, to the tem-

Unhappy Paris! but to women brave! 55
 So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!

perance of Hector, who protects it. And indeed it is this love of his country, which appears his principal passion, and the motive of all his actions. He has no other blemish than that he fights in an unjust cause, which Homer has yet been careful to tell us he would not do, if his opinion were followed. But since he cannot prevail, the affection he bears to his parents and kindred, and his desire of defending them, incites him to do his utmost for their safety. We may add, that Homer having so many Greeks to celebrate, makes them shine in their turns, and singly in their several books, one succeeding in the absence of another: whereas Hector appears in every battle the life and soul of his party, and the constant bulwark against every enemy: he stands against Agamemnon's magnanimity, Diomed's bravery, Ajax's strength, and Achilles's fury. There is besides an accidental cause for our liking him, from reading the writers of the Augustan age (especially Virgil) whose favourite he grew more particularly from the time when the Cæsars fancied to derive their pedigree from Troy. P.

Ver. 55. *Unhappy Paris, &c.*] It may be observed in honour of Homer's judgment, that the words which Hector is made to speak here, very strongly mark his character. They contain a warm reproach of cowardice, and shew him to be touched with so high a sense of glory, as to think life insupportable without it. His calling to mind the gallant figure which Paris had made in his amours to Helen, and opposing it to the image of his flight from her husband, is a sarcasm of the utmost bitterness and vivacity. After he has named that action of the rape, the cause of so many mischiefs, his insisting upon it in so many broken periods, those disjointed shortnesses of speech,

(Πατρί τε σὺ μέγα πῆμα, πολλή τε, παντί τε δῆμα,
 Δυσμένεσιν μὲν χάρμα, κατηφείην δὲ σοι αὐτῷ.)

That hasty manner of expression without the connexion of particles, is (as Eustathius remarks) extremely natural to a man in anger, who thinks he can never vent himself too soon. That contempt of outward shew, of the gracefulness of person, and of the accomplishments of a courtly life, is what corresponds very well with the warlike temper of Hector; and these verses have there-

Oh had'st thou dy'd when first thou saw'st the
light,

Or dy'd at least before thy nuptial rite!

A better fate than vainly thus to boast,

And fly, the scandal of thy Trojan host. 60

Gods! how the scornful Greeks exult to see

Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!

Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,

But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.

In former days, in all thy gallant pride, 65

When thy tall ships triumphant stemm'd the tide,

When Greece beheld thy painted canvas flow,

And crouds stood wond'ring at the passing show;

fore a beauty here which they want in Horace, however admirably he has translated them, in the ode of Nereus's prophecy.

“ Nequicquam Veneris præsidio ferox,

“ Pectus cæsariem; grataque foeminis

“ Imbelli citharâ carmina divides, &c.”

P.

For this passage of Horace our poet was probably indebted to the notes of Ogilby: from which notes the following note on ver. 72. was also derived. His obligations of this kind to Ogilby in particular are very numerous: but it were tedious to specify every instance: because the tenour of many notes is sufficient of itself to prove an extraneous origin, when the writer was so confessedly a stranger to the ancient languages.

Ver. 65.] He has amplified, by animated additions of his own, *four* verses of the original into *eight*. *Travers* is properly compressed:

Was this thy valour, when thy pompous oars

Thro' foreign seas explor'd the Spartan shores?

When thou and thy allies with impious pride

Of two brave heroes stole the beauteous bride?

Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,
 You met th'approaches of the Spartan queen, 70
 Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous
 prize,

And * both her warlike lords outshin'd in He-
 len's eyes?

This deed, thy foes delight, thy own disgrace,
 Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;

This deed recals thee to the proffer'd fight; 75

Or hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not right?

Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know

Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.

Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,

Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre, 80

Ver. 72. *And both her warlike lords.*] The original is Νύξ
 ἀνδρῶν αἰχμητάων. *The spouse of martial men.* I wonder why Ma-
 dam Dacier chose to turn it *Alliée à tant de braves guerriers*, since
 it so naturally refers to Theseus and Menelaus, the former husbands
 of Helena. P.

Ver. 75.] He shews his author in disguise, who may be better
 seen in Travers:

Yet now thou dar'st not bid thy warlike sword

Meet the just anger of her injur'd lord.

Ver. 80. *Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre.*] It is ingeni-
 ously remarked by Dacier, that Homer, who celebrates the Greeks
 for their long hair [καρηχομόωντας Ἀχαιοί] and Achilles for his skill
 on the harp, makes Hector in this place object them both to Paris.
 The Greeks nourished their hair to appear more dreadful to the
 enemy, and Paris to please the eyes of women. Achilles sung to
 his harp the acts of heroes, and Paris the amours of lovers. The
 same reason which makes Hector here displeased at them, made

* Theseus and Menelaus.

Beauty and youth ; in vain to these you trust,
When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust :
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
Crush the dire author of his country's woe.

His silence here, with blushes, Paris breaks ; 85
'Tis just, my brother, what your anger speaks :

Alexander afterwards refuse to see this lyre of Paris, when offered to be shewn to him, as Plutarch relates the story in his oration of the fortune of Alexander. P.

Ver. 83. *One avenging blow.*] It is in the Greek, *You had been clad in a coat of stone.* Giphanius would have it to mean stoned to death on the account of his adultery : but this does not appear to have been the punishment of that crime among the Phrygians. It seems rather to signify, destroyed by the fury of the people, for the war he had brought upon them ; or perhaps may imply no more than being laid in his grave under a monument of stones ; but the former being the stronger sense, is here followed. P.

To understand this expression of sepulture under a *monument of stone* seems more obvious and natural, and much preferable indeed to the quaintness and affectation of the more common interpretation : which Lycophron, however, vindicates, who imitates this passage in ver. 333. of his *Cassandra* :

Κεῖψαι κυπῆας τις χειρῶν ἀπομῆρια :

A vest of showering stones will thee enclose.

Chapman translates,

—— for which thou well deserv'st

A coat of tomb-stone.

Ver. 86. *'Tis just, my brother.*] This speech is a farther opening of the true character of Paris. He is a master of civility, no less well-bred to his own sex than courtly to the other. The reproof of Hector was of a severe nature, yet he receives it as from a brother and a friend, with candour and modesty. This answer is remarkable for its fine address ; he gives the hero a decent and agreeable reproof for having too rashly depreciated the gifts of nature. He allows the quality of courage its utmost due, but de-

But who like thee can boast a soul sedate,
 So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate?
 Thy force, like steel, a temper'd hardness shows,
 Still edg'd to wound, and still untir'd with blows,
 Like steel uplifted by some strenuous swain, 91
 With falling woods to strow the wasted plain.
 Thy gifts I praise; nor thou despise the charms
 With which a lover golden Venus arms;

fires the same justice to those softer accomplishments, which he lets him know are no less the favour of heaven. Then he removes from himself the charge of want of valour, by proposing the single combat with the very man he had just declined to engage; which having shewn him void of any malevolence to his rival on the one hand, he now proves himself free from the imputation of cowardice on the other. Homer draws him (as we have seen) soft of speech, the natural quality of an amorous temper; vainly gay in war as well as love; with a spirit that can be surprized and recollected, that can receive impressions of shame or apprehension on the one side, or of generosity and courage on the other; the usual disposition of easy and courteous minds, which are most subject to the rule of fancy and passion. Upon the whole, this is no worse than the picture of a *gentle knight*, and one might fancy the heroes of the modern romance were formed upon the model of Paris. P.

Ver. 91.] He is unhappy in his epithet. It should have been:

Like steel, uplifted by some *sturdy* swain.

Ver. 93.] He drops an idea of his author. Ogilby is good:

Whose edge rebates not with the ponderous strokes
 Of the strong ship-wright cleaving knotty oaks:

Travers also is elegant:

But let not Hector's might those gifts disdain,
 Which golden Venus grants her fav'rite swain;
 Rare are the gifts which Heav'n alone supplies:
 No wish commands those favours of the skies.

Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show,
 No wish can gain 'em, but the Gods bestow. 96
 Yet, would'st thou have the proffer'd combat
 stand,

The Greeks and Trojans seat on either hand;
 Then let a mid-way space our hosts divide,
 And, on that stage of war, the cause be try'd:
 By Paris there the Spartan King be fought, 101
 For beauteous Helen and the wealth she brought;
 And who his rival can in arms subdue,
 His be the fair, and his the treasure too.

Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease,
 And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace; 106
 Thus may the Greeks review their native shore,
 Much fam'd for gen'rous steeds, for beauty
 more.

Ver. 104.] The rhymes are exceptionable. Thus Travers:

And he, whom conquest shall adorn with fame,
 His be the dow'r, and his the beauteous dame.

Ver. 108. *Much fam'd for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more.*] The original is, Ἄρσος ἐς ἱππόβοτον, καὶ Ἀχαιῖδαι καλλιγύναικα. Perhaps this line is translated too close to the letter, and the epithets might have been omitted. But there are some traits and particularities of this nature, which methinks preserve to the reader the air of Homer. At least the latter of these circumstances, that *Greece was eminent for beautiful women*, seems not improper to be mentioned by him who had raised a war on the account of a *Grecian beauty*. P.

He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy,
 Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,
 Held by the midst, athwart; and near the foe 111
 Advanc'd with steps majestically flow:
 While round his dauntless head the Grecians pour
 Their stones and arrows in a mingled show'r.

Then thus the monarch great Atrides cry'd;
 Forbear ye warriors! lay the darts aside: 116
 A parley Hector asks, a message bears;
 We know him by the various plume he wears.
 Aw'd by his high command the Greeks attend,
 The tumult silence, and the fight suspend. 120

While from the center Hector rolls his eyes
 On either host, and thus to both applies.

Ver. 109. *The challenge Hector heard with joy.*] Hector stays not to reply to his brother, but runs away with the challenge immediately. He looks upon all the Trojans as disgraced by the late flight of Paris, and thinks not a moment is to be lost to regain the honour of his country. The activity he shews in all this affair wonderfully agrees with the spirit of a soldier. P.

Ver. 113.] Our poet borrows his metaphor from Dacier, perhaps: "Les Grecs faisoient *pleuvoir sur lui une grêle de traits et* "pierres:" for Homer says literally:

Their bows at him the long-hair'd Greeks direct,
 Their arrows aiming; and assail with stones.

Or rather, perhaps, from Ogilby:

Who furiously at him their javelins aim'd,
 Which *mixt* with stones like *tempests* dim the skies.

Ver. 121.] This pompous couplet is amplified, very unseasonably, from two or three plain words of the original; thus fully represented by Chapman:

And Hector spake to both the hosts.

Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands!
 What Paris, author of the war, demands.
 Your shining swords within the sheath restrain,
 And pitch your lances in the yielding plain. 126
 Here in the midst, in either army's fight,
 He dares the Spartan king to single fight;
 And wills, that Helen and the ravish'd spoil
 That caus'd the contest, shall reward the toil. 130
 Let these the brave triumphant victor grace,
 And diff'ring nations part in leagues of peace.
 He spoke: in still suspense on either side
 Each army stood: the Spartan chief reply'd.

Ver. 123. *Hear all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands.*] It has been asked how the different nations could understand one another in these conferences, since we have no mention in Homer of any interpreter between them? He who was so very particular in the most minute points, can hardly be thought to have been negligent in this. Some reasons may be offered that they both spoke the same language; for the Trojans (as may be seen in Dion. Halic. lib. i.) were of Grecian extraction originally. Dardanus the first of their kings was born in Arcadia; and even their names were originally Greek, as Hector, Anchises, Andromache, Aftyanax, &c. Of the last of these in particular, Homer gives us a derivation which is purely Greek, in Il. vi. ver. 403. But however it be, this is no more (as Dacier somewhere observes) than the just privilege of Poetry. Æneas and Turnus understand each other in Virgil, and the language of the poet is supposed to be universally intelligible, not only between different countries, but between earth and heaven itself. P.

Ver. 125.] For this couplet his author has one line only:

Lay down your armour on th' all-nurturing earth.

Me too ye warriors hear whose fatal right
A world engages in the toils of fight. 136

Ver. 135. *Me too ye warriors hear, &c.*] We may observe what care Homer takes to give every one his proper character, and how this speech of Menelaus is adapted to the *laconick*; which the better to comprehend, we may remember there are in Homer three speakers of different characters, agreeable to the three different kinds of eloquence. These we may compare with each other in one instance, supposing them all to use the same heads, and in the same order.

The materials of the speech are, The manifesting his grief for the war, with the hopes that it is in his power to end it; an acceptance of the proposed challenge; an account of the ceremonies to be used in the league; and a proposal of a proper caution to secure it.

Now had Nestor these materials to work upon, he would probably have begun with a relation of all the troubles of the nine years' siege, which he hoped he might now bring to an end; he would court their benevolence and good wishes for his prosperity, with all the figures of amplification; while he accepted the challenge, he would have given an example to prove that the single combat was a wise, gallant, and gentle way of ending the war, practised by their fathers; in the description of the rites he would be exceeding particular; and when he chose to demand the sanction of Priam rather than of his sons, he would place in opposition on one side the son's action which began the war, and on the other the impressions of concern or repentance which it must by this time have made in the father's mind, whose wisdom he would undoubtedly extol as the effect of his age. All this he would have expatiated upon with connexions of the discourse in the most evident manner, and the most easy, gliding, undisobliging transitions. The effect would be, that the people would hear him with pleasure.

Had it been Ulysses who was to make the speech, he would have mentioned a few of their affecting calamities in a pathetick air; then have undertaken the fight with testifying such a chearful joy, as should have won the hearts of the soldiers to follow him to the field without being desired. He would have been exceeding cau-

To me the labour of the field resign ;
 Me Paris injur'd ; all the war be mine.
 Fall he that must, beneath his rival's arms ;
 And live the rest, secure of future harms. 140

tious in wording the conditions ; and solemn, rather than particular, in speaking of the rites, which he would only insist on as an opportunity to exhort both sides to a fear of the Gods, and a strict regard of justice. He would have remonstrated the use of sending for Priam ; and (because no caution could be too much) have demanded his sons to be bound with him. For a conclusion, he would have used some noble sentiment agreeable to a hero, and (it may be) have enforced it with some inspirited action. In all this you would have known that the discourse hung together, but its fire would not always suffer it to be seen in cooler transitions, which (when they are too nicely laid open) may conduct the reader, but never carry him away. The people would hear him with emotion.

These materials being given to Menelaus, he but just mentions their troubles, and his satisfaction in the prospect of ending them, shortens the proposals, says a sacrifice is necessary, requires Priam's presence to confirm the conditions, refuses his sons with a resentment of that injury he suffered by them, and concludes with a reason for his choice from the praise of age, with a short gravity, and the air of an apophthegm. This he puts in order without any more transition than what a single conjunction affords. And the effect of the discourse is, that the people are instructed by it in what is to be done. P.

These four verses bear no sort of resemblance to the original : and for this deviation I can frame no good apology in behalf of our poet, because the sense is not ill represented either by Chapman or Ogilby. The reader will be glad to see a clear and neat exhibition of Homer's sense by Mr. Cowper :

Hear now me also, on whose aching heart
 These woes have heaviest fall'n. At last I hope
 Decision near, Trojans and Greeks between ;
 For ye have suffer'd in my quarrel much,
 And much by Paris, author of the war.

Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,
 To Earth a fable, to the Sun a white,
 Prepare ye Trojans! while a third we bring
 Select to Jove, th' inviolable King.
 Let rev'rend Priam in the truce engage, 145
 And add the sanction of confederate age.
 His sons are faithless, headlong in debate,
 And youth itself an empty wav'ring state:
 Cool age advances venerably wife,
 Turns on all hands it's deep-discerning eyes; 150
 Sees what befall, and what may yet befall,
 Concludes from both, and best provides for all.

Ver. 141. *Two lambs devoted.*] The Trojans (says the old scholiast) were required to sacrifice two lambs; one male of a white colour, to the sun, and one female, and black, to the earth; as the sun is father of light, and the earth the mother and nurse of men. The Greeks were to offer a third to Jupiter, perhaps to Jupiter Xenius, because the Trojans had broke the laws of hospitality: on which account we find Menelaus afterwards invoking him in the combat with Paris. That these were the powers to which they sacrificed, appears by their being attested by name in the oath, ver. 346, &c. P.

Ver. 147.] The phrase "headlong in *debate*," is a most frivolous and impertinent accommodation to the rhyme. He might have written:

His sons are faithless, headlong, *unsedate*.

Travers has succeeded in this place:

Pledg'd for his son let Ilium's hoary king
 Seal the strong league, and all his sanctions bring:
 His sons no faith can fix, no oaths can bind;
 For youth is rash, and wav'ring as the wind:
 Age by what's past, what may be future sees,
 And deep experience forms it's wise decrees.

The nations hear, with rising hopes possess,
 And peaceful prospects dawn in ev'ry breast.
 Within the lines they drew their steeds around, 155
 And from their chariots issued on the ground :

Ver. 153. *The nations hear, with rising hopes possess.*] It seemed no more than what the reader would reasonably expect, in the narration of this long war, that a period might have been put to it by the single danger of the parties chiefly concerned, Paris and Menelaus. Homer has therefore taken care toward the beginning of his poem to obviate that objection; and contrived such a method to render this combat of no effect, as should naturally make way for all the ensuing battles, without any future prospect of a determination but by the sword. It is farther worth observing, in what manner he has improved into poetry the common history of this action, if (as one may imagine) it was the same with that we have in the second book of Dictys Cretensis. *When Paris (says he) being wounded by the spear of Menelaus fell to the ground, just as his adversary was rushing upon him with his sword, he was shot by an arrow from Pandarus, which prevented his revenge in the moment he was going to take it. Immediately on the sight of this perfidious action, the Greeks rose in a tumult; the Trojans rising at the same time, came on, and rescued Paris from his enemy.* Homer has with great art and invention mingled all this with the marvellous, and raised it in the air of fable. The Goddess of Love rescues her favourite; Jupiter debates whether or not the war shall end by the defeat of Paris; Juno is for the continuance of it; Minerva incites Pandarus to break the truce, who thereupon shoots at Menelaus. This heightens the grandeur of the action without destroying the verisimilitude, diversifies the poem, and exhibits a fine moral; that whatever seems in the world the effect of common causes, is really owing to the decree and disposition of the Gods. P.

Ver. 155.] Thus Chapman :

Their horses then in ranke they set, *downe* from their
 chariots round,

Descend themselves, tooke off their armes, and plac't
 them on the ground.

Next all unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
 Lay'd their bright arms along the sable shore.
 On either side the meeting hosts are seen
 With lances fix'd, and close the space between.
 Two heralds now dispatch'd to Troy, invite 161
 The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite ;
 Talthybius hastens to the fleet, to bring
 The lamb for Jove, th' inviolable king.

Mean time, to beauteous Helen, from the skies
 The various goddesses of the rain-bow flies: 166

Ver. 161.] By an omission of the *pronoun*, which may be censurable, but in which our poets indulge themselves without scruple whenever convenience invites, the whole sense of the original might easily have been included :

Two heralds, Hector *sent* to Troy, invite —.

Ver. 165. *Mean time to beauteous Helen, &c.*] The following part, where we have the first sight of Helena, is what I cannot think inferior to any in the poem. The reader has naturally an aversion to this pernicious beauty, and is apt enough to wonder at the Greeks for endeavouring to recover her at such an expence. But her amiable behaviour here, the secret wishes that rise in favour of her rightful Lord, her tenderness for her parents and relations, the relentings of her soul for the mischiefs her beauty had been the cause of, the confusion she appears in, the veiling her face, and dropping a tear; are particulars so beautifully natural, as to make every reader no less than Menelaus himself, inclined to forgive her at least, if not to love her. We are afterwards confirmed in this partiality by the sentiment of the old counsellors upon the sight of her, which one would think Homer put into their mouths with that very view: we excuse her no more than Priam does himself, and all those do who felt the calamities she occasioned: and this

(Like fair Loadicè in form and face,
 The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race)
 Her in the palace, at her loom she found ;
 The golden web her own sad story crown'd. 170
 The Trojan wars she weav'd (herself the prize)
 And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes.
 To whom the goddess of the painted bow ;
 Approach, and view the wond'rous scene below !
 Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight, 175
 So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,

regard for her is heightened by all she says herself ; in which there is scarce a word, that is not big with repentance and good-nature. P.

Ver. 169.] Travers is more faithful, nor less elegant :

She at her loom the beauteous artist found ;
 The Trojan wars emblaz'd the texture round :
 Wide o'er the web full many a hero's doom,
 Slain in her cause, was imagin'd in her loom.

Ver. 170. *The golden web her own sad story crown'd.*] This is a very agreeable fiction, to represent Helena weaving in a large veil, or piece of tapestry, the story of the Trojan war. One would think that Homer inherited this veil, and that his Iliad is only an explanation of that admirable piece of art. Dacier. P.

Thus his original, literally :

She a large web was weaving double bright :

so that Ogilby was our poet's model in this elegant couplet of that translator :

Whom in the palace at her web she found ;
 The roof of silk, of twisted gold the ground ;

and so Dacier : " Tout brillant d'or."

Now rest their spears, or lean upon their shields;
Ceas'd is the war, and silent all the fields.

Paris alone and Sparta's king advance,
In single fight to toss the beamy lance; 180
Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.

This said, the many-colour'd maid inspires
Her husband's love, and wakes her former fires;
Her country, parents, all that once were dear, 185
Rush to her thought, and force a tender tear.

O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,
And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew.
Her handmaids Clymenè and Æthra wait
Her silent footsteps to the Scæan gate. 190

There sat the Seniors of the Trojan race,
(Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace)
The king the first; Thycætes at his side;
Lampus and Clytius, long in council try'd;
Panthus, and Hicetæon, once the strong; 196
And next, the wisest of the rev'rend throng,
Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon,
Lean'd on the walls, and bask'd before the sun.

Ver. 177.] So Ogilby:

Pleas'd with dire sports of war, and bloody *fields*,
In quiet *lean upon their glittering shields*.

Ver. 187.] Homer says only, "a *white veil*:" but Dacier,
"un voile plus blanc que *la neige*."

Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
 But wise thro' time, and narrative with age, 200
 In summer days, like grasshoppers rejoice,
 A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.

Ver. 201. *Like grasshoppers.*] This is one of the justest and most natural images in the world, though there have been criticks of so little taste as to object to it as a mean one. The garrulity so common to old men, their delight in associating with each other, the feeble sound of their voices, the pleasure they take in a sunshiny day, the effects of decay in their chillness, leanness and scarcity of blood, are all circumstances exactly paralleled in this comparison. To make it yet more proper to the old men of Troy, Eustathius has observed that Homer found a hint for this simile in the Trojan story, where Tithon was feigned to have been transformed into a grasshopper in his old age, perhaps on account of his being so exhausted by years, as to have nothing left him but voice. Spondanus wonders that Homer should apply to grasshoppers ὅπῃ λειρόεσσιν, a sweet voice: whereas that of these animals is harsh and untuneful: and he is contented to come off with a very poor evasion of *Homero fingere quidlibet fas fuit*. But Hesychius rightly observes that λειρόεις signifies ἀπαλός, *tener* or *gracilis*, as well as *suaavis*. The sense is certainly much better, and the simile more truly preserved by this interpretation, which is here followed in translating it *feeble*. However it may be alledged in defence of the common versions, and of Madam Dacier's (who has turned it *Harmonieuse*) that though Virgil gives the epithet *raucæ* to *Cicadæ*, yet the Greek poets frequently describe the grasshopper as a musical creature, particularly Anacreon and Theocritus, Idyl. i. where a shepherd praises another's fingering, by telling him,

Τέττιγ' ἐπεὶ τόνγε φέρτερον ᾄδεις.

It is remarkable that Mr. Hobbes has omitted this beautiful simile. P.

These remarks are from Chapman and Ogilby. Thus Ogilby:

But well they could advise with chearfull voice,
 Like grasshoppers, which in the groves rejoice.

These, when the Spartan queen approach'd the
tow'r,

In secret own'd resistless beauty's pow'r: 204

Homer himself has annexed to these *grasshoppers* no epithet, but Dacier calls them “*foibles, et presque dénuées de sang* ;” mindful, I presume, of that most elegant *ode* to the *grasshopper* in Anacreon :

απαθής, αναίμοστος,

σχεδόν εἰ θεοῖς ὅμοιος :

Free from passions, flesh and blood,

What art thou, if not a God ?

And our translator's model adds, *sitting on a tree* : and it is well known that the *cicada* is a larger insect than our grasshopper, and of different modes of living.

Ver. 203. *These, when the Spartan Queen approach'd.*] Madam Dacier is of opinion there was never a greater panegyrick upon beauty, than what Homer has found the art to give it in this place. An assembly of venerable old counsellors, who had suffered all the calamities of a tedious war, and were consulting upon the methods to put a conclusion to it, seeing the only cause of it approaching towards them, are struck with her charms, and cry out, *No wonder!* &c. Nevertheless they afterwards recollect themselves, and conclude to part with her for the publick safety. If Homer had carried these old mens admiration any farther, he had been guilty of outraging nature, and offending against probability. The old are capable of being touched with beauty by the eye ; but age secures them from the tyranny of passion, and the effect is but transitory, for prudence soon regains its dominion over them. Homer always goes as far as he should, but constantly stops just where he ought. Dacier.

The same writer compares to this the speech of Holofernes's soldiers on the sight of Judith, ch. x. ver. 18. But though there be a resemblance in the words, the beauty is no way parallel ; the grace of this consisting in the age and character of those who speak it. There is something very gallant upon the beauty of Helen in one of Lucian's dialogues. Mercury shews Menippus the skulls of several fine women ; and when the philosopher is moralizing upon

They cry'd, No wonder, such celestial charms
 For nine long years have fet the world in arms;
 What winning graces! what majestick mien!
 She moves a Goddess, and she looks a Queen?
 Yet hence, oh heav'n! convey that fatal face,
 And from destruction save the Trojan race. 210

The good old Priam welcom'd her, and cry'd,
 Approach, my child, and grace thy father's side.

that of Helen: *Was it for this a thousand ships sailed from Greece, so many brave men died, and so many cities were destroyed? My friend (says Mercury) 'tis true; but what you behold is only her skull; you would have been of their opinion, and have done the very same thing had you seen her face.* P.

Ver. 207.] The reader will be gratified with Travers' version also of this passage:

Bright as a goddess, what immortal grace
 Blooms in the beauties of her heav'nly face!
 Yet take her hence; nor let that face destroy,
 Fair as it is, the future hopes of Troy.

Ver. 208.] So Sedley's poems, p. 174.

You look a Venus, and a Ceres move:

but our translator had Dryden more particularly in view, at Æneid i. 704.

Known by her quiver, and her lofty mien,
 She walks majestic, and she looks their queen.

Ver. 211. *The good old Priam.*] The character of a benevolent old man is very well preserved in Priam's behaviour to Helena. Upon the confusion he observes her in, he encourages her, by attributing the misfortunes of the war to the Gods alone, and not to her fault. This sentiment is also very agreeable to the natural piety of old age; those who have had the longest experience of human accidents and events, being most inclined to ascribe the disposal of all things to the will of heaven. It is this piety that ren-

See on the plain thy Grecian spouse appears,
 The friends and kindred of thy former years. 214
 No crime of thine our present suff'rings draws,
 Not thou, but heav'n's disposing will, the cause;
 The Gods these armies and this force employ,
 The hostile Gods conspire the fate of Troy.
 But lift thy eyes, and say, What Greek is he
 (Far as from hence these aged orbs can see) 220

ders Priam a favourite of Jupiter (as we find in the beginning of the fourth book) which for some time delays the destruction of Troy; while his soft nature and indulgence for his children makes him continue a war which ruins him. These are the two principal points of Priam's character, though there are several lesser particularities, among which we may observe the curiosity and inquisitive humour of old age, which gives occasion to the following episode. P.

Ver. 219. *And say, What chief is he?*] This view of the Grecian leaders from the walls of Troy, is justly looked upon as an episode of great beauty, as well as a masterpiece of conduct in Homer; who by this means acquaints the readers with the figure and qualifications of each hero in a more lively and agreeable manner. Several great poets have been engaged by the beauty of this passage to an imitation of it. In the seventh book of Statius, Phorbias standing with Antigone on the tower of Thebes, shews her the forces as they were drawn up, and describes their commanders, who were neighbouring princes of Bœotia. It is also imitated by Tasso in his third book, where Erminia from the walls of Jerusalem points out the chief warriors to the king; though the latter part is perhaps copied too closely and minutely; for he describes Godfrey to be of a port that bespeaks him a prince, the next of somewhat a lower stature, a third renowned for his wisdom, and then another is distinguished by the largeness of his chest and breadth of his shoulders: which are not only the very particulars, but in the very order of Homer's.

Around whose brow such martial graces shine,
 So tall, so awful, and almost divine?
 Tho' some of larger stature tread the green,
 None match his grandeur and exalted mien:

But however this manner of introduction has been admired, there have not been wanting some exceptions to a particular or two. Scaliger asks, how it happens that Priam, after nine years siege, should be yet unacquainted with the faces of the Grecian leaders? This was an old cavil, as appears by the Scholia that pass under the name of Didymus, where it is very well answered, that Homer has just before taken care to tell us the heroes had put off their armour on this occasion of the truce, which had concealed their persons till now. Others have objected to Priam's not knowing Ulysses, who (as it appears afterwards) had been at Troy on an embassy. The answer is, that this might happen either from the dimness of Priam's sight, or defect of his memory, or from the change of Ulysses's features since that time. P.

Euripides also in his *Phœnissæ* has imitated this passage of Homer.

Moreover, our translator pays very little attention to the words of his author in this passage. Chapman is exact; and, with proper allowance for his age, is to me not disagreeable:

Sit then, and name this goodly Greeke, so tall and
 broadly spread;

Who than the rest, that stand by him, is higher than the
 head:

The bravest man I ever saw, and most majesticall;
 His only presence makes me think him king amongst
 them all.

Mr. Cowper has also translated the passage extremely well. Their original runs literally thus:

Tell me by name that man of ample bulk;
 Which of the Greeks he is, so broad and tall:

out of which our poet has wrought these *four* verses, with some assistance from Dacier: "Venez donc, et me dites qui est cet
 "homme qui a quelque chose de divin, ce Grec qui a l'air si
 "martial —"

He seems a monarch, and his country's pride. 225
Thus ceas'd the king, and thus the fair reply'd.

Before thy presence, Father, I appear
With conscious shame and reverential fear,
Ah! had I dy'd, e'er to these walls I fled,
False to my country, and my nuptial bed; 230
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
False to them all, to Paris only kind!
For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease
Shall waste the form whose crime it was to please!

Ver. 227. *Before thy presence.*] Helen is so overwhelmed with grief and shame, that she is unable to give a direct answer to Priam without first humbling herself before him, acknowledging her crime, and testifying her repentance. And she no sooner answers by naming Agamemnon, but her sorrows renew at the name; *He was once my brother, but I am now a wretch, unworthy to call him so.* P.

Ver. 233.] Travers is preferable, as Homer is not speaking of a future effect:

For this the conscious anguish of my shame
Flows into tears, and wastes my feeble frame.
But both are too diffuse for the original, nor yet represent it fully.
Mr. Cowper will shew their defects:

Yet I alas!
Died not, and therefore now live but to weep:
but not the precise sense of his author, which he might easily have transferred thus:

Yet I alas!
Died not, and therefore waste myself in tears.

Pope was indebted to Chapman:

But these boones envious starres denie: the memorie of these
In sorrows pines those beauties now, that then did too much
please.

The King of Kings, Atrides, you survey, 235
 Great in the war, and great in arts of sway:
 My brother once, before my days of shame;
 And oh! that still he bore a brother's name!

With wonder Priam view'd the god-like man,
 Extoll'd the happy Prince, and thus began. 240

Ver. 235.] I think Travers excellent in this place:

But hear the answer, which my fire demands:
 Before your eyes great Agamemnon stands;
 The first, who from the line of Atreus springs,
 The chief of warriors, and the best of kings.

Ver. 236. *Great in the war, and great in arts of sway.*] This was the verse which Alexander the Great preferred to all others in Homer, and which he proposed as the pattern of his own actions, as including whatever can be desired in a prince. Plut. Orat. de fort. Alex. 1. P.

Ver. 238.] The sense of the original, if I rightly conceive it, may be properly represented thus:

My brother once, if I may use that name!
 so that our poet seems to have followed Dacier: "Helas! malheureux je ne puis plus lui donner ce nom!"

Ver. 240. *Extoll'd the happy prince.*] It was very natural for Priam on this occasion, to compare the declining condition of his kingdom with the flourishing state of Agamemnon's, and to oppose his own misery (who had lost most of his sons and his bravest warriors) to the felicity of the other, in being yet master of so gallant an army. After this the humour of old age breaks out, in the narration of what armies he had formerly seen, and bore a part in the command of; as well as what feats of valour he had then performed. Besides which, this praise of the Greeks from the mouth of an enemy, was no small encomium of Homer's countrymen. P.

O blest Atrides! born to prosp'rous fate,
 Successful monarch of a mighty state!
 How vast thy empire? Of yon' matchless train
 What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain?
 In Phrygia once were gallant armies known, 245
 In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne,
 When God-like Mygdon led their troops of horse,
 And I, to join them, rais'd the Trojan force:
 Against the manlike Amazons we stood,
 And Sangar's stream ran purple with their blood.
 But far inferiour those, in martial grace 251
 And strength of numbers, to this Grecian race.
 This said, once more he view'd the warrior-
 train:
 What's he, whose arms lie scatter'd on the plain?

Ver. 244.] The ambiguity of the original word *δοῦναι*:
domiti sunt, either *under subjection*, or *have been slain*, misled
 Hobbes to express both senses:

Happy Atrides, great is thy command;
 Whose soldiers, though now very much decay'd,
 In such great multitudes before us stand.
 And this version Pope followed.

Ver. 251.] The first edition has, in *manly* grace. And Ho-
 mer says only:

Nor these so numerous, as the quick-eyed Greeks:
 so that Dacier's translation guided our poet: "Mais toutes ces
 "troupes étoient *bien inférieures en nombre et en beauté* à celles que
 "commande Agamemnon."

Ver. 254.] The notion of arms being *scattered* is very fo-
 reign to the intention of his author. Ogilby is perfectly exact at
 least, and might supply our poet's rhymes:

Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread, 255

Tho' great Atrides overtops his head.

Nor yet appear his care and conduct small;

From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.

The stately ram thus measures o'er the ground,

And, master of the flock, surveys them round. 260

His arms lie by on the all-fostering ground:

How like a ram his troup he marcheth round.

And so Chapman:

His armor lies upon the earth.

Besides the phrase "What's he," is unworthy of our elegant and polite translator, which Travers, however, adopts, and Chapman furnisht, but exhibited in less colloquial vulgarity:

————— Lov'd daughter, *what is he*

That lower then great Atreus sonne, seems by the head
to me?

Ver. 256.] This expression decides nothing. He might have written:

But Atreus' son o'ertops him by the head.

Ver. 257.] An ignoble line. Thus?

From rank to rank he moves, from man to man,

To fix their distance and their order scan.

Ver. 258. *From rank to rank he moves.*] The vigilance and inspection of Ulysses were very proper marks to distinguish him, and agree with his character of a wise man, no less than the grandeur and majesty before described are conformable to that of Agamemnon, as the supreme ruler; whereas we find Ajax afterwards taken notice of only for his bulk, as a heavy hero without parts or authority. This decorum is observable. P.

Ver. 259.] Travers has done this couplet much better:

He, like the ram amidst his fleecy train,

Runs thro' the ranks, and orders all the plain:

though he should have written: *Stalks thro' the ranks.*

Then Helen thus. Whom your discerning eyes
Have singled out, is Ithacus the wife :
A barren island boasts his glorious birth ;
His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth.

Antenor took the word, and thus began : 265
Myself, O king ! have seen that wond'rous man ;
When trusting Jove and hospitable laws,
To Troy he came to plead the Grecian cause ;
(Great Menelaüs urg'd the same request)
My house was honour'd with each royal guest : 270
I knew their persons, and admir'd their parts,
Both brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts.

Ver. 260.] The words "master of the flocks," are engrafted on the original from Dacier's "qui le reconnoissent pour roi."

Ver. 261.] I prefer Travers :

'Tis wise Ulysses : on her frowning shore
Rough Ithaca th' experienc'd warrior, bore :
Rude is his country ; but the hero's name,
Skill'd in deep arts, exalts his country's fame.

But Pope followed Ogilby :

Though barren Ithaca may boast his birth,
His wisdom is renown'd through all the earth :

anticipating what Ulysses says of himself in the beginning of the ninth Odyssey.

Ver. 265.] He omits a line of his original, and is exceedingly unfaithful. Thus Travers :

His silence here the grave Antenor broke :
'Tis true, O ! Helen, what your praises spoke.
Greece did Ulysses and thy prince employ,
Sent in thy cause her delegates to Troy.

Ver. 271. *I knew their persons, &c.*] In this view of the leaders

Erect, the Spartan most engag'd our view ;
 Ulysses feated, greater rev'ence drew. 274
 When Atreus' son harangu'd the list'ning train,
 Just was his sense, and his expression plain,

of the army, it had been an oversight in Homer to have taken no notice of Menelaus, who was not only one of the principal of them, but was immediately to engage the observation of the reader in the single combat. On the other hand, it had been a high indecorum to have made Helena speak of him. He has therefore put his praises into the mouth of Antenor; which was also a more artful way than to have presented him to the eye of Priam in the same manner with the rest: it appears from hence, what a regard he has had both to decency and variety, in the conduct of his poem.

This passage concerning the different eloquence of Menelaus and Ulysses is inexpressibly just and beautiful. The close laconick conciseness of the one, is finely opposed to the copious, vehement, and penetrating oratory of the other; which is so exquisitely described in the simile of the snow falling *fast*, and sinking *deep*. For it is in this the beauty of the comparison consists, according to Quintilian, l. xii. c. 10. *In Ulyssæ facundiam & magnitudinem junxit, cui orationem nivibus hybernis copiâ verborum atque impetu parem tribuit.* We may set in the same light with these the character of Nestor's eloquence, which consisted in softness and persuasiveness, and is therefore (in contradistinction to this of Ulysses) compared to honey which drops gently and slowly; a manner of speech extremely natural to a benevolent old man, such as Nestor is represented. Aufonius has elegantly distinguished these three kinds of oratory in the following verses:

“ *Dulcem in paucis ut Plisthenidem*

“ *Et torrentem ceu Dulichii*

“ *Ningida dicta :*

“ *Et mellitæ nectare vocis*

“ *Dulcia fatu verba canentem*

“ *Nestora regem.*”

P.

His words succinct, yet full, without a fault;
He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.

Ver. 277. Our poet has employed much too often, as rhymes, the intolerable words, that terminate the verses of this couplet.

Ver. 278. *He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.*] Chapman, in his notes on this place and on the second book, has described Menelaus as a character of ridicule and simplicity. He takes advantage from the word *λιγέως*, here made use of, to interpret that of the *brillness* of his voice, which was applied to the acuteness of his sense: he observes, that this sort of voice is the mark of a fool; that Menelaus coming to his brother's feast uninvited in the second book, has occasioned a proverb of folly; that the excuse Homer himself makes for it (because his brother might forget to invite him through much business) is purely ironical; that the epithet *ἀρηϊφιλῆς*, which is often applied to him, should not be translated *war-like*, but one who had an *affectation of loving war*: in short, that he was a weak prince, played upon by others, short in speech, and of a bad pronounciation, valiant only by fits, and sometimes stumbling upon good matter in his speeches, as may happen to the most slender capacity. This is one of the mysteries which that translator boasts to have found in Homer. But as it is no way consistent with the art of the poet, to draw the person in whose behalf he engages the world, in such a manner as no regard should be conceived for him; we must endeavour to rescue him from this misrepresentation. First then, the present passage is taken by antiquity in general to be applied not to his pronounciation, but his eloquence. So Ausonius in the foregoing citation, and Cicero *de claris oratoribus*: *Menelaum ipsum dulcem illum quidem tradit Homerus, sed pauca loquentem.* And Quintilian, l. xii. c. 10. *Homerus brevem cum animi jucunditate, & propriam (id enim est non errare verbis) & carentem supervacuis, eloquentiam Menelao dedit, &c.* Secondly, though his coming uninvited may have occasioned a jesting proverb, it may naturally be accounted for on the principle of *brotherly love*, which so visibly characterises both him and Agamemnon throughout the poem. Thirdly, *ἀρηϊφιλῆς* may import a love of war, but not an ungrounded affectation. Upon the whole, his character is by no means contemptible, though not of the most shining nature. He is called indeed in the xviith Iliad *μαλθακὸς αἰχμητής*, a *soft warrior*, or one whose strength is of the second rate; and so his brother thought him, when he preferred

But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,
His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground, 280

nine before him to fight with Hector in the viith book. But on the other hand, his courage gives him a considerable figure in conquering Paris, defending the body of Patroclus, rescuing Ulysses, wounding Helenus, killing Euphorbus, &c. He is full of resentment for his private injuries, which brings him to the war with a spirit of revenge in the second book, makes him blaspheme Jupiter in the third, when Paris escapes him, and curse the Grecians in the seventh, when they hesitate to accept Hector's challenge. But this also is qualified with a compassion for those who suffer in his cause, which he every where manifests upon proper occasions; and with an industry to gratify others, as when he obeys Ajax in the seventeenth book, and goes upon his errand to find Antilochus, with some other condescensions of the like nature. Thus his character is composed of qualities which give him no uneasy superiority over others while he wants their assistance, and mingled with such as make him amiable enough to obtain it. P.

Ver. 280. *His modest eyes, &c.*] This behaviour of Ulysses is copied by Ovid, Met. 13.

“*Astitit atque oculos parum tellure moratos*

“*Sustulit*”

What follows in the Greek translated word for word runs thus: *He seemed like a fool, you would have thought him in a rage, or a madman.* How oddly this would appear in our language, I appeal to those who have read Ogilby. The whole period means no more than to describe that behaviour which is commonly remarked in a modest and sensible man, who speaks in publick: his diffidence and respect give him at his first rising a sort of confusion, which is not indecent, and which serves but the more to heighten the surprise and esteem of those who hear him. P.

The classical reader will choose to see the quotation more correct: Metam. xiii. 125.

oculos paulum tellure moratos

Sustulit ad proceres:

‘Till from his seat arose Laertes son,

Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he begun. *Dryden.*

As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,
Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch'd his scepter'd
hand ;

But, when he speaks, what elocution flows!
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,

Ver. 282.] Mr. Cowper has dextrously exhibited this difficult passage of his original, which our poet would not attempt :

That, hadst thou seen him, thou hadst thought him, sure,
Some chafed and angry ideot, passion-fixt.

Ver. 283.] Thus Ogilby, more properly :

*But when he spake, forth from his breast did flow
A torrent swift as winter's feather'd snow.*

Much in the same manner Bowles's version of the twentieth idyllium of Theocritus :

*In sweetest words did my soft language flow,
As honey sweet, and soft as falling snow.*

Ver. 284.] It is plain from the *stupid silence* just described, that a contrast was intended ; and that our poet and the other translators, who turn the comparison to a melting softness, have misapprehended it's force and beauty. Travers' translation, with a little correction as follows, is, in my opinion, excellent :

But, when his artful prudence to disclose,
Up from his seat the sage Ulysses rose,
His stedfast eyes he fixt upon the ground,
Nor rear'd his hand, nor wav'd his scepter round ;
But like the form of stupid dulness stood,
Or madness thoughtful in his sullen mood :
Yet from his breast his pow'rful accents flow
Thick and impetuous, as the wintry snow.

So Quintilian, quoted by Clarke, conceived the passage, xi. 3.
“ Mire auditurum dicturi cura delectat.—Hoc præcipit Homerus,
“ Ulyssis exemplo, quem stetisse oculis in terram defixis, immoto-
“ que sceptro, priusquam illam eloquentiæ *procellam* effunderet,
“ dicit :” before he *poured out* that *storm* of eloquence.

The copious accents fall, with easy art ; 285
 Melting they fall, and sink into the heart!
 Wond'ring we hear, and fix'd in deep surprize;
 Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.

'The king then ask'd (as yet the camp he view'd)
 What chief is that, with giant strength endu'd, 290
 Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling
 chest,

And lofty stature far exceed the rest?
 Ajax the great (the beauteous queen reply'd)
 Himself a host: the Grecian strength and pride.
 See! bold Idomeneus superiour tow'rs 295
 Amidst yon' circle of his Cretan pow'rs,
 Great as a God! I saw him once before,
 With Menelaüs, on the Spartan shore.
 The rest I know, and could in order name;
 All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame. 300

Ver. 288.] This is one of those noble additions, in the ardour of enthusiasm, which exalts the translator to the rank of his original and compensates a thousand imperfections. Compare Od. iii. 153.

Ver. 289.] It were easy to have expressed his original thus:

The king then ask'd, *great Ajax* as he view'd—.

Ver. 297.] He adheres very little to his author, when there does not appear the least inducement to deviation. Thus Travers:

Our feat would oft that royal guest detain,
 When he from Crete to Sparta cross the main.

Yet two are wanting of the num'rous train,
Whom long my eyes have fought, but fought
in vain:

Castor and Pollux, first in martial force,
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse.
My brothers these; the same our native shore,³⁰⁵
One house contain'd us, as one mother bore.
Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,
For distant Troy refus'd to sail the seas:
Perhaps their fwords some nobler quarrel draws,
Asham'd to combat in their sister's cause. ³¹⁰

Ver. 304.] Mr. Cowper renders faithfully:

————— for equestrian skill

One famed, and one *a boxer* never foiled.

Our poet might have written:

This for the cestus, that renown'd for horse.

Perhaps he followed Chapman:

Castor the skilful knight on horse, and Pollux uncontroll'd
For all *stand-fights*, and force of hand.

Ver. 305.] Much in the same manner Ogilby:

My dearest brothers; us one mother bore:

Sail'd they not hither from the Spartan shore?

but judiciously preserving the animated variation of his author.

Ver. 307.] We see but little of Homer here, which is the more to be wondered at, when Hobbes and Chapman have very clearly exhibited the sense of their author. Thus Travers:

Perhaps, the chiefs from Sparta's lovely plain

Spread not their sails along the stormy main;

Or now refuse disgraceful arms to wield,

Forc'd by my shame to fly th'inglorious field.

Ver. 309. *Perhaps their fwords.*] This is another stroke of Helen's concern: the sense of her crime is perpetually afflicting her,

So spake the fair, nor knew her brothers' doom,
 Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
 Adorn'd with honours in their native shore,
 Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more. 314

Meantime the heralds, thro' the croud'd town,
 Bring the rich wine and destin'd victims down.
 Idæus' arms the golden goblets prest,
 Who thus the venerable king addrest.
 Arise, O father of the Trojan state!
 The nations call, thy joyful people wait 320
 To seal the truce, and end the dire debate.

and awakes upon every occasion. The lines that follow, wherein Homer gives us to understand that Castor and Pollux were now dead, are finely introduced, and in the spirit of poetry; the muse is supposed to know every thing, past and to come, and to see things distant as well as present. P.

Ver. 311.] These *four* verses are imagined from *two* of his author, thus rendered by Travers:

Thus she, but they in Death's embraces bound
 Slept in the tomb beneath their native ground:

but thus, word for word:

She said: but earth, live-giving, held them now
 In Lacedæmon, their dear native land.

Ver. 315. *Meantime the heralds, &c.*] It may not be unpleasing to the reader to compare the description of the ceremonies of the league in the following part, with that of Virgil in the twelfth book. The preparations, the procession of the kings, and their congress, are much more solemn and poetical in the latter; the oath and adjurations are equally noble in both. P.

Ver. 316.] Travers keeps close to his author:

Two votive lambs, a goat's distended skin,
 Whose bulk inclos'd the sacred wine within.

Paris thy fon, and Sparta's king advance,
 In measur'd lifts to toss the weighty lance ;
 And who his rival shall in arms subdue,
 His be the dame, and his the treasure too. 325
 Thus with a lasting league our toils may cease,
 And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace ;
 So shall the Greeks review their native shore,
 Much fam'd for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more,
 With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs
 prepare 330
 To join his milk-white courfers to the car :
 He mounts the seat, Antenor at his side ;
 The gentle steeds thro' Scæa's gates they guide :
 Next from the car descending on the plain,
 Amid the Grecian host and Trojan train 335
 Slow they proceed ; the sage Ulysses then
 Arose, and with him rose the king of men.

Ver. 320.] How easily he might have been faithful here!
 The *Grecians* call, thy *Trojan subjects* wait.

Ver. 330.] The reader will be pleased with Travers' translation:
 Struck with surprise these fatal words to hear,
 The trembling prince confess a parent's fear :
 Then bade the chiefs his royal courfers bring ;
 Sudden the chiefs obey'd the rev'rend king.

Ver. 332.] Thus Chapman :

——— he ascends; he takes the reins, and guide
 Antenor calls, who instantly, mounts to his royal side.

On either side a sacred herald stands,
 The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands
 Pour the full urn; then draws the Grecian lord 340
 His cutlace sheath'd beside his pond'rous sword;
 From the sign'd victims crops the curling hair,
 The heralds part it, and the princes share;

Ver. 340.] This is a strange blunder, or at least an inexcusable ambiguity, into which Ogilby may have led him:

_____ and wine commix'd with wine
 Pour on the princes' hands.

Thus Travers very properly:

With that the warrior of Laërtes' line
 Rose with the king, the heralds mix'd the wine:
 Near to the kings the sacred heralds drew,
 And o'er their hands the ritual *water* threw.

Or our author might be misled by Dacier: "Les venerables
 " herauts font approcher les victimes, mêlent le vin dans l'urne
 " et donnent à laver aux rois."

Ver. 342. *The curling hair.*] We have here the whole ceremonial of the solemn oath, as it was observed anciently by the nations our author describes. I must take this occasion of remarking that we might spare ourselves the trouble of reading most books of Grecian antiquities, only by being well versed in Homer. They are generally bare transcriptions of him, but with this unnecessary addition, that after having quoted any thing in verse, they say the same over again in prose. The *Antiquitates Homericae* of Feithius may serve as an instance of this. What my Lord Bacon observes of authors in general, is particularly applicable to these of antiquities, that they write for ostentation not for instruction, and that their works are perpetual repetitions. P.

Ogilby thus:

From both the lambs'-curl'd foreheads cuts the hair,
 Which bothe the Greek and Trojan princes share.

Then loudly thus before th' attentive bands
He calls the Gods, and spreads his lifted hands. 345

O first and greatest pow'r! whom all obey,
Who high on Ida's holy mountain sway,
Eternal Jove! and you bright orb that roll
From east to west, and view from pole to pole!
Thou mother Earth! and all ye living floods! 350
Infernal Furies, and Tartarean gods,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!
Hear, and be witnesses. If, by Paris slain,
Great Menelaüs press the fatal plain; 355
The dame and treasures let the Trojan keep,
And Greece returning plow the watry deep.
If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed;
Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed:

Ver. 347.] It is not easy to determine, whether this is to be taken according to his author, and is ungrammatical; or whether he means it of the gods at large. Thus Travers:

O! Jove supreme, to whose almighty will
Bend the high heav'ns, and Ida's sacred hill;
Thou glorious sun with thy all-seeing beams,
Thou parent Earth, and all ye conscious streams;
Ye gloomy Gods, who rule th' infernal coast,
Rack guilty souls and scourge the perjur'd ghost.

Ver. 356.] Much in the same stile Ogilby:

He Helen and her riches still shall keep,
And we for Greece plough up the briny deep.

Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay, 360

And ev'ry age record the signal day.

This if the Phrygians shall refuse to yield,

Arms must revenge, and Mars decide the field.

With that the chief the tender victims slew,

And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw: 365

Ver. 360.] The same translator :

And they, what is but just, a match shall pay,

Which may remembred be another day.

Ver. 361. *And ev'ry age record the signal day.*] Ἡτὲ καὶ ἐπιστομένους
μὲν ἀνθρώποις πέληται. This seems the natural sense of the line,
and not as Madam Dacier renders it, *The tribute shall be paid to
the posterity of the Greeks for ever.* I think she is single in that
explication, the majority of the interpreters taking it to signify
that the victory of the Grecians and this pecuniary acknowledg-
ment *should be recorded to all posterity.* If it means any more than
this, at least it cannot come up to the sense Madam Dacier gives
it; for a nation put under perpetual tribute is rather enslaved, than
received to friendship and alliance, which are the terms of Aga-
memnon's speech. It seems rather to be a fine, demanded as a
recompence for the expences of the war, which being made over
to the Greeks, should *remain to their posterity for ever*; that is, to
say, which they should never be molested for, or which should
never be re-demanded in any age as a case of injury. The phrase
is the same we use at this day, when any purchase or grant is
at once made over to a man *and his heirs for ever.* With this will
agree the Scholiast's note, which tells us the mulct was reported to
have been half the goods then in the besieged city. P.

Ver. 364. *The chief the tender victims slew.*] One of the grand
objections which the ignorance of some moderns has raised against
Homer, is what they call a defect in the manners of his heroes.
They are shocked to find his kings employed in such offices as
slaughtering of beasts, &c. But they forget that sacrificing was
the most solemn act of religion, and that kings of old in most
nations were also chief-priests. This, among other objections of
the same kind, the reader may see answered in the preface. P.

The vital spirit issu'd at the wound,
 And left the members quiv'ring on the ground.
 From the same urn they drink the mingled wine,
 And add libations to the pow'rs divine. 369
 While thus their pray'rs united mount the sky;
 Hear mighty Jove! and hear ye gods on high!
 And may their blood, who first the league con-
 found,

Shed like this wine, distain the thirsty ground;
 May all their comforts serve promiscuous lust,
 And all their race be scatter'd as the dust! 375
 Thus either host their imprecations join'd,
 Which Jove refus'd, and mingled with the wind.

The rites now finish'd, rev'rend Priam rose,
 And thus express'd a heart o'ercharg'd with woes.

Ver. 367. Thus Ogilby :

And left their panting bodies in the field.

Ver. 372.] Travers more closely :

As on the ground distills this purple flood,

So may their brains, and so their children's blood.

Homer says only :

May, like this wine, their brains bedew the ground :

but Dacier, like our poet, “*Que tout le sang des premiers, qui
 “auront l'audace de violer ce traité, soit versé à terre comme
 “ce vin.*”

Ver. 378.] The original is simply,

'Midst them spake Priam, son of Dardanus :

but Dacier, “*Les libations achevées, Priam se leve, et dit.*” And
 the next verse is wholly the translator's own.

Ye Greeks and Trojans, let the chiefs engage, 380
But spare the weakness of my feeble age:
In yonder walls that object let me shun,
Nor view the danger of so dear a son.
Whose arms shall conquer, and what prince
shall fall,

Heav'n only knows, for Heav'n disposes all. 385

This said, the hoary king no longer stay'd,
But on his car the slaughter'd victims laid;
Then seiz'd the reins his gentle steeds to
guide,

And drove to Troy, Antenor at his side.

Bold Hector and Ulysses now dispose 390
The lists of combat, and the ground inclose;
Next to decide by sacred lots prepare,
Who first shall launch his pointed spear in air.
The people pray with elevated hands, 394
And words like these are heard thro' all the
bands.

Immortal Jove, high heav'n's superiour lord;
On lofty Ida's holy mount ador'd!
Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire debate,
Oh give that author of the war to fate
And shades eternal! let division cease, 400
And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.

With eyes averted Hector hastes to turn
The lots of fight, and shakes the brazen urn.

Then, Paris, thine leap'd forth; by fatal chance
 Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty lance. 405
 Both armies sat the combat to survey,
 Beside each chief his azure armour lay,
 And round the lists the gen'rous courfers neigh. }
 The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight,
 In gilded arms magnificently bright: 410
 The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around,
 With flow'rs adorn'd, with silver buckles bound:
 Lycaon's corslet his fair body drest,
 Brac'd in, and fitted to his softer breast;
 A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder ty'd, 415
 Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side:

Ver. 404.] Thus Chapman:

Then Hector shooke the helm, the equall doomes of
chance,

Lookt back, and drew; and Paris first had lot *to hurl*
his lance.

Ver. 409.] Travers is more faithful, nor less elegant:

With that the lord of Helen's beauteous charms
 Round his fair shoulders brac'd his dazzling arms.
 First on his legs, in martial pomp dispos'd
 Blaz'd the rich greaves with studs of silver clos'd.

The following version of the *two first* lines of this passage is literal:

Illustrious Paris, fair-hair'd Helen's spouse
 Straight round his shoulders threw his beauteous arms:

so that our poet seems to have profited by Dacier: "Paris, mari
 " de la belle Helene, se couvre d' *armes magnifiques.*"

Ver. 415.] Thus Ogilby:

On his white ancles purple buskins ty'd,
 Adorn'd with silver buttons on the *side*:

His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread ;
 The waving horse-hair nodded on his head ;
 His figur'd shield, a shining orb, he takes,
 And in his hand a pointed jav'lin shakes. 420
 With equal speed, and fir'd by equal charms,
 The Spartan hero sheaths his limbs in arms.

Now round the lists th'admiring armies stand,
 With jav'lins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band.
 Amidst the dreadful vale, the chiefs advance, 425
 All pale with rage, and shake the threat'ning lance.
 The Trojan first his shining jav'lin threw ;
 Full on Atrides' ringing shield it flew,

and Dryden, at the close of the Æneid :

When casting down a casual glance, he spied.

The fatal belt, *that glitter'd at his side.*

Ver. 418.] To *waving* with *noded* I prefer Chapman's form :
A plume of horse-hair —.

Ver. 423.] Our poet pays but little attention to his author, who
 may be seen more clearly in Travers' translation :

Thus arm'd and frowning with a fierce disdain,

March'd the two chiefs amidst the fatal plain :

A deep suspense, as each advanc'd along,

Sate in the eyes of all the gazing throng.

Now foe to foe their brazen jav'lins shook ;

Lowr'd with revenge, and glar'd an angry look.

Ver. 425. So Par. Lost, vi. 104.

'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,

A dreadful interval.

Ver. 427.] He should have written :

Atrides first his *quivering* jav'lin threw :

for this epithet would have conveyed an idea of *length* agreeably to
 his author; and in other respects been preferable to the present word.

Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound
 Leap'd from the buckler, blunted on the ground.
 Atrides then his massy lance prepares, 431
 In act to throw, but first prefers his pray'rs.

Give me, great Jove! to punish lawless lust,
 And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust:
 Destroy th' aggressor, aid my righteous cause, 435
 Avenge the breach of hospitable laws!
 Let this example future times reclaim,
 And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy
 name.

He said, and pois'd in air the jav'lin sent,
 Thro' Paris' shield the forceful weapon went, 440
 His cors'let pierces, and his garment rends,
 And glancing downward, near his flank de-
 scends.

The wary Trojan bending from the blow,
 Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe:
 But fierce Atrides wav'd his sword, and strook 445
 Full on his casque; the crested helmet shook;

Ver. 433. *Give me, great Jove.*] Homer puts a prayer in the mouth of Menelaus, but none in Paris's: Menelaus is the person injured and innocent, and may therefore apply to God for justice; but Paris, who is the criminal, remains silent. *Spondanus.* P.

Our poet is much too paraphrastical in this address. The reader will not be displeased to see Ogilby:

Jove, let thy justice and my vengeance meet,
 And lay injurious Paris at my feet:
 That after times such punishment may fear,
 And breach of hospitality forbear.

The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,
 Broke short: the fragments glitter'd on the sand.
 The raging warrior to the spacious skies
 Rais'd his upbraiding voice, and angry eyes: 450
 Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust?
 And is it thus the Gods assist the just?
 When crimes provoke us, Heav'n success denies;
 The dart falls harmless, and the faulchion flies.

Ver. 447. *The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand, Broke short—*]
 This verse is cut, to express the thing it describes, the snapping
 short of the sword. 'Tis the observation of Eustathius on this line
 of the original, that we do not only see the action, but imagine we
 hear the sound of the breaking sword in that of the words. Τριχθαί
 τε καὶ τετραχθαὶ διατρύφεν ἔκπεσε χεῖρός. And that Homer designed
 it, may appear from his having twice put in the Θῆτα (which was
 a letter unnecessary) to cause this harshness in the verse. As this
 beauty could not be preserved in our language, it is endeavoured
 in the translation to supply it with something parallel. P.

Travers has thus endeavoured to keep up with the speaking
 verification of his original:

Then on his helm impel'd a pond'rous stroke;
 Crack'd the weak steel, the sword short shiv'ring broke.

Dryden's Virgil, Æn. xii. 1073, may be compared with our poet's
 version in this place:

—— fulvâ resplendent fragmina arenâ;

The mortal-temper'd steel deceiv'd his hand:

The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.

Ver. 453.] Homer is better represented through this address
 by Travers, than by our author.

O! envious Jove, from thee descends my woe;

Thou shield'ft from vengeance this injurious foe.

See the sword shivers, and the fatal dart

Errs from my arm, nor wounds the traitor's heart.

The second line should have been:

I hoped revenge on this injurious foe.

Furious he said, and tow'rd the Grecian crew 455
 (Seiz'd by the crest) th' unhappy warriour drew;
 Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroider'd
 thong,

That ty'd his helmet, dragg'd the chief along.
 Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy,
 But Venus trembled for the prince of Troy: 460
 Unseen she came, and burst the golden band;
 And left an empty helmet in his hand.

The casque, enrag'd, amidst the Greeks he
 threw;

The Greeks with smiles the polish'd trophy view.
 Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart, 465
 In thirst of vengeance, at his rival's heart,
 The queen of Love her favour'd champion
 shrouds

(For Gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.
 Rais'd from the field the panting youth she led,
 And gently laid him on the bridal bed, 470

Ver. 465.] Travers has succeeded in this passage:

Then, as the chief advanc'd with fury near,
 Rush'd on his foe, and aim'd the brazen spear,
 The queen of love a sudden darkness spread,
 And veil'd in ambient clouds the warrior's head.

Ver. 470.] Homer says only,

Laid in a chamber fragrant with perfumes:

but Chapman has rendered,

Till in his chamber, fresh and sweet, she gently set
 him downe: 1

With pleasing sweets his fainting sense renews,
And all the dome perfumes with heav'nly dews.

Meantime the brightest of the female kind,
The matchless Helen, o'er the walls reclin'd:
To her, beset with Trojan beauties, came 475
In borrow'd form the * laughter-loving dame.

and Dryden, Æn. iv. 567.

Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led;
And softly laid her on her ivory bed.

Ver. 475.] This passage in the *first* edition stood thus:

To her, beset with Trojan beauties, came
In Græa's form, the laughter-loving dame.
(Græa, her fav'rite maid, well-skill'd to cull
The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool.)

Our poet (as Mr. STEEVENS observed to me, and to whom the reader is wholly indebted for the curious information contained in this note) was misled by Chapman in supposing, from an ignorance of the language, that the *Greek substantive* for an *old woman* was a *proper name*. This is Chapman's version:

To give her errand good successe, she took on her the
shape
Of beldame Græa.

And Chapman was misled by Arthur Hall, who printed at London in 1581, *ten* books of Homer's Iliades, translated out of French. This is Hall's version:

Venus, not willing to be knowne, in humaine shape
appeares,
In Grea's forme, the good handmaid, nowe wel ystept
in yeares.

The French translator, rendered by Hall, was "Hugues Salel, de la Chambre du Roy, and Abbé de Saint Cheron: 1555." Of this book Arthur Hall's own copy is now in the *British Museum*. Salel's version of the passage before us, runs thus:

* Venus.

(She seem'd an ancient maid, well-skill'd to cull
The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool.)
The Goddess softly shook her filken vest, 479
That shed perfumes, and whisp'ring thus addrest.

Venus avoit, pour estre descognue,
Prins ung habit humain à sa venue,
C'est de Grea, la bonne chambriere,
Bien vielle d'ans.

Ver. 477.] Thus Ogilby:

Then like an ancient matron, which did *cull*
And spin for her in Sparta purest *wool* —.

Ver. 479. *The Goddess softly shook, &c.*] Venus having conveyed Paris in safety to his chamber, goes to Helena, who had been spectator of his defeat, in order to draw her to his love. The better to bring this about, she first takes upon her the most proper form in the world, that of a favourite servant-maid, and awakens her passion by representing to her the beautiful figure of his person. Next, assuming her own shape, she frightens her into a compliance, notwithstanding all the struggles of *shame, fear, and anger*, which break out in her speech to the Goddess. This machine is allegorical, and means no more than the power of *love* triumphing over all the considerations of *honour, ease, and safety*. It has an excellent effect as to the poem, in preserving still in some degree our good opinion of Helena, whom we look upon with compassion, as constrained by a superiour power, and whose speech tends to justify her in the eye of the reader. P.

Ver. 479.] It is not clear from this translation *whose* vest is meant. Travers, though by a less elegant word, has avoided ambiguity:

She *pull'd* her robe, whose fragrance fill'd the air.

Moreover, it is manifest from the arrangement, so different from that of the original, and from particular resemblance, that our poet consulted Ogilby's version on this occasion:

She *shook* with gentle touch her perfum'd vest,
And, softly whisp'ring, thus herself exprest.

Haste, happy nymph! for thee thy Paris calls,
 Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls,
 Fair as a God! with odours round him spread
 He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed:
 Not like a warrior parted from the foe, 485
 But some gay dancer in the publick show.

She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was mov'd;
 She scorn'd the champion, but the man she lov'd.
 Fair Venus' neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,
 And breast, reveal'd the queen of soft desire. 490
 Struck with her presence, strait the lively red
 Forsook her cheek; and, trembling, thus she said.
 Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive?
 And woman's frailty always to believe?
 Say, to new nations must I cross the main, 495
 Or carry wars to some soft Asian plain?

Ver. 487. *She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was mov'd.*] Nothing is more fine than this; the first thought of Paris's beauty overcomes (unawares to herself) the contempt she had that moment conceived of him upon his overthrow. This motion is but natural, and before she perceives the Deity. When the affections of a woman have been thoroughly gained, though they may be alienated for a while, they soon return upon her. Homer *knew* (says Madam Dacier) *what a woman is capable of, who had once loved.* P.

I prefer Travers here, and not merely for superior fidelity:

'The Goddess spoke, and in the beauteous dame
 Wak'd his dear form, and rais'd the tender flame.
 Soon as she saw the breast that moves desire,
 Her neck, and eyes that glanc'd celestial fire,
 She knew the queen of beauty in disguise,
 And conscious thus express her dread surprise.

For whom must Helen break her second vow?
 What other Paris is thy darling now?
 Left to Atrides, (victor in the strife)
 An odious conquest and a captive wife, 500
 Hence let me sail: and if thy Paris bear
 My absence ill, let Venus ease his care.
 A hand-maid goddess at his side to wait,
 Renounce the glories of thy heav'nly state,
 Be fix'd for ever to the Trojan shore, 505
 His spouse, or slave; and mount the skies no more.
 For me, to lawless love no longer led,
 I scorn the coward, and detest his bed;
 Else should I merit everlasting shame,
 And keen reproach, from ev'ry Phrygian dame:

Ver. 501.] There is nothing like this in Homer, whom Travers has more happily exhibited:

Since now thy Paris on the fatal strand
 Falls by the valour of Atrides' hand,
 Since I must hence an odious bride depart,
 Can'st thou insidious to seduce my heart?

Ver. 504.] Ogilby renders:

Renounce the habitations of the Gods.

Ver. 507. *For me, to lawless love no longer led, I scorn the coward.*] We have here another branch of the female character, which is, to be ruled in their attaches by *success*. Helen finding the victory belonged to Menelaus, accuses herself secretly of having forsaken him for the other, and immediately entertains a high opinion of the man she had once despised. One may add, that the fair sex are generally admirers of courage, and naturally friends to great foldiers. Paris was no stranger to this disposition of them, and had formerly endeavoured to give his mistress that opinion of him; as appears from her reproach of him afterwards. P.

Ill suits it now the joys of love to know, 511
Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe.

Then thus incens'd, the Paphian queen replies:
Obey the pow'r from whom thy glories rise:
Should Venus leave thee, ev'ry charm must fly, 515
Fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye.
Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more
The world's aversion, than their love before;
Now the bright prize for which mankind en-
gage,

Then, the sad victim of the publick rage. 520

Ver. 511.] This couplet represents *four* words only of his author: "I have innumerable sorrows in my mind." Our poet assisted his fancy with Dacier: "D' ailleurs, je suis accablée de trop cuisantes douleurs, et plongée dans une trop grande tristesse."

Ver. 513.] Our poet throughout this speech is uncommonly inattentive to his author. Thus Travers:

To whom the goddess with an angry voice:
Urge not my wrath, lest I renounce my choice.
Should I incens'd my guardian pow'r remove,
Should once my hate glow furious as my love;
Soon will revenge, inspir'd by my commands,
Rage in the breasts of all the hostile bands:
Now to their wrath shall yield thy odious breath,
And all thy beauties shall be lost in death.

Ver. 515. *Should Venus leave thee, ev'ry charm must fly.*] This was the most dreadful of all threats, loss of beauty and of reputation. Helen, who had been proof to the personal appearance of the Goddess, and durst even reproach her with bitterness just before, yields to this, and obeys all the dictates of love. P.

Ver. 516. Our poet in his Eloisa, ver. 332:

See the last sparkle *languish in my eye.*

At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd,
And veil'd her blushes in a filken shade;
Unseen, and silent, from the train she moves,
Led by the Goddesses of the Smiles and Loves.

Arriv'd, and enter'd at the palace-gate, 525
The maids officious round their mistress wait;
Then all dispersing, various tasks attend;
The queen and Goddesses to the prince ascend.
Full in her Paris' sight, the queen of Love
Had plac'd the beauteous progeny of Jove; 530
Where, as he view'd her charms, she turn'd away
Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say.

Is this the chief, who lost to sense of shame
Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame? 534

Ver. 521.] This couplet misrepresents his author, who may be seen to advantage in Mr. Cowper; with the alteration of one word only:

The Goddesses ceas'd: Jove's daughter, Helen, fear'd:
And, in her lucid *vest* close wrapt around,
Silent retired, of all those Trojan dames
Unseen; and Venus led, herself, the way.

Ver. 531. *She turn'd away Her glowing eyes.*] This interview of the two lovers, placed opposite to each other, and overlooked by Venus, Paris gazing on Helena, she turning away her eyes, shining at once with anger and love, are particulars finely drawn, and painted up to all the life of nature. Eustathius imagines she looked aside in the consciousness of her own weakness, as apprehending that the beauty of Paris might cause her to relent. Her bursting out into passion and reproaches while she is in this state of mind, is no ill picture of frailty: Venus (as Madam Dacier observes) does not leave her, and fondness will immediately succeed to these reproaches. P.

Oh hadst thou dy'd beneath the righteous sword
 Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord!
 The boaster Paris oft desir'd the day
 With Sparta's king to meet in single fray:
 Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,
 Provoke Atrides, and renew the fight: 540
 Yet Helen bids thee stay, lest thou unskill'd
 Should'st fall an easy conquest on the field.

The prince replies; Ah cease, divinely fair,
 Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear;
 This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas' pow'r; 545
 We yet may vanquish in a happier hour:
 There want not Gods to favour us above:
 But let the business of our lives be love:
 These softer moments let delights employ,
 And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy. 550
 Not thus I lov'd thee, when from Sparta's shore
 My forc'd, my willing heav'nly prize I bore,

Ver. 537.] Ogilby is exact:

Thou before his thy prowess didst advance,

Thy skill, thy strength preferring, and thy launce.

Ver. 543. *Ah cease, divinely fair.*] This answer of Paris is the only one he could possibly have made with any success in his circumstance. There was no other method to reconcile her to him, but that which is generally most powerful with the sex, and which Homer (who was learned every way) here makes use of. P.

Ver. 551. *Not thus I lov'd thee.*] However Homer may be admired for his conduct in this passage, I find a general outcry against Paris on this occasion. Plutarch has led the way in his treatise of reading poets, by remarking it as a most heinous act of

When first entranc'd in Cranaë's isle I lay,
Mix'd with thy foul, and all dissolv'd away!

incontinence in him, to go to bed to his lady in the *day-time*. Among the commentators the most violent is the moral expositor Spondanus, who will not so much as allow him to say a civil thing to Helen. *Mollis, effæminatus, & spurcus ille adulter, nihil de libidine suâ imminutum dicit, sed nunc magis eâ corripitur quàm unquam aliàs, ne quidem cum primùm eam ipsi dedit (Latini ita rectè exprimunt τὸ μωροῦσθαι in re venerâ) in insula Cranaë. Cum alioqui homines primi concubitûs soleant esse ardentiores.* I could not deny the reader the diversion of this remark, nor Spondanus the glory of his zeal, who was but two-and-twenty when it was written. Madam Dacier is also very severe upon Paris, but for a reason more natural to a lady; she is of opinion that the passion of the lover would scarce have been so excessive as he here describes it, but for fear of losing his mistress immediately, as foreseeing the Greeks would demand her. One may answer to this lively remark, that Paris having nothing to say for himself, was obliged to testify an uncommon ardour for his lady, at a time when compliments were to pass instead of reasons. I hope to be excused, if (in revenge for her remark upon our sex) I observe upon the behaviour of Helen throughout this book, which gives a pretty natural picture of the manners of theirs. We see her first in tears, repentant, covered with confusion at the sight of Priam, and secretly inclined to return to her former spouse. The disgrace of Paris encreases her dislike of him; she rails, she reproaches, she wishes his death; and after all, is prevailed upon by one kind compliment, and yields to his embraces. Methinks when this lady's observation and mine are laid together, the best that can be made of them is to conclude, that since both the sexes have their frailties, it would be well for each to forgive the other.

It is worth looking backward, to observe the *allegory* here carried on with respect to Helen, who lives through this whole book in a whirl of passions, and is agitated by turns with sentiments of honour and love. The Goddesses made use of, to cast the appearance of fable over the story, are Iris and Venus. When Helen is called to the tower to behold her former friends, Iris the messenger of Juno (the Goddess of honour) is sent for her; and when invited to the bed-chamber of Paris, Venus is to beckon her out of

Thus having spoke, th' enamour'd Phrygian boy
 Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy. 556
 Him Helen follow'd flow with bashful charms,
 And clasp'd the blooming hero in her arms.

the company. The forms they take to carry on these different affairs, are properly chosen: the one assuming the person of the daughter of Antenor, who pressed most for her being restored to Menelaus; the other the shape of an old maid, who was privy to the intrigue with Paris from the beginning. And in the consequences, as the one inspires the love of her former empire, friends and country; so the other instils the dread of being cast off by all if she forsook her second choice, and causes the return of her tenderness to Paris. But if she has a struggle for honour, she is in a bondage to love; which gives the story its turn that way, and makes Venus oftner appear than Iris. There is in one place a lover to be protected, in another a love-quarrel to be made up, in both which the Goddess is kindly officious. She conveys Paris to Troy where he had escaped the enemy; which may signify his love for his mistress, that hurried him away to justify himself before her. She softens and terrifies Helen, in order to make up the breach between them: and even when that affair is finished, we do not find the poet dismisses her from the chamber, whatever privacies the lovers had a mind to: in which circumstance he seems to draw aside the veil of his allegory, and to let the reader at last into the meaning of it, That the Goddess of love has been all the while nothing more than the passion of it. P.

Ver. 553. *When first entranc'd in Cranaë's isle.*] It is in the original Νῆσῳ δ' ἐν Κραναιῇ ἐμείγην φιλότῃσι, καὶ εὐνῇ. The true sense of which is expressed in the translation. I cannot but take notice of a small piece of prudery in Madam Dacier, who is exceeding careful of Helen's character. She turns this passage as if Paris had only her *consent to be her husband* in this island. Pausanias explains this line in another manner, and tell us it was here that Paris had first the enjoyment of her; that in gratitude for his happiness he built a temple of Venus Migonitis, the mingler or coupler, and that the neighbouring coast where it was erected was called Migonian from μίγναι, à miscendo. Paus. Laconicis. P.

While these to love's delicious rapture yield,
 The stern Atrides rages round the field : 560
 So some fell lion whom the woods obey,
 Roars thro' the desert, and demands his prey.
 Paris he seeks, impatient to destroy,
 But seeks in vain along the troops of Troy ;
 Ev'n those had yielded to a foe so brave 565
 The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave.
 Then speaking thus, the King of Kings arose ;
 Ye Trojans, Dardans, all our gen'rous foes !
 Hear and attest ! from heav'n with conquest
 crown'd, 569
 Our brother's arms the just success have found :
 Be therefore now the Spartan wealth restor'd,
 Let Argive Helen own her lawful lord ;
 Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
 And age to age record this signal day.

He ceas'd ; his army's loud applauses rise, 575
 And the long shout runs echoing thro' the skies.

Ver. 559.] Our translator expatiates too freely. Thus Travers, without omitting any thoughts of his original :

But fierce Atrides in the field below
 Rag'd like a lion, for his absent foe.

Dacier has, "*comme un lion rugissant*." Our poet, moreover, had his eye on Chapman :

while these to pleasure yield
 Perplext Atrides, savage-like, ran up and downe *the field*.

Ver. 575.] For this couplet his original only has,
 Atrides spake, and all the Greeks approv'd.

THE
FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

I L I A D.

THE ARGUMENT.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

IT was from the beginning of this book that Virgil has taken that of his tenth Æneid, as the whole tenour of the story in this and the last book is followed in his twelfth. The truce and the solemn oath, the breach of it by a dart thrown by Turnus, Juturna's inciting the Latines to renew the war, the wound of Æneas, his speedy cure, and the battle ensuing, all these are manifestly copied from hence. The solemnity, surprise, and variety of these circumstances seemed to him of importance enough, to build the whole catastrophe of his work upon them; though in Homer they are but openings to the general action, and such as in their warmth are still exceeded by all that follow them. They are chosen, we grant, by Virgil with great judgment, and conclude his poem with a becoming majesty: yet the finishing his scheme with that which is but the coolest part of Homer's action, tends in some degree to shew the disparity of the poetical fire in these two authors. P.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE BREACH OF THE TRUCE, AND THE FIRST BATTLE.

THE Gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan Troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good General; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book (as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book.) The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

P.

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
ILLIAD.

AND now Olympus' shining gates unfold;
The Gods, with Jove, assume their
 thrones of gold:
Immortal Hebe, fresh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:

Ver. 1.] The sentence may be thus literally rendered:

Now on a golden pavement in Jove's hall
The Gods assembled fate:

but Pope partly follows Ogilby:

Meanwhile great Jove and all the Gods in state
On *golden thrones* in heav'n's star-chamber fate:

and partly Virgil, *Æn.* x. 1. where Dryden thus:

The *gates* of heav'n *unfold*.

Ver. 3. *Immortal Hebe*.] The Goddess of Youth is introduced as an attendant upon the banquets of the Gods, to shew that the divine Beings enjoy an eternal youth, and that their life is a felicity without end. *Dacier*.

While the full bowls flow round, the pow'rs
employ

5

Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.

When Jove, dispos'd to tempt Saturnia's
spleen,

Thus wak'd the fury of his partial queen.

Two pow'rs divine the son of Atreus aid,

Imperial Juno, and the martial Maid; 10

But high in heav'n they sit, and gaze from far,

The tame spectators of his deeds of war.

Not thus fair Venus helps her favour'd knight,

The queen of pleasures shares the toils of fight,

Each danger wards, and constant in her care 15

Saves in the moment of the last despair.

Ver. 5.] The expression of *employing* the eyes does not appear poetical to me. Would this be preferable?

'Midst circling bowls, their eyes th' almighty powers

Direct on Ilium's long-contended towers.

Ver. 9. *Two pow'rs divine.*] Jupiter's reproaching these two Goddesses with neglecting to assist Menelaus, proceeds (as M. Dacier remarks) from the affection he bore to Troy: since if Menelaus by their help had gained a complete victory, the siege had been raised, and the city delivered. On the contrary, Juno and Minerva might suffer Paris to escape, as the method to continue the war to the total destruction of Troy. And accordingly a few lines after we find them plotting together, and contriving a new scene of miseries to the Trojans. P.

This couplet is gracefully modified from Ogilby:

Two goddesses did Menelaus aid,

The Argive queen, and th' Alalconian maid.

Her act has rescu'd Paris' forfeit life,
Tho' great Atrides gain'd the glorious strife.

Ver. 18. *Tho' great Atrides gain'd the glorious strife.*] Jupiter here makes it a question, Whether the foregoing combat should determine the controversy, or the peace be broken? His putting it thus, *that Paris is not killed, but Menelaus has the victory*, gives a hint for a dispute, whether the conditions of the treaty were valid or annulled; that is to say, whether the controversy was to be determined by the *victory* or by the *death* of one of the combatants. Accordingly it has been disputed whether the articles were really binding to the Trojans or not? Plutarch has treated the question in his *Symposiacks*, l. ix. qu. 13. The substance is this. In the first proposal of the challenge Paris mentions only the victory, *And who his rival shall in arms subdue*: nor does Hector who carries it say any more. However Menelaus understands it of the death by what he replies: *Fall he that must beneath his rival's arms, And live the rest*—Iris to Helen speaks only of the former; and Idæus to Priam repeats the same words. But in the solemn oath Agamemnon specifies the latter, *If by Paris slain—and If by my brother's arms the Trojan bleed*. Priam also understands it of both, saying at his leaving the field, *What prince shall fall, heav'n only knows*—(I do not cite the Greek because the English has preserved the same nicety.) Paris himself confesses he has lost the victory, in his speech to Helen, which he would hardly have done, had the whole depended on that alone: And lastly Menelaus (after the conquest is clearly his by the flight of Paris) is still searching round the field to kill him, as if all were of no effect without the death of his adversary. It appears from hence that the Trojans had no ill pretence to break the treaty, so that Homer ought not to have been directly accused of making Jupiter the author of perjury in what follows, which is one of the chief of Plato's objections against him. P.

'To gain a *strife* is, I think, a mode of speaking not much to be admired. I should prefer the following:

Tho' came Atrides victor from the strife.

Then say, ye powr's! what signal issue waits
 To crown this deed, and finish all the fates? 20
 Shall heav'n by peace the bleeding kingdoms
 spare,

Or rouze the Furies, and awake the war?
 Yet, would the Gods for human good provide,
 Atrides soon might gain his beauteous bride,
 Still Priam's walls in peaceful honours grow, 25
 And thro' his gates the crouding nations flow.

Thus while he spoke, the queen of heav'n,
 enrag'd,

And queen of war, in close consult engag'd:
 Apart they sit, their deep designs employ,
 And meditate the future woes of Troy. 30

Tho' secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
 The prudent Goddess yet her wrath suppress;
 But Juno, impotent of passion, broke
 Her sullen silence, and with fury spoke.

Ver. 19.] Homer says literally, for this couplet,
 Let us consult upon th' event of things:
 but Chapman:

We must consult then, what events, shall *crowne* these future
 things.

Ver. 31. *Tho' secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast.*] Spondanus
 takes notice that Minerva, who in the first book had restrained the
 anger of Achilles, had now an opportunity of exerting the same
 conduct in respect to herself. We may bring the parallel close, by
 observing that she had before her, in like manner, a superiour who
 had provoked her by sharp expressions, and whose counsels ran
 against her sentiments. In all which the poet takes care to preserve
 her still in the practice of that wisdom of which she was goddess. P.

Shall then, O tyrant of th' æthereal reign! 35
 My schemes, my labours, and my hopes be vain?
 Have I, for this, shook Ilion with alarms,
 Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms?
 To spread the war, I flew from shore to shore;
 Th' immortal courfers scarce the labour bore. 40
 At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads im-
 pends,

But Jove himself the faithless race defends:
 Loth as thou art to punish lawless lust,
 Not all the Gods are partial and unjust.

The fire whose thunder shakes the cloudy
 skies, 45

Sighs from his inmost soul, and thus replies;
 Oh lasting rancour! oh insatiate hate
 To Phrygia's monarch, and the Phrygian state!

Ver. 37.] He should have written,

*Did I, for this, shake Ilium with alarms,
 Assemble nations — :*

and he has very unskilfully expanded *six* lines of his original into *twelve*.

Ver. 45.] Homer employs his customary epithet of *cloud-collecting* Jove; but Dacier has, "Le maitre du tonnerre." And Ogilby is the more true interpreter of his author:

When, much incens'd, cloud-gathering Jove begun:
 but our translator followed Chapman:

At this, the cloud-compelling Jove, a farre fetcht sigh
 let flie:

or Dacier: "Avec un profond *soupir*."

What high offence has fir'd the wife of Jove,
 Can wretched mortals harm the pow'rs above? 50
 That Troy and Trøy's whole race thou would'st
 confound,
 And yon' fair structures level with the ground?
 Haste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire,
 Burst all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!
 Let Priam bleed! if yet you thirst for more, 55
 Bleed all his sons, and Ilion float with gore,

Ver. 55. *Let Priam bleed, &c.*] We find in Persius's satyrs the name of Labeo, as an ill poet who made a miserable translation of the Iliad; one of whose verses is still preserved, and happens to be that of this place,

“Crudum manduces Priamum, Priamique pisinnos.”

It may seem from this, that his translation was servilely literal (as the old Scholiast on Persius observes). And one cannot but take notice that Ogilby's and Hobbes's in this place are not unlike Labeo's.

Both king and people thou would'st eat alive.

And eat up Priam and his children all.

P.

Notwithstanding this censure upon his predecessors with a view to vindicate himself, we cannot extol the judgment of the poet in not attempting to preserve the bitterness of his original, which his abilities would easily have compassed. Mr. Cowper's version, which is very faithful, will sufficiently rescue the passage from every attempt of ridicule:

Go, make thine entrance at her lofty gates;

Priam, and all his house, and all his host,

Alive devour: then, haply, thou wilt rest.

If our poet, however, disapproved the *translation* of Ogilby, he has condescended to borrow his *note* on this passage, and several others in this book: which it were unnecessary to particularize. Yet it may be proper to mention, that in his note to verse 913, of

To boundless vengeance the wide realm be giv'n,
 'Till vast destruction glut the queen of heav'n!
 So let it be, and Jove his peace enjoy, 59
 When heav'n no longer hears the name of Troy.
 But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate
 On thy lov'd realms, whose guilt demands their
 fate,

Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay,
 Remember Troy, and give the vengeance way.
 For know, of all the num'rous towns that rise 65
 Beneath the rolling sun, and starry skies,

the *fifth* book, our translator advertises us, that Ogilby's notes are for the most part a transcription from Spondanus.—Our poet in some respect resembles Dacier: “*Rassasiez-vous du sang du vieux Priam, du sang de ses enfans, et du sang de tous ses peuples.*”

Ver. 61. *But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate
 On thy lov'd realms —]*

Homer in this place has made Jupiter to prophecy the destruction of Mycenæ the favoured city of Juno, which happened a little before the time of our author. Strab. l. viii. *The Trojan war being over, and the kingdom of Agamemnon destroyed, Mycenæ daily decreased after the return of the Heraclidæ: for these becoming masters of Peloponnesus, cast out the old inhabitants; so that they who possessed Argos overcame Mycenæ also, and contracted both into one body. A short time after, Mycenæ was destroyed by the Argives, and not the least remains of it are now to be found.* P.

Ver. 64.] The peculiar beauty of the original, which our poet has neglected, Mr. Cowper ventured to encounter, nor without success:

————— Not pleased myself,
 Nor yet unsatisfied, so thou be pleased:
 and Ogilby has animadverted on it with much propriety and clearness.

Which Gods have rais'd, or earth-born men
 enjoy ;
 None stands so dear to Jove as sacred Troy.
 No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace
 Than God-like Priam, or than Priam's race. 70
 Still to our name their hecatombs expire,
 And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire.

At this the Goddess roll'd her radiant eyes,
 Then on the thund'rer fix'd them, and replies:
 Three towns are Juno's on the Grecian plains, 75
 More dear than all th' extended earth contains,
 Mycenæ, Argos, and the Spartan wall ;
 These thou may'st raze, nor I forbid their
 fall :

'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove ;
 The crime's sufficient that they share my love. 80
 Of pow'r superiour why should I complain?
 Resent I may, but must resent in vain.
 Yet some distinction Juno might require,
 Sprung with thyself from one celestial fire,

Ver. 69.] Thus Ogilby :

Under the sun and constellated sky,
 There is no city in the world, that I
 More love than sacred Troy ; none more in *grace*
 With me than warlike Priam and his *race*.

Ver. 80.] This abbreviation of the *verb substantive* is always inelegant, and, I think, inadmissible into higher poetry. He might have written :

'*Tis crime* sufficient, that they share my love.

A Goddess born to share the realms above, 85
 And styl'd the consort of the thund'ring Jove;
 Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny;
 Let both consent, and both by turns comply;
 So shall the Gods our joint decrees obey,
 And heav'n shall act as we direct the way. 90
 See ready Pallas waits thy high commands,
 To raise in arms the Greek and Phrygian bands;
 Their sudden friendship by her arts may cease,
 And the proud Trojans first infringe the peace.
 The fire of men, and monarch of the sky, 95
 Th' advice approv'd, and bade Minerva fly,

Ver. 96. *Th' advice approv'd.*] This is one of the places for which Homer is blamed by Plato, who introduces Socrates reprehending it in his dialogue of the Republic. And indeed if it were granted that the Trojans had no right to break this treaty, the present machine where Juno is made to propose perjury, Jupiter to allow it, and Minerva to be commissioned to hasten the execution of it, would be one of the hardest to be reconciled to reason in the whole poem. Unless even then one might imagine, that Homer's heaven is sometimes no more than an ideal world of abstracted beings; and so every motion which rises in the mind of man is attributed to the quality to which it belongs, with the name of the Deity, who is supposed to preside over that quality, superadded to it: in this sense the present allegory is easy enough. Pandarus thinks it *prudence* to gain honour and wealth at the hands of the Trojans by destroying Menelaus. This sentiment is also incited by a notion of *glory*, of which Juno is represented as Goddess. Jupiter who is supposed to know the thoughts of men, permits the action which he is not author of; but sends a prodigy at the same time to give warning of a coming mischief, and accordingly we find both armies descanting upon the sight of it in the following lines. P.

Dissolve the league, and all her arts employ
 To make the breach the faithless act of Troy.
 Fir'd with the charge, she headlong urg'd
 her flight,
 And shot like lightning from Olympus' height.
 As the red comet, from Saturnius sent 101
 To fright the nations with a dire portent,
 (A fatal sign to armies on the plain,
 Or trembling sailors on the wintry main)

Ver. 97.] Not only are the rhymes of this couplet too nearly allied to those of the preceding; but, by a negligence not common with our poet, he has huddled the *speech* of Jupiter into *narrative*.

The following attempt is inelegant, but much decoration in passages of this nature were, perhaps, unseasonable:

Go; to dissolve the league employ thine art;
 The Trojans urge to act this treacherous part.

Ver. 100.] This simile, an arbitrary addition to his author, is very injudicious, because of that which immediately accompanies it. His translation would have been more faithful thus:

Jove thus; when Pallas urg'd her willing flight,
 And shot impetuous from Olympus' height.

Ver. 101.] Homer says literally:

Just like a comet Jove Saturnian sends,
 Bright sign to sailors, or the spacious tribes
 Of men on land; whence sparks innumerable shoot:

but who will deny the amplification of our poet to be grand and elegant? He has borrowed one term from Dacier, who styles it *un signe fatal*. And in justice to my own verbal translation, the reader should be informed, that *σπάρῃ* here does not mean *an armed body*, but a *multitude* indiscriminately; see my note on the Eumenides of Æschylus, ver. 1.

With fweeping glories glides along in air, 105
 And fhakes the fparkles from its blazing hair :
 Between both armies thus in open fight,
 Shot the bright Goddeſs in a trail of light.
 With eyes erect the gazing hoſts admire 109
 The pow'r deſcending, and the heav'ns on fire!
 The Gods (they cry'd) the Gods this ſignal ſent,
 And Fate now labours with ſome vaſt event :
 Jove ſeals the league, or bloodier ſcenes prepares ;
 Jove, the great arbiter of peace and wars! 114
 They ſaid, while Pallas thro' the Trojan throng,
 (In ſhape a mortal) paſs'd diſguiſ'd along.
 Like bold Laödocus, her courſe ſhe bent,
 Who from Antenor trac'd his high deſcent.
 Amidſt the ranks Lycaön's ſon ſhe found,
 The warlike Pandarus, for ſtrength renown'd; 120

Ver. 108.] Our tranſlator has ſome verſes of a ſimilar caſt in a paſſage of ſupreme excellence, Rape of the Lock, v. 127.

A ſudden ſtar, it ſhot through liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair :
 Not Berenice's locks firſt roſe ſo bright,
 The heav'ns beſpangling with diſhevell'd light.

Ver. 114.] Thus Chapman :

————— Now thund'ring Jove,
Great arbiter of peace and armes.

Ver. 119.] So Chapman :

————— and yet in armes *renown'd*,
 As one that was inculpable : him Pallas, ſtanding, *found*— :

and Ogilby :

————— ſtraight ſhe *found*,
 Lycaon's offspring, much in war *renown'd*.

Whose squadrons, led from black Æsepus' flood,
With flaming shields in martial circle stood.

To him the Goddess: Phrygian! can'st thou
hear

A well-tim'd counsel with a willing ear?

What praise were thine, could'st thou direct thy
dart, 125

Amidst his triumph, to the Spartan's heart?

Ver. 120. *Pandarus for strength renown'd.*] Homer, says Plutarch in his treatise of the Pythian Oracle, makes not the Gods to use all persons indifferently as their second agents, but each according to the powers he is endued with by art or nature. For a proof of this, he puts us in mind how Minerva, when she would persuade the Greeks, seeks for Ulysses; when she would break the truce, for Pandarus; and when she would conquer, for Diomed. If we consult the Scholia upon this instance, they give several reasons why Pandarus was particularly proper for the occasion. The Goddess went not to the Trojans, because they hated Paris, and (as we are told in the end of the foregoing book) would rather have given him up, than have done an ill action for him: she therefore looks among the allies, and finds Pandarus who was of a nation noted for perfidiousness, and had a soul avaricious enough to be capable of engaging in this treachery for the hopes of a reward from Paris: as appears by his being so covetous as not to bring horses to the siege for fear of the expence or loss of them; as he tells Æneas in the fifth book. P.

Ver. 121.] Our translator went back for his epithet to Il. B. 825. where Homer speaks of the *black* water of Æsepus.

Ver. 126.] Ogilby is more faithful, and not contemptible, if we consider his age:

Prince Paris highly would the act resent,
And thee innumerable gifts present,
Could he but see the Spartan king expire,
Sent by thy hand unto his funeral fire.

What gifts from Troy, from Paris would'st thou
gain,

Thy country's foe, the Grecian glory slain?

Then seize th' occasion, dare the mighty deed,

Aim at his breast, and may that aim succeed! 130

But first, to speed the shaft, address thy vow

To Lycian Phœbus with the silver bow,

And swear the firstlings of thy flock to pay

On Zelia's altars, to the God of day.

He heard, and madly at the motion pleas'd, 135

His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seiz'd.

'Twas form'd of horn, and smooth'd with art-
ful toil,

A mountain goat resign'd the shining spoil,

Who pierc'd long since beneath his arrows bled;

The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead, 140

And sixteen palms his brow's large honours
spread :

The workman join'd, and shap'd the bended horns,

And beaten gold each taper point adorns.

Ver. 139.] In the same strain Ogilby :

The bleeding quarry on the stone lay dead,

Full sixteen handfulls long his stately head.

Ver. 141. *Sixteen palms.*] Both the horns together made this length; and not each, as Madam Dacier renders it. I do not object it as an improbability, that the horns were of sixteen palms each; but that this would be an extravagant and unmanageable size for a bow, is evident.

P.

This, by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends,
Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding friends.

Ver. 144. *This, by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends.*] The poet having held us through the foregoing book, in expectation of a peace, makes the conditions be here broken after such a manner, as should oblige the Greeks to act through the war with that irreconcilable fury, which affords him the opportunity of exerting the full fire of his own genius. The shot of Pandarus being therefore of such consequence (and as he calls it, the ἔρμα ὀδυράων, the *foundation of future woes*) it was thought fit not to pass it over in a few words, like the flight of every common arrow, but to give it a description somewhat corresponding to its importance. For this, he surrounds it with a train of circumstances; the history of the bow, the bending it, the covering Pandarus with shields, the choice of the arrow, the prayer and posture of the shooter, the sound of the string, and flight of the shaft; all most beautifully and lively painted. It may be observed too, how proper a time it was to expatiate in these particulars; when the armies being unemployed, and only one man acting, the poet and his readers had leisure to be the spectators of a single and deliberate action. I think it will be allowed, that the little circumstances which are sometimes thought too redundant in Homer, have a wonderful beauty in this place. Virgil has not failed to copy it, and with the greatest happiness imaginable.

“Dixit, & auratâ volucrum Threïssa sagittam

“Deprompsit pharetrâ, cornuque infensa tetendit,

“Et duxit longè, donec curvata coirent

“Inter se capita, & manibus jam tangeret æquis,

“Lævâ aciem ferri, dextrâ nervoque papillam.

“Extemplò teli stridorem auræque sonantes

“Audiit unâ Aruns, hæsitque in corpore ferrum.” P.

Our poet is very inattentive to his original in this place. Mr. Cowper's version is excellent; which, with a small correction of what seems to me a misinterpretation of Homer's words, not without obscurity, I shall present to the reader:

That bow he *strang*; then, stooping, bade his men
Close screen him with their shields, lest ere the prince
Were stricken, Menelaüs, brave in arms,

There meditates the mark ; and couching low, ¹⁴⁶
 Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow.
 One from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose,
 Fated to wound, and cause of future woes.
 Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown ¹⁵⁰
 Apollo's altars in his native town.

Now with full force the yielding horn he
 bends,
 Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends ;
 Close to his breast he strains the nerve below,
 Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow ;
 Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing ; ¹⁵⁶
 Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quiv'ring
 string.

The Greeks with fierce assault should interpose.
 He raised his quiver's lid ; he chose a dart
 Unflow'n, full-fledg'd, and barb'd with pangs of death.

Ver. 148.] This elegant substitution is employed by Dryden
 in *Æneid* ix. 866.

Sounded at once the bow ; and swiftly flies
 The *feather'd death*, and hisses through the skies.

Ver. 156.] Literally :

Eager through crouded ranks to wing its way,

Dacier has also, "*impatient de frapper à son but.*"

Ver. 157.] So Chapman:

—— the finew-forced string

Did give a mightie *twang* ; and forth, the eager shaft
 did sing.

And Ogilby :

The smart string *twang'd*, the deadly arrow flew.

But thee, Atrides! in that dang'rous hour
 The Gods forget not, nor thy guardian pow'r.
 Pallas assists, and (weaken'd in its force) 160
 Diverts the weapon from it's destin'd course:
 So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,
 The watchful mother wafts the envenom'd fly.
 Just where his belt with golden buckles join'd,
 Where linen folds the double corslet lin'd, 165

The reader will be pleased with the parallel passage from Dryden,
Æn. xi. 1247.

Then to the stubborn eugh her strength apply'd;
 Till the far distant horns approach'd on either side.
 The bow string touch'd her breast, so strong she drew;
Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew.
 At once the *twanging* bow and *sounding* dart
 The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.

Ver. 160. *Pallas assists, and (weaken'd in its force) Diverts the weapon* —] For she only designed, by all this action, to increase the glory of the Greeks in the taking of Troy: yet some Commentators have been so stupid, as to wonder that Pallas should be employed first in the wounding of Menelaus, and after in the protecting him. P.

Ver. 163. *Wafts th' envenom'd fly.*] This is one of those humble comparisons which Homer sometimes uses to diversify his subject, but a very exact one in its kind, and corresponding in all its parts. The care of the Goddess, the unsuspecting security of Menelaus, the ease with which she diverts the danger, and the danger itself, are all included in this short compass. To which may be added, that if the providence of heavenly powers to their creatures is express'd by the love of a mother to her child, if men in regard to them are but as heedless sleeping infants, and if those dangers which may seem great to us, are by them as easily warded off as the simile implies; there will appear something sublime in this conception, however little or low the image may be thought at first sight in respect to a hero. A higher comparison would but

She turn'd the shaft, which hissing from above,
 Pass'd the broad belt, and thro' the corslet drove;
 The folds it pierc'd, the plaited linen tore,
 And raz'd the skin, and drew the purple gore.
 As when some stately trappings are decreed 170
 To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,

have tended to lessen the disparity between the Gods and man, and the justness of the simile had been lost, as well as the grandeur of the sentiment. P.

At the head of the note on this verse in the *first* edition stand the words *Wafts the wing'd hornet*: which was, I presume, the version of our poet's first attempt. An attentive reader will observe similar variations in several other places.

Ver. 170. *As when some stately trappings, &c.*] Some have judged the circumstances of this simile to be superfluous, and think it foreign to the purpose to take notice, that this ivory was intended for the bosses of a bridle, was laid up for a prince, or that a woman of Caria or Mæonia dyed it. Eustathius was of a different opinion, who extols this passage for the variety it presents, and the learning it includes: we learn from hence that the Lydians and Carians were famous in the first times for their staining in purple, and that the women excelled in works of ivory. As also that there were certain ornaments which only kings and princes were privileged to wear. But without having recourse to antiquities to justify this particular, it may be alledged, that the simile does not consist barely in the colours; it was but little to tell us, that the blood of Menelaus appearing on the whiteness of his skin, vied with the purple ivory; but this implies, that the honourable wounds of a hero are the beautiful dress of war, and become him as much as the most gallant ornaments in which he takes the field. Virgil, 'tis true, has omitted the circumstance in his imitation of this comparison, *Æn.* xii.

“Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro

“Si quis ebur”——

A nymph in Caria or Mæonia bred,
 Stains the pure iv'ry with a lively red;
 With equal lustre various colours vie,
 The shining whiteness, and the Tyrian dye: 175
 So, great Atrides! show'd thy sacred blood,
 As down thy snowy thigh distill'd the streaming
 flood.

But in this he judges only for himself, and does not condemn Homer. It was by no means proper that this ivory should have been a piece of martial accoutrement, when he applied it so differently, transferring it from the wounds of a hero to the blushes of the fair Lavinia. P.

Some part of the criticism in this note will, doubtless, be deemed by judicious readers too curious and refined.

Ver. 173.] His original has *ivory* and *purple* merely, but Dacier, like our poet, “*l'ivoire le plus blanc,*” and “*la plus éclatante pourpre:*” as in verse 176. The simple *blood* of Homer is in Dacier's version, “*beau sang,*” and becomes refined by our author into *sacred blood*, in compliment to the *divinity* of *kings*.

Ver. 174.] What our author has omitted of his original will appear from Ogilby, who is much more faithful:

Then in her chamber locks the well-stain'd bit:
 Nobles at any price would purchase it;
 But for the king she keeps this gift so dear,
 To grace his horse, and glad his charioteer.

But for a translation still more faithful, and abundantly more elegant, I refer to Mr. Cowper.

Ver. 176.] Thus Ogilby:

O Menelaus, such a crimson *flood*
 Thy leg and manly thigh distain'd with *bloud*.

And, perhaps, the beauty of contrast rather required our poet to write:

As down thy snowy thigh distill'd the *purple* flood:

With horreur seiz'd, the king of men descry'd
 The shaft infix'd, and saw the gushing tide:
 Nor less the Spartan fear'd, before he found 180
 The shining barb appear above the wound.
 Then, with a sigh, that heav'd his manly breast,
 The royal brother thus his grief express'd,
 And grasp'd his hand; while all the Greeks around
 With answering sighs return'd the plaintive sound.
 Oh dear as life! did I for this agree 186
 The solemn truce, a fatal truce to thee!

or rather, as *distill'd* and *flood* are somewhat inconsistently conjoin'd, and much more *distill'd* and *streaming*, I would correct thus, conformably to the word in his original:

As down thy snowy thigh *flow'd* fast the purple blood.

Ver. 177. *As down thy snowy thigh.*] Homer is very particular here, in giving the picture of the blood running in a long trace, lower and lower, as will appear from the words themselves.

Τοῖσι τοῖ Μενέλαε μιλάνθην αἵματι μηροῖ
 Εὐφύες, κνήμαί τ', ἠδὲ σφυρὰ κάλ' ὑπένερχε.

The translator has not thought fit to mention every one of these parts, first the thigh, then the leg, then the foot, which might be tedious in English: but the author's design being only to image the streaming of the blood, it seem'd equivalent to make it trickle through the length of an Alexandrine line. P.

Ver. 186. *Oh dear as life, &c.*] This incident of the wound of Menelaus gives occasion to Homer to draw a fine description of fraternal love in Agamemnon. On the first sight of it, he is struck with amaze and confusion, and now breaks out in tenderness and grief. He first accuses himself as the cause of this misfortune, by consenting to expose his brother to the single combat, which had drawn on this fatal consequence. Next he inveighs against the Trojans in general for their perfidiousness, as not yet knowing that

Wert thou expos'd to all the hostile train,
 To fight for Greece, and conquer, to be slain?
 'The race of Trojans in thy ruin join, 190
 And faith is scorn'd by all the perjur'd line.
 Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,
 Those hands we plighted, and those oaths we
 swore,
 Shall all be vain: when heav'n's revenge is flow,
 Jove but prepares to strike the fiercer blow. 195
 The day shall come, that great avenging day,
 Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,
 When Priam's pow'rs and Priam's self shall fall,
 And one prodigious ruin swallow all.
 I see the God, already, from the pole 200
 Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;

it was the act of Pandarus only. He then comforts himself with the confidence that the Gods will revenge him upon Troy; but doubts by what hands this punishment may be inflicted, as fearing the death of Menelaus will force the Greeks to return with shame to their country. There is no contradiction in all this, but on the other side a great deal of nature, in the confused sentiments of Agamemnon on the occasion, as they are very well explained by Spondanus. P.

Ver. 200.] This fine couplet is a supplement from our translator, who had in view a passage in the *second ode* of Horace:

_____ et rubente

Dexterâ sacras jaculatus arces

Terruit urbem:

_____ whilst his thunders dire,

With *red right arm* at his own temples hurl'd,

With fear and horror shook the guilty world.

I see th' Eternal all his fury shed,
 And shake his Ægis o'er their guilty head.
 Such mighty woes on perjur'd princes wait ;
 But thou, alas ! deserv'st a happier fate. 205
 Still must I mourn the period of thy days,
 And only mourn without my share of praise ?
 Depriv'd of thee, the heartless Greeks no more
 Shall dream of conquests on the hostile shore ;
 Troy seiz'd of Helen, and our glory lost, 210
 Thy bones shall moulder on a foreign coast :
 While some proud Trojan thus insulting cries,
 (And spurns the dust where Menelaus lies)
 " Such are the trophies Greece from Ilion brings,
 " And such the conquests of her King of
 " Kings ! 215

Ver. 212. *While some proud Trojan, &c.*] Agamemnon here calls to mind how, upon the death of his brother, the ineffectual preparations and actions against Troy must become a derision to the world. This is in its own nature a very irritating sentiment, though it were never so carelessly express'd ; but the poet has found out a peculiar air of aggravation, in making him bring all the consequences before his eyes, in a picture of the Trojan enemies gathering round the tomb of the unhappy Menelaus, elated with pride, insulting the dead, and throwing out disdainful expressions and curses against him and his family. There is nothing which could more effectually represent a state of anguish, than the drawing such an image as this, which shews a man increasing his present unhappiness by the prospect of a future train of misfortunes. P.

Ver. 214.] This speech is executed with great spirit, if we except this intervening insult of the Trojan : which is exhibited to no advantage in our poet's translation. Ogilby has preserved the

“ Lo his proud veffels fcatter’d o’er the main,
 “ And unreveng’d, his mighty brother flain.”
 Oh! e’er that dire difgrace fhall blaft my fame,
 O’erwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch’s
 fhame.

He faid: a leader’s and a brother’s fears 220
 Poffefs his foul, which thus the Spartan chears:
 Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate;
 The feeble dart is guiltlefs of my fate:
 Stiff with the rich embroider’d work around,
 My vary’d belt repell’d the flying wound. 225

taunting air of the original, and, I think, may be read, not merely without difguft, but with pleafure:

Let alwaies thus Atrides fpend his rage,
 And Greece again with like fuccefs engage:
 Whofe chief ambition homewards was to fteer
 With empty fhips, and leave his brother here.
 Oh! may I not, great Jove, till then furvive;
 But let the earth firft fwallow me alive.

Ver. 222. *Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate.*] In Agamemnon, Homer has fhewn an example of a tender nature and fraternal affection, and now in Menelaus he gives us one of a generous warlike patience and prefence of mind. He fpeaks of his own cafe with no other regard, but as this accident of his wound may tend to the difcouragement of the foldiers; and exhorts the General to beware of dejecting their fpirits from the profecution of the war. Spondanus. P.

This verfe labours with an aukwardnefs of expreffion. Thus Ogilby, after a little correction:

With chearing words thus Menelaüs faid:
Alarm not Greece, nor be thyfelf afraid.

To whom the king. My brother and my
friend,
Thus, always thus, may heav'n thy life defend!
Now seek some skilful hand, whose pow'rful
art

May stanch th' effusion, and extract the dart.
Herald, be swift, and bid Machaön bring 230
His speedy succour to the Spartan king;
Pierc'd with a winged shaft (the deed of Troy)
The Grecian's sorrow, and the Dardan's joy.

With hasty zeal the swift Talthybius flies;
Thro' the thick files he darts his searching eyes,
And finds Machaön, where sublime he stands 236
In arms encircled with his native bands.
Then thus: Machaön, to the king repair,
His wounded brother claims thy timely care;
Pierc'd by some Lycian or Dardanian bow, 240
A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.

Ver. 230.] Mr. Cowper's version will prove the great inattention
of Pope on this occasion:

He ended, and his noble herald, next,
Bespoke, Talthybius. Haste, call hither quick
The son of Æsculapius, leech renown'd,
The prince Machaon.

Ver. 236.] Thus he might have represented his author more
exactly:

And finds Machaon, where *in circling* bands
Of *Trica*, famed for warrior steeds, he stands.

The heavy tidings griev'd the god-like man;
 Swift to his succour thro' the ranks he ran :
 The dauntless king yet standing firm he found,
 And all the chiefs in deep concern around. 245
 Where to the steely point the reed was join'd,
 The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.
 Straight the broad belt with gay embroid'ry grac'd,
 He loos'd; the corslet from his breast unbrac'd;
 Then suck'd the blood, and sov'reign balm infus'd,
 Which Chiron gave, and Æsculapius us'd. 251

While round the prince the Greeks employ
 their care,
 The Trojans rush tumultuous to the war;
 Once more they glitter in refulgent arms,
 Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms.
 Nor had you seen the king of men appear 256
 Confus'd, unactive, or surpriz'd with fear;

Ver. 244.] Our poet profited by Ogilby; and Homer does not say, that Menelaus was undaunted :

Soon as the wounded prince Machaon *found*,
 Hemm'd in with all the prime commanders *round*,
 Undaunted standing in a god-like garb —.

Ver. 253. *The Trojans rush tumultuous to the war.*] They advanced to the enemy in the belief that the shot of Pandarus was made by order of the generals. Dacier. P.

Ver. 254.] This is ambiguous, or rather contrary to Homer: he might have said,

The Greeks in turn put on refulgent arms.

Ver. 256. *Nor had you seen.*] The poet here changes his narration, and turns himself to the reader in an Apostrophe, Longinus

But fond of glory, with severe delight,
 His beating bosom claim'd the rising fight,
 No longer with his warlike steeds he stay'd, 260
 Or press'd the car with polish'd brass inlay'd :
 But left Eurymedon the reins to guide ;
 The fiery couriers snorted at his side.
 On foot thro' all the martial ranks he moves,
 And these encourages, and those reproves. 265

in his 22d chapter, commends this figure, as causing a reader to become a spectator, and keeping his mind fixed upon the action before him. The Apostrophe (says he) *renders us more awakened, more attentive, and more full of the things described.* Madam Dacier will have it, that it is the Muse who addresses herself to the poet in the second person : 'tis no great matter which, since it has equally its effect either way. P.

Ver. 258.] This couplet appears to me stiff, affected, and inelegant ; with too much amplification on it's original. Ogilby is very exact, and will appear, perhaps, too familiar only to the fastidious :

Nor sleeping hadst thou Agamemnon seen,
 Nor trifling time, nor trembling in a fright,
 But hasting to the glory-gaining fight.

Ver. 263.] He perhaps improved from Chapman :

Eurymedon then *rein'd* his horse, that trotted *neighing* by.

And after this our poet has neglected two entire verses, which may thus be rudely represented to the reader :

Him strict he charged to keep at hand the car,
 Lest strength should fail him, marshalling the war.

Ver. 264. *Thro' all the martial ranks he moves, &c.*] In the following review of the army, which takes up a great part of this book, we see all the spirit, art, and industry of a compleat General ; together with the proper characters of those leaders whom he incites. Agamemnon considers at this sudden exigence, that he should first address himself to all in general ; he divides his discourse to the

Brave men! he cries (to such who boldly
dare
Urge their swift steeds to face the coming war)
Your ancient valour on the foes approve;
Jove is with Greece, and let us trust in Jove.

brave and the fearful, using arguments which arise from confidence or despair, passions which act upon us most forcibly; to the brave, he urges their secure hopes of conquest, since the Gods must punish perjury; to the timorous, their inevitable destruction, if the enemy should burn their ships. After this he flies from rank to rank, applying himself to each ally with particular artifice: he caresses Idomeneus as an old friend, who had promised not to forsake him; and meets with an answer in that hero's true character, short, honest, hearty, and soldier-like. He praises the Ajaxes as warriors whose examples fired the army; and is received by them without any reply, as they were men who did not profess speaking. He passes next to Nestor, whom he finds talking to his soldiers as he marshalled them; here he was not to part without a compliment on both sides: he wishes him the strength he had once in his youth, and is answered with an account of something which the old hero had done in his former days. From hence he goes to the troops which lay farthest from the place of action; where he finds Menestheus and Ulysses, not entirely unprepared, nor yet in motion, as being ignorant of what had happened. He reproves Ulysses for this, with words agreeable to the hurry he is in, and receives an answer which suits not ill with the twofold character of a wise and a valiant man; hereupon Agamemnon appears present to himself, and excuses his hasty expressions. The next he meets is Diomed, whom he also rebukes for backwardness, but after another manner, by setting before him the example of his father. Thus is Agamemnon introduced, praising, terrifying, exhorting, blaming, excusing himself, and again relapsing into reproofs; a lively picture of a great mind in the highest emotion. And at the same time the variety is so kept up, with a regard to the different character of the leaders, that our thoughts are not tired with running along with him over all his army.

P.

'Tis not for us, but guilty Troy to dread, 270
 Whose crimes fit heavy on her perjur'd head;
 Her sons and matrons Greece shall lead in chains,
 And her dead warriors strow the mournful
 plains.

Thus with new ardour he the brave inspires;
 Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires. 275
 Shame to your country, scandal of your kind!
 Born to the fate ye well deserve to find!
 Why stand you gazing round the dreadful plain,
 Prepar'd for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?
 Confus'd and panting thus, the hunted deer 280
 Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.

Ver. 270.] He might have expressed his author thus:

'Tis not for us, but guilty Troy to dread;
 And soon will vultures tear the perjured dead.

But Ogilby is altogether commendable:

Who swear, and make no scruple to forswear,
 Devouring vultures shall their bodies tear.

Ver. 272.] This couplet, to preserve consistency with the correction just proposed, and fidelity to the original, might be modified thus:

Soon in our ships their wives and infants bound
 Shall lie, and Troy's proud ramparts strew the ground.

Or, preserving the former couplet of Pope, the latter may be thus made more faithfully comprehensive:

Her, Greece shall raze; her sons and wives enchain;
 Her dead shall glut the vultures on the plain.

Ver. 280.] Thus Ogilby:

Blush ye not, firs? why thus, surpriz'd with fear,
 Gaze you about like herds of frightened deer?

Still must ye wait the foes, and still retire,
 'Till yon' tall vessels blaze with Trojan fire?
 Or trust ye, Jove a valiant foe shall chace,
 To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race? 285

This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along,
 To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng;
 High at their head he saw the chief appear,
 And bold Meriones excite the rear.

At this the king his gen'rous joy exprest, 290
 And clasp'd the warrior to his armed breast.
 Divine Idomeneus! what thanks we owe
 To worth like thine? what praise shall we bestow?
 To thee the foremost honours are decreed,
 First in the fight, and ev'ry graceful deed. 295

Ver. 283.] This is not from Homer, but Ogilby:

And all our navy blaze with Trojan flame.

The following attempt to shew our poet's deviations, will deserve more commendation from the reader for its closeness, than its elegance:

What? idly wait ye, 'till the Trojan band
 Reach where our ships are station'd on the strand,
 To see if Jove will stretch his aiding hand? }

Ver. 288.] Our poet omits and adds at pleasure. The following translation conveys the sense of Homer:

These arming round Idomeneus he found:

In front the chief, of vigour like a boar;

The rear, Meriones was urging on.

Them gladly view'd the king of men, and thus

With soothing words address Idomeneus.

Our poet, however, notwithstanding his omission of the *simile*, seems to have had his eye on Ogilby:

Who like a boar did in the front appear,

Meriones brought up the valiant rear.

For this, in banquets, when the gen'rous bowls
 Restore our blood, and raise the warriors souls,
 Tho' all the rest with stated rules we bound,
 Unmix'd, unmeasur'd are thy goblets crown'd.
 Be still thyself; in arms a mighty name; 300
 Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame.

To whom the Cretan thus his speech address;
 Secure of me, O king! exhort the rest:
 Fix'd to thy side, in ev'ry toil I share,
 Thy firm associate in the day of war. 305
 But let the signal be this moment giv'n;
 To mix in fight is all I ask of heav'n.
 The field shall prove how perjuries succeed,
 And chains or death avenge their impious deed.

Charm'd with this heat, the King his course
 pursues, 310
 And next the troops of either Ajax views:

Ver. 296. *For this, in banquets.*] The ancients usually in their feasts divided to the guests by equal portions, except when they took some particular occasion to shew distinction, and give the preference to any one person. It was then looked upon as the highest mark of honour to be allotted the best portion of meat and wine, and to be allowed an exemption from the laws of the feast, in drinking wine unmingled and without stint. This custom was much more ancient than the time of the Trojan war, and we find it practised in the banquet given by Joseph to his brethren in Ægypt, Gen. xliii. ver. ult. *And he sent messes to them from before him, but Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs.* Dacier. P.

In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around,
 A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
 Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
 A swain surveys the gath'ring storm below ; 315
 Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
 Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,
 "Till black as night the swelling tempest
 shows,
 The cloud condensing as the West-wind blows :
 He dreads th' impending storm, and drives his
 flock 320
 To the close covert of an arching rock.
 Such, and so thick, the embattl'd squadrons
 stood,
 With spears erect, a moving iron wood ;

Ver. 318.] His original says :

———— than *pitch* more black :

but a taste, censurably delicate, rejected this comparison as undignified, and had recourse to Dacier, who had, doubtless, passed the same judgement on her author's simile : “ Il paroît de loin plus
 “ noir que *la nuit*.” Chapman contents me :

———— And as a goteheard spies,

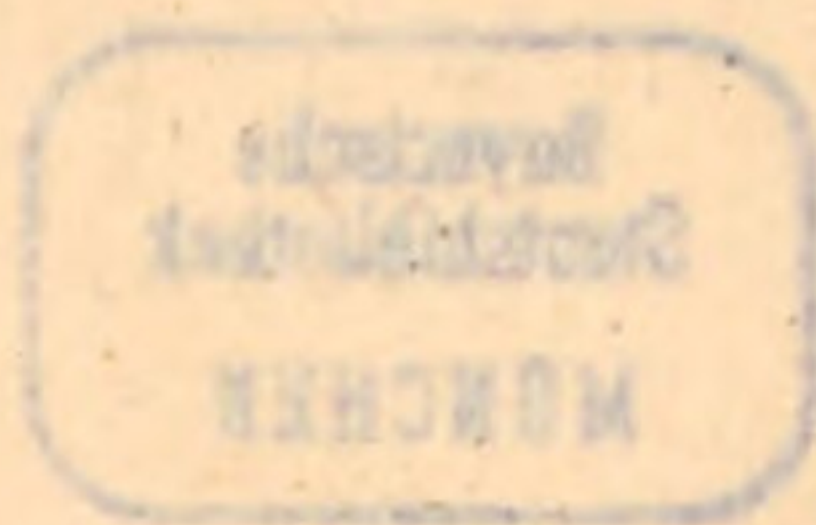
On some hills top, out of the sea, a rainie vapour rise,
 Driven by the breath of Zephyrus ; which, though farre
 off he rest,

Comes on *as blacke as pitch*, and brings, a tempest in his
 breast :

nor is Shakespeare mean :

———— Night is fled,

Whose *pitchy* mantle over-veil'd the earth.



A shady light was shot from glimm'ring shields,
And their brown arms obscur'd the dusky fields.

O heroes! worthy such a dauntless train, 326
Whose godlike virtue we but urge in vain,
(Exclaim'd the king) who raise your eager bands
With great examples, more than loud commands.
Ah would the Gods but breathe in all the rest
Such souls as burn in your exalted breast! 331
Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie smoking on the
ground.

Then to the next the Gen'ral bends his course;
(His heart exults, and glories in his force) 335

Ver. 324.] This couplet is almost wholly a gratuitous appendage to his original; amplified, perhaps, from Ogilby:

So thick the Ajaxes bold squadrons march;
Their bright arms dim heav'n's faint reflecting arch:
and from Chapman:

So, *darkning earth* with darts and *shields*, shew'd these
with all their men.

The entire sense of Homer will be tolerably comprized in these two verses:

Thus, dark and close, to war th' embattled train,
Bristling with spears and shields, moved o'er the plain.

Ver. 326.] Homer says literally:

Ye chiefs of Argives, clad in brazen mail:

but Dacier, like our poet, "Dignes généraux des phalanges Argiennes."

Ver. 335.] Instead of these additions, which weaken the vigour of his author, I should have preferred a brevity, that would only

There rev'rend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands,
 And with inspiring eloquence commands;
 With strictest order sets his train in arms,
 The chiefs advises, and the soldiers warms.
 Alastor, Chromius, Hæmon round him wait, 340
 Bias the good, and Pelagon the great.
 The horse and chariots to the front assign'd,
 The foot (the strength of war) he rang'd behind;

sacrifice connecting terms of no importance to the narrative. As thus:

From these he comes where Nestor ranks his bands.

Ver. 336. *There rev'rend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands.*] This is the prince whom Homer chiefly celebrates for martial discipline; of the rest he is content to say they were valiant, and ready to fight: the years, long observation and experience of Nestor, rendered him the fittest person to be distinguished on this account. The disposition of his troops in this place (together with what he is made to say, that their forefathers used the same method) may be a proof that the art of war was well known in Greece before the time of Homer. Nor indeed can it be imagined otherwise, in an age when all the world made their acquisitions by force of arms only. What is most to be wondered at, is, that they had not the use of *cavalry*, all men engaging either on *foot*, or from *chariots* (a particular necessary to be known by every reader of Homer's battles.) In these chariots there were always two persons, one of whom only fought, the other was wholly employed in managing the horses. Madam Dacier, in her excellent preface to Homer, is of opinion, that there were no horsemen till near the time of Saul, threescore years after the siege of Troy; so that although cavalry were in use in Homer's days, yet he thought himself obliged to regard the customs of the age of which he writ, rather than those of his own. P.

Ver. 338.] This couplet is adventitious also, and might be spared without any injury to himself or his author.

The middle space suspected troops supply,
 Inclos'd by both, nor left the pow'r to fly: 345
 He gives command to curb the fiery steed,
 Nor cause confusion, nor the ranks exceed;
 Before the rest let none too rashly ride;
 No strength, nor skill, but just in time, be try'd:
 The charge once made, no warrior turn the rein,
 But fight, or fall; a firm embody'd train. 351
 He whom the fortune of the field shall cast
 From forth his chariot, mount the next in haste;

Ver. 344. *The middle space suspected troops supply.*] This artifice of placing those men whose behaviour was most to be doubted, in the middle (so as to put them under a necessity of engaging even against their inclinations) was followed by Hannibal in the battle of Zama; as is observed and praised by Polybius, who quotes this verse on that occasion, in acknowledgment of Homer's skill in military discipline. That our author was the first master of that art in Greece, is the opinion of Ælian, *Tactic*, c. 1. Frontinus gives us another example of Pyrrhus king of Epirus's following this instruction of Homer. *Vide Stratag.* lib. ii. c. 3. So Ammianus Marcellinus, l. xiv. *Imperator catervis peditum infirmis, medium inter acies spacium, secundum Homericam dispositionem, præstituit.* P.

Ver. 352. *He whom the fortune of the field shall cast*

From forth his chariot, mount the next — &c.

the words in the original are capable of four different significations, as Eustathius observes. The first is, that whoever in fighting upon his chariot shall win a chariot from his enemy, he shall continue to fight, and not retire from the engagement to secure his prize. The second, that if any one be thrown out of his chariot, he who happens to be nearest shall hold forth his javelin to help him up into his own. The third is directly the contrary to the last, that if any one be cast from his chariot, and would mount up into another man's, that other shall push him back with his javelin, and not

Nor seek unpractis'd to direct the car,
 Content with jav'lines to provoke the war. 355
 Our great forefathers held this prudent course,
 Thus rul'd their ardour, thus preserv'd their force,

admit him, for fear of interrupting the combat. The fourth is the sense which is followed in the translation, as seeming much the most natural, that every one should be left to govern his own chariot, and the other who is admitted, fight only with the javelin. The reason of this advice appears by the speech of Pandarus to Æneas in the next book: Æneas having taken him up in his chariot to go against Diomed, compliments him with the choice either to fight, or to manage the reins, which was esteemed an office of honour. To this Pandarus answers, that it is more proper for Æneas to guide his own horses; lest they not feeling their accustomed master, should be ungovernable, and bring them into danger.

Upon occasion of the various and contrary significations of which these words are said to be capable, and which Eustathius and Dacier profess to admire as an excellence; Mons. de la Motte, in his late discourse upon Homer, very justly animadverts, that if this be true, it is a grievous fault in Homer. For what can be more absurd than to imagine, that the orders given in a battle should be delivered in such ambiguous terms, as to be capable of many meanings? These double interpretations must proceed not from any design in the author, but purely from the ignorance of the moderns in the Greek tongue: it being impossible for any one to possess the dead languages to such a degree, as to be certain of all the graces and negligences; or to know precisely how far the licences and boldnesses of expression were happy, or forced. But criticks, to be thought learned, attribute to the poet all the random senses that amuse them, and imagine they see in a single word a whole heap of things, which no modern language can express; so are oftentimes charmed with nothing but the confusion of their own ideas. P.

Ver. 356.] He should have exhibited the two verses of the original in an equal number, which he could easily have accomplished in much better strains than the following:

These maxims wise our fathers used to trust,
 And many a well-towered city laid in dust.

By laws like these immortal conquests made,
And earth's proud tyrants low in ashes laid.

So spoke the master of the martial art, 360
And touch'd with transport great Atrides' heart.
Oh! hadst thou strength to match thy brave
desires,

And nerves to second what thy soul inspires!
But wasting years that wither human race,
Exhaust thy spirits, and thy arms unbrace. 365
What once thou wert, oh ever might'st thou be!
And age the lot of any chief but thee.

Thus to th' experienc'd prince Atrides cry'd;
He shook his hoary locks, and thus reply'd.
Well might I wish, could mortal wish renew 370
That strength which once in boiling youth I
knew;

Such as I was, when Ereuthalion slain
Beneath this arm fell prostrate on the plain.

Ver. 360.] The following attempt is literal:

Thus urg'd the senior, skill'd in wars of old;
but Ogilby:

The master said of military art.

Ver. 368.] This couplet represents the following verse of Homer:

Him answer'd Nestor then, Gerenian knight.

But heav'n its gifts not all at once bestows,
 These years with wisdom crowns, with action
 those : 375

The field of combat fits the young and bold,
 The solemn council best becomes the old :
 To you the glorious conflict I resign,
 Let sage advice, the palm of age, be mine.

He said. With joy the monarch march'd
 before, 380

And found Menestheus on the dusty shore,
 With whom the firm Athenian phalanx stands;
 And next Ulysses with his subject bands.
 Remote their forces lay, nor knew so far
 The peace infrin'g'd, nor heard the sounds of war;

Ver. 374.] The following attempt is closer to the original :

The Gods not all their gifts together lend :
 Then was I vigorous, now with years I bend.
 E'en thus I teach the battle where to rage,
 Exhort and counsel with the words of age:

and then should stand verses 376, 377, of our poet to conclude the paragraph.

Ver. 380.] From this place the *ten* next verses comprize *twelve* of Homer; so that various circumstances, as may easily be supposed, are omitted: but a new translation of *all* such passages would not only be extremely wearisome, but swell this work to a size most disproportionate. Mr. Cowper has executed his arduous task with so much accuracy, as to enable any reader to judge of the variations introduced from enlargement, or omission, by our poet.

Ver. 384. *Remote their forces lay.*] This is a reason why the troops of Ulysses and Menestheus were not yet in motion. Though another may be added in respect to the former, that it did not

The tumult late begun, they stood intent 386
 To watch the motion, dubious of th' event.
 The king, who saw their squadrons yet unmov'd,
 With hasty ardour thus the chiefs reprov'd.

Can Peteus' son forget a warrior's part, 390
 And fears Ulysses, skill'd in ev'ry art?
 Why stand you distant, and the rest expect
 To mix in combat which yourselves neglect?
 From you 'twas hop'd among the first to dare
 The shock of armies, and commence the war. 395
 For this your names are call'd, before the rest,
 To share the pleasures of the genial feast:

consist with the wisdom of Ulysses to fall on with his forces till he was well assured. Though courage be no inconsiderable part of his character, yet it is always joined with great caution. Thus we see him soon after in the very heat of battle, when his friend was just slain before his eyes, first looking carefully about him, before he would throw his spear to revenge him. P.

This is regulated by Dacier: " Car le bruit qu' on avoit rompu
 " l' alliance, et que Mars alloit rallumer le combat, n' étoit encore
 " parvenu jusqu' à eux : " for Homer had only said :

As yet his people heard no cry of war.

Moreover, the remark of our poet is grounded on a misapprehension of his author's meaning, animadverted upon below, at ver. 570.

Ver. 386.] Ogilby gives a more distinct delineation of his author's sense :

So late both sides had rallied up their bands;
 They yet expected to receive commands,
 And that some squadron would in readier plight;
 Charging the Trojans, first begin the fight.

Ver. 396.] More exactly thus :

And can you, chiefs! without a blush survey
Whole troops before you lab'ring in the fray?
Say, is it thus those honours you requite? 400
The first in banquets, but the last in fight.

Ulysses heard: the hero's warmth o'erspread
His cheek with blushes: and severe, he said:

*From you at least, who hear before the rest
Our invitations to the genial feast:*

but as the rhyme is inaccurate, the sarcasm of the original might be better preserved by an improvement on Chapman:

*But to our feasts ye come before the rest;
Not tardy then; and eat and drink the best.*

Our author then omits *two* verses, which partake too much of a sarcastical spirit, that characterises the speech, to be neglected with propriety. Accept this rough delineation of them:

*Then ye, carousing, at my board recline,
And quaff at will full bowls of costly wine.*

Ver. 398.] There is but small resemblance in these *four* lines to his original, which may be thus exhibited word for word:

*Now ye would gladly see ten troops of Greeks
Engage before yourselves with murderous steel:*

but Dacier, and not Homer, was our poet's model on this occasion.
“ Et aujourd'hui vous souffrirez *sans rougir* que tous les officiers
“ de l'armée vous devancent au combat, et qu'ils vous ravissent
“ une gloire, dont vous devriez être *plus jaloux que des bonheurs d'un*
“ *festin?* ”

Ver. 402.] This speech of Ulysses is very ill represented by our poet; and must be read in Cowper by those who wish to see a faithful exhibition of the original. But the reader, perhaps, may expect some representation of it from myself:

O! chief, what censures have escap'd thy teeth?
Call'st thou me slack in war? Whene'er we Greeks
Urge on Troy's warriors the sharp edge of war,
See, if thou wilt, and thus thy soul incline,
The father of Telemachus engag'd
First in the Trojan van. Thy words are vain!

Take back th' unjust reproach! Behold we stand
 Sheath'd in bright arms, and but expect command.
 If glorious deeds afford thy soul delight, 406
 Behold me plunging in the thickest fight.
 Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due,
 Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'st to view.

Struck with his gen'rous wrath the king replies;
 Oh great in action, and in council wise! 411
 With ours, thy care and ardour are the same,
 Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.
 Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,
 Forgive the transport of a martial mind. 415
 Haste to the fight, secure of just amends!
 The Gods that make, shall keep the worthy,
 friends.

He said, and pass'd where great Tydides lay,
 His steeds and chariots wedg'd in firm array:
 (The warlike Sthenelus attends his side) 420
 To whom with stern reproach the monarch cry'd;
 Oh son of Tydeus! (he, whose strength could tame
 The bounding steed, in arms a mighty name)
 Can'st thou, remote, the mingling hosts descry,
 With hands unactive, and a careless eye? 425

Ver. 410.] He might have expressed his author thus:

His wrath perceiv'd, with smiles the king replies:
 for this *absolute* form is very frequent with our translator, and gives
 an agreeable variety to the construction of our language.

Not thus thy fire the fierce encounter fear'd;
 Still first in front the matchless prince appear'd:
 What glorious toils, what wonders they recite!
 Who view'd him lab'ring thro' the ranks of fight!
 I saw him once, when gath'ring martial pow'rs 430
 A peaceful guest, he fought Mycenæ's tow'rs;
 Armies he ask'd, and armies had been giv'n,
 Not we deny'd, but Jove forbade from heav'n;
 While dreadful comets glaring from afar
 Forewarn'd the horrors of the Theban war. 435
 Next, sent by Greece from where Asopus flows,
 A fearless envoy, he approach'd the foes;
 Thebe's hostile walls, unguarded and alone,
 Dauntless he enters, and demands the throne.

Ver. 429.] Thus Chapman:

As they report that have beheld, him *labour* in a *fight*:
 And, with some correction, our poet might be brought to more
 consistency and fidelity to his author:

I saw him *not*; but *those, who saw, declare*
His glorious toils and hardy feats of war.
With Polynices gathering martial pow'rs —.

Ver. 430. *I saw him once, when, &c.*] This long narration concerning the history of Tydeus, is not of the nature of those for which Homer has been blamed with some colour of justice: it is not a cold story, but a warm reproof, while the particularizing the actions of the father is made the highest incentive to the son. Accordingly the air of this speech ought to be inspirited above the common narrative style. As for the story itself, it is finely told by Statius in the second book of the Thebais. P.

Ver. 436.] In a triplet, by inserting a line like the following, he might have comprehended the full sense of his author:

Where osiers thick, and grass abundant grows.

The tyrant feasting with his chiefs he found, 440
 And dar'd to combat all those chiefs around;
 Dar'd and subdu'd, before their haughty lord;
 For Pallas strung his arm, and edg'd his sword.
 Stung with the shame, within the winding
 way,

To bar his passage fifty warriors lay; 445
 Two heroes led the secret squadron on,
 Mæon the fierce, and hardy Lycophon;
 Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
 He spar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.
 Such Tydeus was, and such his martial fire; 450
 Gods! how the son degen'rates from his fire?

Ver. 441.] Ogilby gives a glimpse of the spirit of his original:

Hemm'd in with hostile faces on each side,

The proudest at the table he defied.

Ver. 444.] Being *enraged*, says Homer: but Dacier, as our author, “*piqués de cet affront.*” And he cast an eye on Ogilby also:

Fifty stout youth, all which in ambush lay,

At his return to kill him *in the way*.

Ver. 447.] Homer says Lycophontes; but Pope found it convenient to follow Ogilby:

Bold Lycophon and god-like Mæon —.

So also Dacier.

Ver. 450.] Chapman is exact, and not contemptible:

So brave a knight was Tydeus: of whom a sonne is
 sprong

Inferiour farre in martiall deeds, though higher in his
 tongue.

No words the Godlike Diomed return'd,
 But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd :
 Not so fierce Capaneus' undaunted son,
 Stern as his fire, the boaster thus begun. 455

What needs, O monarch, this invidious praise,
 Ourselves to lessen, while our fires you raise?
 Dare to be just, Atrides! and confess
 Our valour equal, tho' our fury less.
 With fewer troops we storm'd the Theban wall,
 And happier saw the sev'nfold city fall. 461

Ver. 452. *No words the godlike Diomed return'd.*] “ When
 “ Diomed is reprov'd by Agamemnon, he holds his peace in res-
 “ pect to his general; but Sthenelus retorts upon him with boasting
 “ and insolence. It is here worth observing in what manner Aga-
 “ memnon behaves himself; he passes by Sthenelus without afford-
 “ ing any reply; whereas just before, when Ulysses testified his
 “ resentment, he immediately returned him an answer. For as it
 “ is a mean and servile thing, and unbecoming the majesty of a
 “ prince, to make apologies to every man in justification of what
 “ he has said or done; so to treat all men with equal neglect is mere
 “ pride and excess of folly. We also see of Diomed, that though
 “ he refrains from speaking in this place, when the time demanded
 “ action; he afterwards expresses himself in such a manner, as
 “ shews him not to have been insensible of this unjust rebuke: (*in*
 “ *the ninth book*) when he tells the king, he was the first who had
 “ dar'd to reproach him with want of courage.” *Plutarch of*
reading the poets. P.

Ver. 460. *We storm'd the Theban wall.*] The first Theban war,
 of which Agamemnon spoke in the preceding lines, was seven and
 twenty years before the war of Troy. Sthenelus here speaks of the
 second Theban war, which happened ten years after the first: when
 the sons of the seven captains conquered the city, before which
 their fathers were destroyed. Tydeus expired gnawing the head

In impious acts the guilty fathers dy'd ;
 The sons subdu'd, for heav'n was on their side.
 Far more than heirs of all our parents' fame,
 Our glories darken their diminish'd name. 465

To him Tydides thus. My friend forbear,
 Suppress thy passion, and the King revere :
 His high concern may well excuse this rage,
 Whose cause we follow, and whose war we
 wage ;

His the first praise, were Ilion's tow'rs o'er-
 thrown, 470

And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own.
 Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite,
 'Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight.

of his enemy, and Capaneus was thunder-struck while he blasphemed Jupiter. Vid. Stat. Thebaid. P.

Ver. 461.] This commodious, but inaccurate, phrase for Thebes with *seven gates*, he might borrow also from Chapman :

We took the *seven-fold* parted Thebes —.

Ver. 464.] Literally thus :

Then hold not thou in equal praise our fires :
 whence this couplet is formed, whose expression and figure prove our poet to have had in mind a well known passage of Milton, Par. Lost. iv. 34.

———— at whose fight all the stars

Hide their diminish'd heads.

Ver. 466.] Thus Ogilby :

When thus bold Diomed : Dear *friend*, forbear.

Ver. 467.] More exactly, with these alterations :

Then sternly thus Tydides : Friend ! forbear ;

Obey my counsel, and in silence hear.

He spoke, and ardent, on the trembling ground
 Sprung from his car; his ringing arms resound.
 Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar, 476
 Of arm'd Tydides rushing to the war.
 As when the winds, ascending by degrees,
 First move the whitening surface of the seas,

Ver. 474.] The following attempt gives at least the sense of Homer:

He spake; and from his chariot to the ground
 Leapt: on the rushing warrior's breast the brass
 Clang'd loud, and e'en the bravest might appall.

Ver. 478. *As when the winds.*] Madam Dacier thinks it may seem something odd, that an army going to conquer, should be compared to the waves going to break themselves against the shore; and would solve the appearing absurdity by imagining the poet laid not the stress so much upon this circumstance, as upon the same waves assailing a rock, lifting themselves over its head, and covering it with foam as the *trophy of their victory* (as she expresses it). But to this it may be answered, That neither did the Greeks get the better in this battle, nor will a comparison be allowed entirely beautiful, which instead of illustrating its subject, stands itself in need of so much illustration and refinement, to be brought to agree with it. The passage naturally bears this sense: *As when, upon the rising of the wind, the waves roll after one another to the shore; at first there is a distant motion in the sea, then they approach to break with noise on the strand, and lastly rise swelling over the rocks, and toss their foam above their heads: so the Greeks, at first, marched in order one after another silently to the fight.* — Where the poet breaks off from prosecuting the comparison, and by a *prolepsis*, leaves the reader to carry it on, and image to himself the future tumult, rage, and force of the battle, in opposition to that silence in which he describes the troops at present, in the lines immediately ensuing. What confirms this exposition is, that Virgil has made use of the simile in the same sense in the seventh Æneid.

The billows float in order to the shore, 480
 The wave behind rolls on the wave before;
 'Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise,
 Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.
 So to the fight the thick battalions throng,
 Shields urg'd on shields, and men drove men
 along. 485

"Fluctus uti primo cœpit cùm albescere vento,

"Paulatim sese tollit mare & altiùs undas

"Erigit; inde imo confurgit ad æthera fundo." P.

As when the winds ascending, &c.] This is the first battle in Homer, and it is worthy observation with what grandeur it is described, and raised by one circumstance above another, till all is involved in horror and tumult: the foregoing simile of the winds, rising by degrees into a general tempest, is an image of the progress of his own spirit in this description. We see first an innumerable army moving in order, and are amused with the pomp and silence; then wakened with the noise and clamour; next they join; the adverse Gods are let down among them: the imaginary persons of *Terror*, *Flight*, *Discord*, succeed to reinforce them; then all is undistinguished fury, and a confusion of horrors, only that at different openings we behold the distinct deaths of several heroes, and then are involved again in the same confusion. P.

Ver. 481.] There is in this verse an uncommon ease and simplicity of diction; an unlaboured effort, most happily descriptive of the circumstance. I recollect a line of similar and equal merit in Vincent Bourne's translation of the *Wish*:

And with matters of state never trouble my head:

Ire finam regni res, velût ire volunt.

In both instances, every reader will fancy himself able to have made the verse; and, when we have once begun to read them, we go on, as it were, by an involuntary impulse: the words trip over the tongue, and it seems almost impossible to stop them.

Sedate and silent move the num'rous bands ;
 No sound, no whisper, but the chiefs' commands,
 Those only heard ; with awe the rest obey,
 As if some God had snatch'd their voice away.
 Not so the Trojans ; from their host ascends 490
 A gen'ral shout that all the region rends.
 As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand
 In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand,
 The hollow vales incessant bleating fills, 494
 The lambs reply from all the neighb'ring hills :
 Such clamours rose from various nations round,
 Mix'd was the murmur, and confus'd the sound.
 Each host now joins, and each a God inspires,
 These Mars incites, and those Minerva fires.
 Pale Flight around, and dreadful Terror reign ;
 And Discord raging bathes the purple plain ; 501
 Discord ! dire sister of the slaught'ring pow'r,
 Small at her birth, but rising ev'ry hour,

Ver. 489.] He has here omitted a verse and a half of his original, which may be thus supplied :

The various armour of the marshall'd train,
 Shot gleamy coruscations through the plain.

And the verse before us runs thus in the original :

— nor wouldst thou have said

These numerous troops had voice within their breasts :

but our poet follows Dacier : “ Vous eussiez dit, que *Jupiter* avait ôté la voix à cette multitude innombrable de peuples.”

Ver. 502. *Discord ! dire sister, &c.*] This is the passage so highly extolled by Longinus, as one of the most signal instances of the noble sublimity of this author : where it is said, that the image

While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
 She stalks on earth, and shakes the world
 around ;

505

here drawn of Discord, *whose head touched the heavens*, and *whose feet were on earth*, may as justly be applied to the vast reach and elevation of the genius of Homer. But Mons. Boileau informs us, that neither the quotation nor these words were in the original of Longinus, but partly inserted by Gabriel de Petra. However, the best encomium is, that Virgil has taken it word for word, and applied it to the person of *Fame* :

“ Parva metu primò, mox sese attollit in auras,

“ Ingrediturque solo, & caput inter nubila condit.”

Aristides had formerly blamed Homer for admitting *Discord* into heaven, and Scaliger takes up the criticism to throw him below Virgil. *Fame* (he says) is properly feigned to hide her head in the clouds, because the grounds and authors of rumours are commonly unknown. As if the same might not be alledged for Homer, since the grounds and authors of *Discord* are often no less secret. Macrobius has put this among the passages where he thinks Virgil has fallen short in his imitation of Homer, and brings these reasons for his opinion: Homer represents *Discord* to rise from small beginnings, and afterwards in her increase to reach the heavens; Virgil has said this of *Fame*, but not with equal propriety; for the subjects are very different: *Discord*, though it reaches to war and devastation, is still *Discord*; nor ceases to be what it was at first: but *Fame*, when it grows to be universal, is *Fame* no longer, but becomes knowledge and certainty; for who calls any thing *Fame* which is known from earth to heaven? Nor has Virgil equalled the strength of Homer's hyperbole; for one speaks of *heaven*, the other only of the *clouds*. Macrob. Sat. l. v. c. 13. Scaliger is very angry at this last period, and by mistake blames Gellius for it, in whom there is no such thing. His words are so insolently dogmatical, that barely to quote them is to answer them, and the only answer which such a spirit of criticism deserves. *Clamant quòd Maro de Famâ dixit eam inter nubila caput condere, cùm tamen Homerus unde ipse accepit, in cœlo caput Eridis constituit. Jam tibi pro me respondeo. Non sum imitatus, nolo imitari, non placet, non est*

The nations bleed, where-e'er her steps she
turns,

The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.

verum, Contentionem ponere caput in caelo. Ridiculum est, fatuum est, Homericum est, græculum est. Poet. l. v. c. 3.

This fine verse was also criticised by Mons. Perault, who accuses it as a forced and extravagant hyperbole. M. Boileau answers, That hyperboles as strong are daily used even in common discourse, and that nothing is in effect more strictly true than that *Discord* reigns over all the earth, and in heaven itself; that is to say, among the Gods of Homer. It is not (continues this excellent critick) the description of a giant, as this censor would pretend, but a just allegory; and as he makes *Discord* an allegorical person, she may be of what size he pleases without shocking us; since it is what we regard only as an idea and creature of the fancy, and not as a material substance that has any being in nature. The expression in the Psalms, that the *impious man is lifted up as a cedar of Libanus*, does by no means imply that the impious man was a giant as tall as cedar. Thus far Boileau; and upon the whole we may observe, that it seems not only the fate of great geniuses to have met with the most malignant criticks, but of the finest and noblest passages in them to have been particularly pitched upon for impertinent criticisms. These are the divine boldnesses, which in their very nature provoke ignorance and short-sightedness to shew themselves; and which whoever is capable of attaining, must also certainly know, that they will be attacked by such, as cannot reach them. P.

Ver. 505.] Some portion of the sublimity is lost by this amplification. I wish our poet had improved on something like the following attempt:

Small at her birth, but gradual soon to rise:

Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies:

the latter of which verses I since find is Dryden's, at the parallel passage in Virgil.

Ogilby is not to be despised, and might assist our translator:

Little at first, she, swiftly growing, shrouds,

Stalking on earth, her head among the clouds.

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet
 clos'd,
 To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,
 Host against host with shadowy squadrons
 drew,
 The founding darts in iron tempests flew,

Ver. 506.] This is a magnificent couplet, wrought from the following plain materials of his author:

She 'midst them cast the strife of equal war;
 Stalkt through the ranks, and swell'd the groan of men:

but our poet had his eye on Dacier: "Courant de rang en rang
 "dans les deux armées, elle allume la rage des combattants."

Ver. 508. *Now shield with shield, &c.*] The verses which follow in the original are perhaps excelled by none in Homer; and that he had himself a particular fondness for them, may be imagined from his inserting them again in the same words in the eighth book. They are very happily imitated by Statius, lib. vii:

"Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
 "Ense minax ensis, pede pes, & cuspide cuspis, &c." P.

Thus Chapman, whose first rhymes Ogilby too adopted:

And both came under reach of darts; then darts and
 shields oppos'd

To darts and shields; strength answer'd strength; then
 swords and targets clos'd

With swords and targets: both with pikes; and then
 did tumult rise

Up to her height; then conqueror's boasts, mixt with
 the conquer'd's cries.

Ver. 510.] He might easily have conformed more to his original, and have avoided a mere expletive expression:

Host against host with closing targets drew.

Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
 And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise;
 With streaming blood the flipp'ry fields are dy'd,
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide. 515
 As torrents roll, increas'd by num'rous rills,
 With rage impetuous down their echoing hills;

Ver. 513.] He should have profited by Ogilby, and have written:

Insulting shouts and dying groans arise.

Thus Ogilby:

Shouts of insulting victors, and the *groans*
 Of those that fell. From wounds red rivers glide,
 Till earth's pale face a purple deluge *dy'd*.

Dryden's version of the *Æneid*, in the parallel place, xii. 604. is this:

An undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky;
 The shouts of those who kill, and groans of those who
 die.

Compare book viii. ver. 80.

Ver. 516. *As torrents roll.*] This comparison of rivers meeting and roaring, with two armies mingling in battle, is an image of that nobleness, which (to say no more) was worthy the invention of Homer, and the imitation of Virgil.

“ Aut ubi decursu rapido de montibus altis,
 “ Dant sonitum spumosi amnes, & in æquora currunt,
 “ Quisque suum populatus iter; — Stupet inscius alto
 “ Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor.”

The word *populatus* here has a beauty which one must be insensible not to observe. Scaliger prefers Virgil's, and Macrobius Homer's, without any reasons on either side, but only one critick's positive word against another's. The reader may judge between them. P.

Ogilby, with slight correction, is good, and was observed by our poet:

Rush to the vales, and pour'd along the plain,
 Roar thro' a thousand channels to the main;
 The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound:
 So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound. 521

The bold Antilochus the slaughter led,
 The first who struck a valiant Trojan dead:
 At great Echepolus the lance arrives,
 Raz'd his high crest, and thro' his helmet drives;

As when *loud* torrents, tumbling from the hill,
 The fertile vale with whelming waters fill,
 Riv'lets and *courses* swell'd with sudden rain
 In one *vast* channel *thunder* to the main;
 The *swain*, alarm'd, sits *listening* on a height:
 Thus *fear* and clamour mingled in the fight.

Ver. 519.] This circumstance of *the main* is engrafted, either from Ogilby, just quoted; or Virgil, *Æn.* xii. 525.

Aut ubi decursu rapido de montibus altis
 Dant sonitum spumosi amnes, et in *æquora* currunt:

which, however, does not mean the *sea*, but the *plains* underneath; the *μίσγαρχεαι* of Homer: and which I would render thus:

When foaming torrents from the mountain's brow
 Rush, loud, impetuous, to the vale below.

Ver. 521.] Chapman, not contemptibly:

With such a confluence of streams, that on the moun-
 taine grounds
 Farre off, in frighted shepherds eares, the bustling noise
rebounds.

Ver. 522. *The bold Antilochus.*] Antilochus the son of Nestor is the first who begins the engagement. It seems as if the old hero having done the greatest service he was capable of at his years, in disposing the troops in the best order (as we have seen before) had taken care to set his son at the head of them, to give him the glory of beginning the battle.

P.

Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies, 526
 And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.
 So sinks a tow'r, that long assaults had stood
 Of force and fire; its walls besmear'd with blood.
 Him the bold *leader of th' Abantian throng
 Seiz'd to despoil, and dragg'd the corpse along: 531
 But while he strove to tug th' inserted dart,
 Agenor's jav'lin reach'd the hero's heart.
 His flank, unguarded by his ample shield, 534
 Admits the lance: he falls, and spurns the field;
 The nerves, unbrac'd, support his limbs no more;
 The soul comes floating in a tide of gore.
 Trojans and Greeks now gather round the slain;
 The war renews, the warriors bleed again;
 As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage, 540
 Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.

Ver. 528.] A less skilful artist without such amplification might have given a tolerable image of the original, though in less exalted poetry:

Like a huge tower he fell. On him lays hold
 And drags, th' Abantian chief, Elphenor bold,
 To spoil his arms: but short th' attempt; a dart
 From brave Agenor reacht the hero's heart.

Ver. 534.] Ogilby thus:

Which wanted the protection of his *shield*:
 The sharp point left him gasping on the *field*.

Ver. 540. *As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage.*] This short comparison in the Greek consists only of two words, *Λυκοὶ ὡς*, which Scaliger observes upon as too abrupt. But may it not be

* Elphenor.

In blooming youth fair Simoïsius fell,
 Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell:
 Fair Simoïsius, whom his mother bore,
 Amid the flock on silver Simois' shore : 545
 The nymph descending from the hills of Ide,
 To seek her parents on his flow'ry side,
 Brought forth the babe, their common care and
 joy,
 And thence from Simois nam'd the lovely boy.
 Short was his date! by dreadful Ajax slain 550
 He falls, and renders all their cares in vain!

answered that such a place as this, where all things are in confusion, seems not to admit of any simile, except of one which scarce exceeds a metaphor in length? When two heroes are engaged, there is a plain view to be given us of their actions, and there a long simile may be of use, to raise and enliven them by parallel circumstances; but when the troops fall in promiscuously upon one another, the confusion excludes distinct or particular images; and consequently comparisons of any length would be less natural. P.

Ver. 541.] The latter clause of this verse is adventitious to his model, but might be suggested by Dacier: "Et remplissent tout d'horreur et de sang."

Ver. 542. *In blooming youth fair Simoïsius fell.*] This prince received his name from the river Simois, on whose banks he was born. It was the custom of the eastern people to give names to their children derived from the most remarkable accidents of their birth. The holy scripture is full of examples of this kind. It is also usual in the Old Testament to compare princes to trees, cedars, &c. as Simoïsius is here resembled to a poplar. Dacier. P.

Ver. 550.] The sense of Homer is not seen in this translation. It might be corrected thus:

Short was his date! he falls by Ajax there,
 Nor lives to recompense his parent's care.

So falls a poplar, that in watry ground
 Rais'd high the head, with stately branches
 crown'd,

And most of what our poet has omitted, Ogilby, with alteration,
 will sufficiently discover :

The hero's javelin, to his bosom thrust
 And through the shoulder, laid him in the dust.

Ver. 551.] I think, this is scarcely English. I would correct :

He falls, and renders all their *fondness* vain.
 There is something pleasing in Ogilby, and congenial in sentiment
 with his author :

He made his carefull parents no return
 For all his breeding, but his loss to mourn.

Ver. 552. *So falls a poplar.*] Eustathius in Macrobius prefers
 to this simile that of Virgil in the second Æneid :

“ Ac veluti in fummis antiquam montibus ornum,
 “ Cùm ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant
 “ Eruere agricolæ certatim; illa usque minatur,
 “ Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat;
 “ Vulneribus donec paulatim evicta supremum
 “ Congemuit, traxitque jugis avulsa ruinam.”

Mr. Hobbes, in the preface to his translation of Homer, has dis-
 coursed upon this occasion very judiciously. Homer (says he)
 intended no more in this place than to shew how comely the body
 of Simoïsius appeared as he lay dead upon the bank of Scamander,
 strait and tall, with a fair head of hair, like a strait and high pop-
 lar with the boughs still on; and not at all to describe the manner
 of his falling, which (when a man is wounded through the breast
 as he was with a spear) is always sudden. Virgil's is the descrip-
 tion of a great tree falling when many men together hew it down.
 He meant to compare the manner how Troy after many battles,
 and after the loss of many cities, conquered by the many nations
 under Agamemnon in a long war, was thereby weakened, and at
 last overthrown, with a great tree hewn round about, and then
 falling by little and little leisurely. So that neither these two
 descriptions, nor the two comparisons, can be compared together.
 The image of a man lying on the ground is one thing; the image

(Fell'd by some artist with his shining steel,
 To shape the circle of the bending wheel) 555
 Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread,
 With all its beauteous honours on its head ;
 There, left a subject to the wind and rain,
 And scorch'd by suns, it withers on the plain.
 Thus pierc'd by Ajax, Simoïsius lies 560
 Stretch'd on the shore, and thus neglected dies.

At Ajax Antiphus his jav'lin threw ;
 The pointed lance with erring fury flew,
 And Leucus, lov'd by wife Ulysses, flew. }

of falling (especially of a kingdom) is another. This therefore gives no advantage to Virgil over Homer. Thus Mr. Hobbes. P.

He improved upon Ogilby's fabric :

Like a tall poplar, which in *fenny* ground
 Shot to the stars, *with tufted branches crown'd,*
Fell'd by some artist with relentless steel,
 Hewing out fellies for a chariot *wheel.*
 Upon the bank the trunk remaining dries :
 So slain by *Ajax* tall *Simoisius* lies.

Ver. 558.] Our poet's luxuriant fancy, ever on the watch for embellishment, has injured the simplicity of this comparison by large accessions of adventitious ornament. Of this verse, however, the expression is mean, and ill-accords with the elegance, that surrounds it. Perhaps it would be improved thus :

There, left *expos'd* to every wind, and rain.

Ver. 562.] Chapman renders :

But now the gay-arm'd Antiphus, a sonne of Priam,
threw

His lance at Ajax through the preasse, which went by
 him, and *flew*

On Leucus, wife Ulysses friend

He drops the corpse of Simoïsius slain, 565
 And sinks a breathless carcase on the plain.
 This saw Ulysses, and with grief enrag'd
 Strode where the foremost of the foes engag'd;
 Arm'd with his spear, he meditates the wound,
 In act to throw; but cautious, look'd around.
 Struck at his sight the Trojans backward drew, 571
 And trembling heard the jav'lin as it flew.
 A chief stood nigh, who from Abydos came,
 Old Priam's son, Democoön was his name;
 The weapon enter'd close above his ear, 575
 Cold thro' his temples glides the whizzing spear;
 With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his
 breath,
 His eye-balls darken with the shades of death;
 Pond'rous he falls; his clanging arms resound;
 And his broad buckler rings against the ground.

Ver. 570.] Our translator might have found, I think, in Chapman a better interpretation of the original phrase *looking around him*, than what he has adopted:

Came close, and lookt about to find an object worth his lance.

So too Dacier, and probably Hobbes, as may be inferred from the turn of his expression.

Ver. 577.] This addition to his author appears to me peculiarly unfortunate. Death, occasioned by the passage of such a spear from such a hero, could not but be instantaneous, and would afford, I should presume, no leisure for *piercing shrieks*.

Seiz'd with affright the boldest foes appear; 581
 Ev'n god-like Hector seems himself to fear;
 Slow he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled;
 The Greeks with shouts press on, and spoil the
 dead;

But Phœbus now from Ilion's tow'ring height 585
 Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.
 Trojans be bold, and force with force oppose;
 Your foaming steeds urge headlong on the foes!
 Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with steel;
 Your weapons enter, and your strokes they
 feel. 590

Have ye forgot what seem'd your dread before?
 The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more.

Ver. 581.] All the original might be convey'd in *two* lines:
 The foremost chiefs and Hector shrink with dread:
 The Greeks with shouts press on, and *drag* the dead.

Ver. 585. *But Phœbus now.*] Homer here introduces Apollo on the side of the Trojans: he had given them the assistance of Mars at the beginning of this battle; but Mars (which signifies courage without conduct) proving too weak to resist Minerva (or courage with conduct) which the poet represents as constantly aiding his Greeks; they want some prudent management to rally them again: he therefore brings in a Wisdom to assist Mars, under the appearance of Apollo. P.

Ver. 591.] Thus more of the author's sense may be included:
And stays Achilles too, your dread before,
Resentful in his fleet, and fights no more.

Ver. 592. *Achilles fights no more.*] Homer from time to time puts his readers in mind of Achilles, during his absence from the war; and finds occasions of celebrating his valour with the highest

Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty tow'rs
 Array'd in terrours, rouz'd the Trojan pow'rs:
 While War's fierce Goddefs fires the Grecian
 foe, 595

And shouts and thunders in the fields below.

Then great Diores fell, by doom divine,
 In vain his valour, and illustrious line.

A broken rock the force of Pirus threw,
 (Who from cold Ænus led the Thracian crew) 600

Full on his ankle dropt the pond'rous stone,
 Burst the strong nerves, and crash'd the solid
 bone:

Supine he tumbles on the crimson sands,
 Before his helpless friends, and native bands, }
 And spreads for aid his unavailing hands. 605 }
 The foe rush'd furious as he pants for breath,
 And thro' his navel drave the pointed death:

praises. There cannot be a greater encomium than this, where
 Apollo himself tells the Trojans they have nothing to fear, since
 Achilles fights no longer against them. Dacier. P.

Ver. 603.] I should have preferred this passage compressed into
 a couplet; as the *second* of these verses is feeble, and dilated be-
 yond necessity. Thus?

*He spreads for succour, prostrate on the sands,
 To his loved comrades, unavailing hands.*

The following is Ogilby:

*He, falling back, lay gasping on the sands,
 For aid extending to his friends his hands.*

His gushing entrails smoak'd upon the ground,
And the warm life came issuing from the wound.

His lance bold Thoas at the conqu'ror sent, 610
Deep in his breast above the pap it went,
Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,
And quiv'ring in his heaving bosom stood :
'Till from the dying chief, approaching near, 614
Th' Ætolian warrior tugg'd his weighty spear:
Then sudden wav'd his flaming faulchion round,
And gash'd his belly with a gastly wound,
The corpse now breathless on the bloody plain,
To spoil his arms the victor strove in vain;
The Thracian bands against the victor prest; 620
A grove of lances glitter'd at his breast.
Stern Thoas, glaring with revengeful eyes,
In fullen fury slowly quits the prize.

Thus fell two heroes; one the pride of
Thrace,
And one the leader of the Epeian race; 625

Ver. 608.] A little alteration of a verse, occasionally employed by Ogilby, would bring our translator to a closer agreement with his author :

His gushing entrails smoak'd upon the ground;
Death o'er his eye-lids drew the curtain round.

Ver. 624.] Ogilby in a similar strain, whose *second* verse I have chastised :

Thus fell two princes; one the Thracians sway'd,
And one th' Epeians, arm'd in brass, obey'd.

Death's sable shade at once o'ercast their eyes,
 In dust the vanquish'd, and the victor lies.
 With copious slaughter all the fields are red,
 And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.
 Had some brave chief this martial scene be-
 held,
 By Pallas guarded thro' the dreadful field, 631

Ver. 626.] These four noble lines are constructed from one of his author :

Warriours in crouds around these chiefs were slain.
 Our poet took one hint of amplification from Chapman :

———— round about the plaine

All hid with slaughter'd carkasses ———.

Ver. 630. *Had some brave chief.*] The turning off in this place from the actions of the field, to represent to us a man with security and calmness walking through it, without being able to reprehend any thing in the whole action; this is not only a fine praise of the battle, but as it were a breathing-place to the poetical spirit of the author, after having rapidly run along with the heat of the engagement: he seems like one who having got over a part of his journey, stops upon an eminence to look back upon the space he has passed, and concludes the book with an agreeable pause or respite.

The reader will excuse our taking notice of such a trifle, as that it was an old superstition, that this fourth book of the Iliad's being laid under the head, was a cure for the *quartan ague*. Serenus Sammonicus, a celebrated physician in the time of the younger Gordian, and preceptor to that emperor, has gravely prescribed it among other receipts in his medicinal precepts, Præc. 50.

“ Mæoniæ Iliados quartum suppone timenti.”

I believe it will be found a true observation, that there never was any thing so absurd or ridiculous, but has at one time or other been written even by some author of reputation: a reflection it may not be improper for writers to make, as being at once some mortification to their vanity, and some comfort to their infirmity. P.

Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
 And swords around him innocently play ;
 The war's whole art with wonder had he seen,
 And counted heroes where he counted men. 635
 So fought each host, with thirst of glory fir'd,
 And crouds on crouds triumphantly expir'd.

He follows the grammatical inaccuracy of Ogilby :

Whoe'er invulnerable had *beheld* — :
 or of Chapman :

————— whose effects, *had* any eye *beheld*
 Free and unwounded, and were led by *Pallas* through the
field —.

Otherwise, the whole conclusion of this book is most admirably
 executed by our illustrious translator. Thus ?

Had some brave chief this scene of *blood survey'd*,
 Led through the *squadrons* by the *martial maid* —.

Ver. 633.] So in his Messiah :

Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forked tongues shall innocently play.

Ver. 636.] Ogilby is more accurate, and not mean :

So many on both sides that bloody day,
 Welt'ring in gore without distinction lay :
 or, somewhat more full and sonorous :

Such numbers on both sides — :

but great allowances must be made for the imperfections of English
 poetry in the days of this translator.

AN
E S S A Y
ON
HOMER'S BATTLES.

PERHAPS it may be necessary in this place, at the opening of Homer's battles, to premise some observations upon them in general. I shall first endeavour to shew the *conduct* of the poet herein, and next collect some *antiquities*, that tend to a more distinct understanding of those descriptions which make so large a part of the poem.

One may very well apply to Homer himself, what he says of his heroes at the end of the fourth book, that whosoever should be guided through his battles by Minerva, and pointed to every scene of them, would see nothing through the whole but subjects of surprize and applause. When the reader reflects that no less than the compass of twelve books is taken up in these, he will have reason to wonder by what methods our author could prevent descriptions of such a length from being tedious. It is not enough to say, that though the subject itself be the same, the actions are always different; that we have now distinct combats, now

promiscuous fights, now single duels, now general engagements; or that the scenes are perpetually varied; we are now in the fields, now at the fortification of the Greeks, now at the ships, now at the gates of Troy, now at the river Scamander: but we must look farther into the art of the poet, to find the reasons of this astonishing variety.

We may first observe that diversity in the *deaths* of his *warriours*, which he has supplied by the vastest fertility of invention. These he distinguishes several ways: sometimes by the *characters* of the men, their *age*, *office*, *profession*, *nation*, *family*, &c. One is a blooming *youth*, whose father dissuaded him from the war; one is a *priest*, whose piety could not save him; one is a *sportsman*, whom Diana taught in vain; one is the native of a far-distant *country*, who is never to return; one is descended from a *noble line*, which ends in his death; one is made remarkable by his *boasting*; another by his *beseeking*; and another, who is distinguished no way else, is marked by his *habit*, and the singularity of his armour.

Sometimes he varies these deaths by the several *postures* in which his heroes are represented either fighting or falling. Some of these are so exceedingly *exact*, that one may guess from the very position of the combatant, whereabouts the wound will light: others so very *peculiar* and *uncommon*,

that they could only be the effect of an imagination which had searched through all the ideas of nature. Such is that picture of Mydon in the fifth book, whose arm being numbed by a blow on the elbow, drops the reins that trail on the ground; and then being suddenly struck on the temples, falls headlong from the chariot in a soft and deep place; where he sinks up to the shoulders in the sands, and continues a while fixed by the weight of his armour, with his legs quivering in the air, till he is trampled down by his horses.

Another cause of this variety is the difference of the *wounds* that are given in the Iliad: they are by no means like the wounds described by most other poets, which are commonly made in the self-same obvious places: the heart and head serve for all those in general who understand no anatomy, and sometimes for variety they kill men by wounds that are no where mortal but in their poems. As the whole human body is the subject of these, so nothing is more necessary to him who would describe them well, than a thorough knowledge of its structure, even though the poet is not professedly to write of them as an anatomist; in the same manner as an exact skill in anatomy is necessary to those painters that would excel in drawing the naked, though they are not to make every muscle as visible as in a book of chirurgery. It appears from so many passages in Homer that he was perfectly master of this science, that it would be needless to cite any

in particular. One may only observe, that if we thoroughly examine all the wounds he has described, though so infinite in number, and so many ways diversified, we shall hardly find one which will contradict this observation.

I must just add a remark, That the various periphrases and circumlocutions by which Homer expresses the single act of *dying*, have supplied Virgil and the succeeding poets with all their manners of phrasing it. Indeed he repeats the same verse on that occasion more often than they

—— τὸν δὲ σκότῳ ὅσ' ἐκάλυψε ——

Ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ, &c. But though it must be owned he had more frequent occasions for a line of this kind than any poet, as no other has described half so many deaths, yet one cannot ascribe this to any sterility of expression, but to the genius of his times, that delighted in those reiterated verses. We find repetitions of the same sort affected by the sacred writers, such as *He was gathered to his people; He slept with his fathers;* and the like. And upon the whole they have a certain antiquated harmony, not unlike the burthen of a song, which the ear is willing to suffer, and as it were rests upon.

As the perpetual horror of combats, and a succession of images of death, could not but keep the imagination very much on the stretch; Homer has been careful to contrive such reliefs and pauses, as

might divert the mind to some other scene, without losing sight of his principal object. His *comparisons* are the more frequent on this account; for a *comparison* serves this end the most effectually of any thing, as it is at once correspondent to, and differing from the subject. Those criticks who fancy that the use of comparisons distracts the attention, and draws it from the first image which should most employ it, (as that we lose the idea of the *battle* itself, while we are led by a simile to that of a *deluge* or a *storm*;) those, I say, may as well imagine we lose the thought of the sun, when we see his reflection in the water, where he appears more distinctly, and is contemplated more at ease, than if we gazed directly at his beams. For it is with the eye of the imagination as it is with our corporeal eye, it must sometimes be taken off from the object in order to see it the better. The same criticks that are displeased to have their fancy distracted (as they call it) are yet so inconsistent with themselves as to object to Homer that his similes are too much alike, and are too often derived from the same animal. But is it not more reasonable (according to their own notion) to compare the same man always to the same animal, than to see him sometimes a sun, sometimes a tree, and sometimes a river? Though Homer speaks of the same creature, he so diversifies the circumstances and accidents of the comparisons, that they always appear quite different. And to say truth, it is not

so much the animal or the thing, as the action or posture of them that employs our imagination: two different animals in the same action are more like to each other, than one and the same animal is to himself, in two different actions. And those who in reading Homer are shocked that it is always a *lion*, may as well be angry that it is always a *man*.

What may seem more exceptionable, is his inserting the same comparisons, in the same words at length, upon different occasions; by which management he makes one single image afford many ornaments to several parts of the poem. But may not one say Homer is in this like a skilful improver, who places a beautiful statue in a well-disposed garden so as to answer several vistas, and by that artifice one single figure seems multiplied into as many objects as there are openings from whence it may be viewed?

What farther relieves and softens these descriptions of battles, is the poet's wonderful art of introducing many pathetick circumstances about the deaths of the heroes, which raise a different movement in the mind from what those images naturally inspire, I mean compassion and pity; when he causes us to look back upon the lost riches, possessions, and hopes of those who die: when he transports us to their native countries and paternal seats, to see the griefs of their aged fathers, the

despair and tears of their widows, or the abandoned condition of their orphans. Thus when Protefilaus falls, we are made to reflect on the lofty palaces he left half finished; when the sons of Phænops are killed, we behold the mortifying distress of their wealthy father, who saw his estate divided before his eyes, and taken in trust for strangers. When Axylus dies, we are taught to compassionate the hard fate of that generous and hospitable man, whose house was the house of all men, and who deserved that glorious elogy of *The friend of human kind*.

It is worth taking notice too, what use Homer every where makes of each little accident or circumstance that can naturally happen in a battle, thereby to cast a variety over his action; as well as of every turn of mind or emotion a hero can possibly feel, such as resentment, revenge, concern, confusion, &c. The former of these makes his work resemble a large history-piece, where even the less important figures and actions have yet some convenient place or corner to be shewn in; and the latter gives it all the advantages of tragedy, in those various turns of passion that animate the speeches of his heroes, and render his whole poem the most *dramatick* of any Epic whatsoever.

It must also be observed, that the constant *machines* of the Gods conduce very greatly to vary these long battles, by a continual change of the

scene from earth to heaven. Homer perceived them too necessary for this purpose, to abstain from the use of them even after Jupiter had enjoined the Deities not to act on either side. It is remarkable how many methods he has found to draw them into every book; where if they dare not assist the warriors, at least they are very helpful to the poet.

But there is nothing that more contributes to the variety, surprize, and *eclat* of Homer's battles, or is more perfectly admirable in itself, than that artful manner of taking measure, or (as one may say) *gaging* his heroes by each other, and thereby elevating the character of one person, by the opposition of it to that of some other whom he is made to excel. So that he many times describes one only to image another, and raises one only to raise another. I cannot better exemplify this remark, than by giving an instance in the character of Diomed that lies before me. Let us observe by what a scale of oppositions he elevates this hero, in the fifth book, first to excel all human valour, and after to rival the Gods themselves. He distinguishes him first from the Grecian captains in general, each of whom he represents conquering a single Trojan, while Diomed constantly encounters two at once; and while they are engaged each in his distinct post, he only is drawn fighting in every quarter, and slaughtering on every side. Next he opposes him to Pan-

darus, next to Æneas, and then to Hector. So of the Gods, he shews him first against Venus, then Apollo, then Mars, and lastly in the eighth book against Jupiter himself in the midst of his thunders. The same conduct is observable more or less in regard to every personage of his work.

This subordination of the Heroes is one of the causes that make each of his battles rise above the other in greatness, terrour, and importance, to the end of the poem. If Diomed has performed all these wonders in the first combats, it is but to raise Hector, at whose appearance he begins to fear. If in the next battles Hector triumphs not only over Diomed, but over Ajax and Patroclus, sets fire to the fleet, wins the armour of Achilles, and singly eclipses all the heroes; in the midst of all his glory, Achilles appears, and Hector flies, and is slain.

The manner in which his Gods are made to act, no less advances the gradation we are speaking of. In the first battles they are seen only in short and separate excursions: Venus assists Paris; Minerva, Diomed; or Mars, Hector. In the next, a clear stage is left for Jupiter, to display his omnipotence, and turn the fate of armies alone. In the last, all the powers of heaven are engaged and banded into regular parties, Gods encountering Gods, Jove encouraging them with his thunders, Neptune raising his tempests, heaven flaming, earth trembling, and Pluto himself starting from the throne of hell.

II. I am now to take notice of some customs of *antiquity* relating to the *arms* and *art military* of those times, which are proper to be known, in order to form a right notion of our author's descriptions of war.

That Homer copied the manners and customs of the age he writ of, rather than of that he lived in, has been observed in some instances. As that he no where represents *cavalry* or *trumpets* to have been used in the Trojan wars, though they apparently were in his own time. It is not therefore impossible but there may be found in his works some deficiencies in the art of war, which are not to be imputed to his ignorance, but to his judgment.

Horses had not been brought into Greece long before the siege of Troy. They were originally Eastern animals, and if we find at that very period so great a number of them reckoned up in the wars of the Israelites, it is the less a wonder, considering they came from Asia. The practice of riding them was so little known in Greece a few years before, that they looked upon the Centaurs who first used it, as monsters compounded of men and horses. Nestor in the first Iliad says, he had seen these Centaurs in his youth, and Polypætes in the second is said to have been born on the day that his father expelled them from Pelion to the desarts of Æthica. They had no other use of

horses than to draw their chariots in battle; so that whenever Homer speaks of *fighting from an horse*, *taming an horse*, or the like, it is constantly to be understood of fighting from a chariot, or taming horses to that service. This (as we have said) was a piece of decorum in the poet; for in his own time they were arrived to such a perfection in horsemanship, that in the fifteenth Iliad, ver. 822. we have a simile taken from an extraordinary feat of activity, where one man manages four horses at once, and leaps from the back of one to another at full speed.

If we consider in what high esteem among warriors these noble animals must have been at their first coming into Greece, we shall the less wonder at the frequent occasions Homer has taken to describe and celebrate them. It is not so strange to find them set almost upon a level with men, at the time when an *horse* in the prizes was of equal value with a *captive*.

The *chariots* were in all probability very low. For we frequently find in the Iliad, that a person who stands erect on a chariot is killed (and sometimes by a stroke on the head) by a foot-soldier with a sword. This may farther appear from the ease and readiness with which they alight or mount on every occasion; to facilitate which, the chariots were made open behind. That the wheels were but small, may be guessed from a custom they

had of taking them off and setting them on, as they were laid by, or made use of. Hebe in the fifth book puts on the wheels of Juno's chariot, when she calls for it in haste; and it seems to be with allusion to the same practice that it is said in Exodus, ch. xiv. *The Lord took off their chariot-wheels, so that they drove them heavily.* The sides were also low; for whoever is killed in his chariot throughout the poem, constantly falls to the ground, as having nothing to support him. That the whole machine was very small and light, is evident from a passage in the tenth Iliad, where Diomed debates whether he shall draw the chariot of Rhesus out of the way, or carry it on his shoulders to a place of safety. All the particulars agree with the representations of the chariots on the most ancient Greek coins; where the tops of them reach not so high as the backs of the horses, the wheels are yet lower, and the heroes who stand in them are seen from the knee upwards*. This may serve to shew those criticks are under a mistake, who blame Homer for making his warriors sometimes retire behind their chariots, as if it were a piece of cowardice: which was as little disgraceful then, as it is now to alight from one's horse in a battle, on any necessary emergency.

There are generally two persons in each chariot, one of whom was wholly employed in guiding the horses. They used indifferently two, three, or four

* See the collection of Goltzius, &c. 1

horses: from hence it happens, that sometimes when a horse is killed, the hero continues the fight with the two or more that remain; and at other times a warrior retreats upon the loss of one; not that he has less courage than the other, but that he has fewer horses.

Their *swords* were all broad cutting swords, for we find they never stab but with their spears. The *spears* were used two ways, either to push with, or to cast from them, like the missive javelins. It seems surprising, that a man should throw a dart or spear with such force, as to pierce through both sides of the armour and the body (as is often described in Homer). For if the strength of the men was giantick, the armour must have been strong in proportion. Some solution might be given for this, if we imagined the armour was generally brass, and the weapons pointed with iron; and if we could fancy that Homer called the spears and swords *brazen*, in the same manner that he calls the reins of a bridle *ivory*, only from the ornaments about them. But there are passages where the point of the spear is expressly said to be of brass, as in the description of that of Hector in Iliad vi. Pausanias, Laconicis, takes it for granted, that the arms, as well offensive as defensive, were brass. He says the spear of Achilles was kept in his time in the temple of Minerva, the top and point of which were brass; and the sword of Meriones, in that of Æsculapius

among the Nicomedians, was intirely of the same metal. But be it as it will, there are examples even at this day of such a prodigious force in casting darts, as almost exceeds credibility. The Turks and Arabs will pierce through thick planks with darts of hardened wood; which can only be attributed to their being bred (as the ancients were) to that exercise, and to the strength and agility acquired by a constant practice of it.

We may ascribe to the same cause their power of casting *stones* of a vast weight, which appears a common practice in these battles. Those are in a great error, who imagine this to be only a fictitious embellishment of the poet, which was one of the exercises of war among the ancient Greeks and Orientals. * St. Jerome tells us, it was an old custom in Palæstine, and in use in his own time, to have round stones of a great weight kept in the castles and villages, for the youth to try their strength with. And the custom is yet extant in some parts of Scotland, where stones for the same purpose are laid at the gates of great houses, which they call *putting-stones*.

* Mos est in urbibus Palæstinæ, & usque hodie per omnem Judæam vetus consuetudo servatur, ut in viculis, oppidis, & castellis, rotundi ponantur lapides gravissimi ponderis, ad quos juvenes exercere se solent, & eos pro varietate virium sublevare, alii ad genua, alii ad umbilicum, alii ad humeros, alii ad caput; nonnulli super verticem, rectis junctisque manibus, magnitudinem virium demonstrantes, pondus attollunt.

Another consideration which will account for many things that may seem uncouth in Homer, is the reflection that before the use of *fire-arms*, there was infinitely more scope for *personal valour* than in the modern battles. Now whenever the personal strength of the combatants happened to be unequal, the declining a single combat could not be so dishonourable as it is in this age, when the arms we make use of put all men on a level. For a soldier of far inferior strength may manage a rapier or fire-arms so expertly, as to be an overmatch to his adversary. This may appear a sufficient excuse for what in the modern construction might seem cowardice in Homer's heroes, when they avoid engaging with others, whose bodily strength exceeds their own. The maxims of valour in all times were founded upon reason, and the cowardice ought rather in this case to be imputed to him who braves his inferior. There was also more *leisure* in their battles before the knowledge of fire-arms; and this in a good degree accounts for those *barangues* his heroes make to each other in the time of combat.

There was another practice frequently used by these ancient warriors, which was to spoil an enemy of his arms after they had slain him; and this custom we see them frequently pursuing with such eagerness, as if they looked on their victory not complete till this point was gained. Some

Some modern criticks have accused them of avarice on account of this practice, which might probably arise from the great value and scarceness of armour in that early time and infancy of war. It afterwards became a point of honour, like gaining a standard from the enemy. Moses and David speak of the pleasure of obtaining many spoils. They preserved them as monuments of victory, and even religion at last became interested herein, when those spoils were consecrated in the temples of the tutelar Deities of the conqueror.

The reader may easily see, I set down these heads just as they occur to my memory, and only as hints to farther observations; which any one who is conversant in Homer cannot fail to make, if he will but think a little in the same track.

It is no part of my design to enquire what progress had been made in the *art of war* at this early period: the bare perusal of the Iliad will best inform us of it. But what I think tends more immediately to the better comprehension of these descriptions, is to give a short view of the *scene* of war, the *situation of Troy*, and those places which Homer mentions, with the proper *field* of each battle: putting together, for this purpose, those passages in my author that give any light to this matter.

The ancient city of Troy stood at a greater distance from the sea, than those ruins which have since been shewn for it. This may be gathered from Iliad v. ver. (of the original) 791. where it is said, that the Trojans never durst sally out of the walls of their town, till the retirement of Achilles; but afterwards combated the Grecians at their very ships, *far from the city*. For had Troy stood (as Strabo observes) so nigh the *sea-shore*, it had been madness in the Greeks not to have built any fortification before their fleet till the tenth year of the siege, when the enemy was so near them: and on the other hand, it had been cowardice in the Trojans not to have attempted any thing all that time, against an army that lay unfortified and unintrenched. Besides, the intermediate space had been too small to afford a field for so many various adventures and actions of war. The places about Troy particularly mentioned by Homer lie in this order.

1. The *Scaean gate*. This opened to the field of battle, and was that through which the Trojans made their excursions. Close to this stood the *beech-tree*, sacred to Jupiter, which Homer generally mentions with it.

2. The *hill of wild fig-trees*. It joined to the walls of Troy on one side, and extended to the highway on the other. The first appears from

what Andromache says in Iliad vi. ver. 432. that *the walls were in danger of being scaled from this hill*; and the last from Il. xxii. ver. 145, &c.

3. The *two springs* of Scamander. These were a little higher on the same highway. (Ibid.)

4. Callicolone, the name of a pleasant hill, that lay near the river Simois, on the other side of the town. Il. xx. ver. 53.

5. Bateia, or the sepulchre of Myrinne, stood a little before the city in the plain. Il. ii. ver. 318. of the Catalogue.

6. The *monument* of Ilus: near the middle of the plain. Il. xi. ver 166.

7. The tomb of Æsyetes, commanded the prospect of the fleet, and that part of the sea-coast. Il. ii. ver. 301. of the Catalogue.

It seems by the 368th verse of the second Iliad, that the Grecian army was drawn up under the several leaders by the banks of Scamander, on that side towards the ships: in the mean time that of Troy, and the auxiliaries, was ranged in order at Myrinne's sepulchre. Ibid. ver. 320. of the catal. The place of the *first battle*, where Diomed performs his exploits, was near the joining of Simois and Scamander; for Juno and Pallas coming to him, alight at the confluence of those rivers. Il. v. ver. 773. and that the Greeks had not yet past the stream, but fought on that side

next the fleet, appears from ver. 791. of the same book, where Juno says *the Trojans now brave them at their very ships*. But in the beginning of the sixth book, the place of battle is specified to be between the rivers of Simois and Scamander; so that the Greeks (though Homer does not particularize when, or in what manner) had then crossed the stream toward Troy.

The engagement in the eighth book is evidently close to the Grecian fortification on the shore. That night Hector lay at Ilus's tomb in the field, as Dolon tells us Lib. x. ver. 415. And in the eleventh book the battle is chiefly about Ilus's tomb.

In the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, about the fortification of the Greeks, and in the fifteenth at the *ships*.

In the sixteenth, the Trojans being repulsed by Patroclus, they engage between the fleet, the river, and the Grecian wall: see ver. 396. Patroclus still advancing, they fight at the gates of Troy, ver. 700. In the seventeenth, the fight about the body of Patroclus is under the Trojan wall, ver. 403. His body being carried off, Hector and Æneas pursue the Greeks to the fortification, ver. 760. And in the eighteenth, upon Achilles's appearing, they retire and encamp without the fortification.

In the twentieth, the fight is still on that side next the sea; for the Trojans being pursued by

Achilles, pass over the Scamander as they run toward Troy: see the beginning of book xxi. The following battles are either in the river itself, or between that and the city, under whose walls Hector is killed in the twenty-second book, which puts an end to the battles of the Iliad.

N. B. *The verses above are cited according to the number of lines in the Greek.* P.

The preceding essay is a very pleasing and judicious composition; equally commendable for pertinence of remark, a neat simplicity of expression, elegance of thought, and felicity of illustration: and may serve as an admirable exemplification of a sentiment somewhere delivered by himself, that none but a poet is completely qualified to become a commentator to another poet; such are the sympathies of real genius!

Achilles puts over the Scamander as they run toward Troy: see the beginning of book xii. The following battles are either in the river itself or between that and the city, under whose walls Hector is killed in the twenty-second book, which puts an end to the battles of the Iliad.

The preceding essay is a very pleasing and judicious composition; equally commendable for pertinence of remark, a neat simplicity of expression, elegance of thought, and felicity of illustration: and may serve as an admirable exemplification of a sentiment somewhere delivered by himself, that none but a poet is completely qualified to become a commentator to another poet; such are the sympathies of real genius!

By Patroclus they engage; between the host, the river, and the Grecian wall. See ver. 96. Leaving all to fight with Hector, the Trojans retire, and the Greeks, being carried off the battlements, fight at the foot of the wall. See ver. 100. And in the eighteenth, upon Achilles's appearing, they retire and encamp without the fortification.

In the twentieth, the fight is still on the same point; for the Trojans being pushed by

THE ARGUMENT.

THE ACTS OF DIOMED.

DIOMED, offered by Pollux, performs wonders in
this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an

arrow, but the Goddess cures him, enables him to discern

THE

Gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending
with any of the former, excepting Venus. Hector joins

FIFTH BOOK

Pandarus to assist him in the assault on the
in great danger but for the assistance of Venus; who, as

she is removing her from the fight, is wounded on the

OF THE

hand by Diomed. Hector, who is in his rage, and

at length carries off Helen to Troy, where he is healed

I L I A D.

in the Temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans,
and offers Hector to take a third time the town.

Hector is refused to the field, and they continue to fight
of the Greeks among the rest. Thymonius is slain by

Diomed. Paris and Helen are desired to resign Helen
the latter insists Diomed to go against her God; he

is wounded, and Paris flies to Heaven.

The fifth battle continues through this book. The scene

is the same as in the former, and ends with the death of

Hector, who is wounded by Diomed, and then by Paris.

Diomed is wounded by Hector, and then by Paris.

Paris is wounded by Diomed, and then by Hector.

Hector is wounded by Diomed, and then by Paris.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE ACTS OF DIOMED.

DIOMED, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the Goddess cures him, enables him to discern Gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him, Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger but for the assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the Temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that God; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to Heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former. P.

HOMER'S ILLIAD
High on his helm celestial lightning plays
His beamy shield emits a living ray
THE
FIFTH BOOK

who is the hero of the Iliad
former raises his other Greeks to supply his absence; like stars that
shine each in his due revolution, till the principal hero rises again,
and ceases all his light.
is the hero of the Iliad
I L I A D.

BUT Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all
her fires,
Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,
And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.

Ver. 1. *But Pallas now, &c.*] As in every just history-picture there is one principal figure, to which all the rest refer and are subservient; so in each battle of the Iliad there is one principal person, that may properly be called the hero of that day or action. This conduct preserves the unity of the piece, and keeps the imagination from being distracted and confused with a wild number of independent figures, which have no subordination to each other. To make this probable, Homer supposes these extraordinary measures of courage to be the immediate gift of the Gods; who bestow them sometimes upon one, sometimes upon another, as they think fit to make them the instruments of their designs; an opinion conformable to true theology. Whoever reflects upon this, will not blame our author for representing the same heroes brave at one time, and dispirited at another; just as the Gods assist, or abandon them, on different occasions. P.

Ver. 1. *Tydides.*] That we may enter into the spirit and beauty of this book, it will be proper to settle the true character of

High on his helm celestial lightnings play, 5
His beamy shield emits a living ray ;

Diomed, who is the hero of it. Achilles is no sooner retired, but Homer raises his other Greeks to supply his absence ; like stars that shine each in his due revolution, till the principal hero rises again, and eclipses all others. As Diomed is the first in this office, he seems to have more of the character of Achilles than any besides. He has naturally an excess of boldness, and too much fury in his temper ; forward and intrepid like the other, and running after Gods or men promiscuously as they offer themselves. But what differences his character is, that he is soon reclaimed by advice, hears those that are more experienced, and in a word, obeys Minerva in all things. He is assisted by the patroness of wisdom and arms, as he is eminent both for prudence and valour. That which characterises his prudence, is a quick sagacity and presence of mind in all emergencies, and an undisturbed readiness in the very article of danger. And what is particular in his valour is agreeable to these qualities, his actions being always performed with remarkable dexterity, activity, and dispatch. As the gentle and manageable turn of his mind seems drawn with an opposition to the boisterous temper of Achilles, so his bodily excellencies seem designed as in contrast to those of Ajax, who appears with great strength, but heavy and unwieldy. As he is forward to act in the field, so he is ready to speak in the council : but 'tis observable that his councils still incline to war, and are biased rather on the side of bravery than caution. Thus he advises to reject the proposals of the Trojans in the seventh book, and not to accept of Helen herself, though Paris should offer her. In the ninth he opposes Agamemnon's proposition to return to Greece, in so strong a manner, as to declare he will stay and continue the siege himself if the general should depart. And thus he hears without concern Achilles's refusal of a reconciliation, and doubts not to be able to carry on the war without him. As for his private character, he appears a gallant lover of hospitality in his behaviour to Glaucus in the sixth book : a lover of wisdom in his assistance of Nestor in the eighth, and his choice of Ulysses to accompany him in the tenth : upon the whole, an open sincere friend, and a generous enemy.

Th' unweary'd blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies,

The wonderful actions he performs in this battle, seem to be the effect of a noble resentment at the reproach he had received from Agamemnon in the foregoing book, to which these deeds are the answer. He becomes immediately the second hero of Greece, and dreaded equally with Achilles by the Trojans. At the first sight of him his enemies make a question, whether he is a man or a God. Æneas and Pandarus go against him, whose approach terrifies Sthenelus, and the apprehension of so great a warrior marvellously exalts the intrepidity of Diomed. Æneas himself is not saved but by the interposing of a Deity: he pursues and wounds that Deity, and Æneas again escapes only by the help of a stronger power, Apollo. He attempts Apollo too, retreats not till the God threatens him in his own voice, and even then retreats but a few steps. When he sees Hector and Mars himself in open arms against him, he had not retired though he was wounded, but in obedience to Minerva; and then retires with his face toward them. But as soon as she permits him to engage with that God, he conquers, and sends him groaning to heaven. What invention and what conduct appears in this whole episode? What boldness in raising a character to such a pitch, and what judgment in raising it by such degrees; while the most daring flights of poetry are employed to move our admiration, and at the same time the justest and closest allegory, to reconcile those flights to moral truth and probability? It may be farther remarked, that the high degree to which Homer elevates this character, enters into the principal design of his whole poem; which is to shew, that the greatest personal qualities and forces are of no effect, when union is wanting among the chief rulers, and that nothing can avail till they are reconciled so as to act in concert. P.

Our poet's translation of this exordium to the *fifth* book caught fire from the original, and burns with true sublimity. The tapers of Chapman and Ogilby may have supplied a few sparks to his imagination. Thus the former:

————— she cast a *hotter beam*
On his high mind: I

When fresh he rears his radiant orb to fight,
And bath'd in Ocean, shoots a keener light. 10

and the latter :

Pallas the valiant Diomed's bosom warms,
And with strange courage and fresh vigour arms.

But is it necessary (in reference to our poet's note on ver. 5.) to understand this *fire* of the helmet, otherwise than a *poetical hyperbole*, justified by an infinity of examples, for the vivid brightness of the steel? And to what a meagre skeleton shall we reduce the fair form of poetry, if these metaphorical and visionary embellishments are stripped from her?

Aufonius has translated the introductory verses of this book with singular felicity. The classical reader will thank me for recalling them to his remembrance :

Hic et Tydidis mentem Tritonia Pallas
Audaci virtute replet. Vomit aurea flammæ
Cassid, et undantem clipeus defulberat ignem ;
Ipse autumnali clarum micat æmulus astro :

for so the verses should be read.

Ver. 5. *High on his helm celestial lightnings play.*] This beautiful passage gave occasion to Zoilus for an insipid piece of raillery, who asked how it happened that the hero escaped burning by these fires that continually broke from his armour? Eustathius answers, that there are several examples in history of fires being seen to break forth from human bodies, as presages of greatness and glory. Among the rest, Plutarch, in the life of Alexander, describes his helmet much in this manner. This is enough to warrant the fiction, and were there no such example, the same author says very well, that the imagination of a poet is not to be confined to strict physical truths. But all objections may easily be removed, if we consider it as done by Minerva, who had determined this day to raise Diomed above all the heroes, and caused this apparition to render him formidable. The power of a God makes it not only allowable, but highly noble, and greatly imagined by Homer; as well as correspondent to a miracle in holy scripture, where Moses is described with a glory shining on his face at his descent from mount Sinai, a parallel which Spondanus has taken notice of.

Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,
Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:

Virgil was too sensible of the beauty of this passage, not to imitate it, and it must be owned he has surpassed his original.

“ Ardet apex capiti, cristisque ac vertice flamma

“ Funditur, & vastos umbo vomit aureus ignes.

“ Non fecus ac liquidâ si quando nocte cometæ

“ Sanguinei lugubre rubent: aut Sirius ardor,

“ Ille fitum morbosque ferens mortalibus ægris,

“ Nascitur, & lævo contristat lumine cœlum.”

Æn. x. ver. 270.

In Homer's comparison there is no other circumstance alluded to but that of remarkable brightness; whereas Virgil's comparison, beside this, seems to foretel the immense slaughter his hero was to make, by comparing him first to a comet, which is vulgarly imagined a prognostick, if not the real cause, of much misery to mankind; and again to the dog-star, which appearing with the greatest brightness in the latter end of summer, is supposed the occasion of all the distempers of that sickly season. And methinks the objection of Macrobius to this place is not just, who thinks the simile unseasonably applied by Virgil to Æneas, because he was yet on his ship, and had not begun the battle. One may answer, that this miraculous appearance could never be more proper than at the first sight of the hero, to strike terror into the enemy, and to prognosticate his approaching victory. P.

Perhaps, the word *celestial*, both as supposing a *miracle* without necessity, and as anticipating, in some measure, the simile, which follows, is not an *epithet* wholly unexceptionable. Thus?

High on his *dazzling* helm the lightnings play.

Ver. 8.] Thus Milton, Par. Lost. ii. 708.

—— like a comet burn'd,

That *fires* the length of Ophiuchus huge:

who, perhaps, had this passage of Homer in his mind.

Ver. 9.] The original of this fine couplet is only this:

And shines most bright, when bath'd in ocean's wave:

so that our poet gave his translation a turn from Dacier: “ Qui

Onward she drives him, furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest
rage.

The sons of Dares first the combat sought, 15
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;
In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,
The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;
These singled from their troops the fight maintain,
These from their steeds, Tydides on the plain. 20
Fierce for renown the brother chiefs draw near,
And first bold Phegeus cast his sounding spear,

“ jette une lumière plus étincelante et plus vive, après s'être
“ baignée dans les eaux de l' Océan.”

Ver. 11.] Homer has only a single verse and a single clause, to
this effect :

So clear a light his head and shoulders flam'd :

but the double clause of Dacier caught the attention of our trans-
lator, as a proper ground-work for his couplet : “ *Tel étoit l' éclat*
“ *dont Diomede étoit environné; et tel le feu, que jettoient ses*
“ *armes.*”

Ver. 14.] Thus Chapman :

Where tumult most exprest his powre, and *where the*
fight did burne.

Ver. 16.] The rhyme of this verse is vicious, and the language
most inelegant and insipid. Thus?

Two sons sent Dares to the martial strife,
Of wealth abundant, and of blameless life.

Ver. 20.] More clearly, perhaps :

These in their *car*, Tydides on the plain.

Ver. 21.] The original would be better expressed by Ogilby,
with a little correction, than in this expanded version :

Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its
course,

And spent in empty air its erring force.

Not so, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain, 25

But pierc'd his breast, and stretch'd him on the
plain.

Seiz'd with unusual fear, Idæus fled,

Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead.

Bold Phegeus first his ponderous jav'lin cast,
Which o'er Tydides' shoulder *whizzing* past.

Ogilby has *singing*, to which I prefer *whizzing*; though our poet has below, ver. 214:

Thro' the thick storm of *singing* spears he flies.

Ver. 26.] The latter clause of this verse is not in Homer, but was supplied by Dacier: "Il va donner dans l'estomach de Phegée, " *qu' il étend mort sur la poussière.*"

Ver. 27. *Idæus fled, Left the rich chariot.*] It is finely said by M. Dacier, that Homer appears perhaps greater by the criticisms that have been past upon him, than by the praises which have been given him. Zoilus had a cavil at this place; he thought it ridiculous in Idæus to descend from his chariot to fly, which he might have done faster by the help of his horses. Three things are said in answer to this: First, that Idæus knowing the passion which Diomed had for horses, might hope the pleasure of seizing these would retard him from pursuing him. Next, that Homer might design to represent in this action of Idæus the common effect of fear, which disturbs the understanding to such a degree, as to make men abandon the surest means to save themselves. And then, that Idæus might have some advantage of Diomed in swiftness, which he had reason to confide in. But I fancy one may add another solution, which will better account for this passage. Homer's word is *ἔτλη*, which I believe would be better translated *non perseveravit*, than *non sustinuit defendere fratrem interfectum*: and then the sense will be clear, that Idæus made an effort to save his brother's body, which proving impracticable, he was obliged to fly with the utmost

And had not Vulcan lent celestial aid,
 He too had sunk to death's eternal shade; 30
 But in a smoky cloud the God of fire
 Preserv'd the son, in pity to the fire.
 The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,
 Encreas'd the spoils of gallant Diomed.

Struck with amaze, and shame, the Trojan
 crew 35

Or slain, or fled, the sons of Dares view;
 When by the blood-stain'd hand Minerva prest
 The God of battles, and this speech address.

precipitation. One may add, that his alighting from his chariot was not that he could run faster on foot, but that he could sooner escape by mixing with the croud of common soldiers. There is a particular exactly of the same nature in the book of Judges, ch. iv. ver. 15. where Sisera alights to fly in the same manner. P.

This is a languid verse. Let us hear Ogilby, who is at least more faithful:

Idæus, leaping from his chariot, *fled*,
 Not staying to protect *his brother dead*.

Ver. 31.] Homer only says, *covered him in darkness*; and this allusion to Vulcan's occupation degrades the passage. But our poet borrowed his rhyme and conceit from Chapman:

—— if *the God*, great president of fire
 Had not, in sodaine clouds of smoke, and pittie of his fire.

Ver. 35.] He seems to have consulted Chapman here:

The 'Trojans seeing Dares' sonnes one *slaine*, the other
fled,
 Were *stroke amaz'd*.

Stern pow'r of war! by whom the mighty
 fall, 39
 Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall!
 Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;
 And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide:
 While we from interdicted fields retire,
 Nor tempt the wrath of heav'n's avenging Sire.
 Her words allay'd th' impetuous warriour's
 heat, 45
 The God of arms and martial Maid retreat;

Ver. 40. *Who bathe in blood.*] It may seem something unnatural, that Pallas, at a time when she is endeavouring to work upon Mars under the appearance of benevolence and kindness, should make use of terms which seem so full of bitter reproaches; but these will appear very properly applied to this warlike Deity. For persons of this martial character, who scorning equity and reason, carry all things by force, are better pleased to be celebrated for their power than their virtue. Statues are raised to the conquerors, that is, the destroyers of nations, who are complimented for excelling in the arts of ruin. Demetrius the son of Antigonus was celebrated by his flatterers with the title of Poliorcetes, a term equivalent to one here made use of. P.

More correctly in the *first* edition:

Who *bath'st* in blood, and *shak'st* the lofty wall.

And, if our poet has not offended against *grammar*, he misrepresents his author. See below ver. 554. where, on the contrary, modern editions are right, and the first erroneous.

Ver. 45.] Our translator is here unhappily paraphrastical. With an alteration of one word I should prefer Ogilby:

This said, she led him from th' engaged ranks,
 And placed in quiet on Scamander's banks.

Remov'd from fight, on Xanthus' flow'ry bounds
They sat, and listen'd to the dying sounds.

Meantime, the Greeks the Trojan race pursue,
And some bold chieftain ev'ry leader flew: 50

It may, perhaps, be doubted without absurdity, whether Pope's ver. 48. were not suggested by a misconception of Chapman's translation:

Who set him in an *hearby* seat:

mistaking the term, as if intending a place, whence the proceedings of the battle might be *heard*.

Ver. 46. *The God of arms and martial Maid retreat.*] The retreat of Mars from the Trojans intimates that courage forsook them: it may be said then, that Minerva's absence from the Greeks will signify that wisdom deserted them also. It is true she does desert them, but it is at a time when there was more occasion for gallant actions than for wise counsels. *Eustathius.* P.

Ver. 49. *The Greeks the Trojan race pursue.*] Homer always appears very zealous for the honour of Greece, which alone might be a proof of his being of that country, against the opinions of those who would have him of other nations.

It is observable through the whole Iliad, that he endeavours every where to represent the Greeks as superiour to the Trojans in valour and the art of war. In the beginning of the third book he describes the Trojans rushing on to the battle in a barbarous and confused manner, with loud shouts and cries, while the Greeks advance in the most profound silence and exact order. And in the latter part of the fourth book, where the two armies march to the engagement, the Greeks are animated by Pallas, while Mars instigates the Trojans; the poet attributing by this plain allegory to the former a well-conducted valour, to the latter rash strength and brutal force: so that the abilities of each nation are distinguished by the characters of the Deities who assist them. But in this place, as Eustathius observes, the poet being willing to shew how much the Greeks excelled their enemies, when they engaged only with their proper force, and when each side was alike destitute of divine assistance, takes occasion to remove the Gods out of the battle, and

First Odius falls, and bites the bloody sand,
 His death ennobled by Atrides' hand;
 As he to flight his wheeling car addrest,
 The speedy javelin drove from back to breast.
 In dust the mighty Halizonian lay, 55
 His arms resound, the spirit wings its way.

Thy fate was next, O Phæstus! doom'd to feel
 The great Idomeneus' protended steel;
 Whom Borus sent (his son and only joy)
 From fruitful Tarnè to the fields of Troy. 60

then each Grecian chief gives signal instances of valour superiour to the Trojans.

A modern critick observes, that this constant superiority of the Greeks in the art of war, valour, and number, is contradictory to the main design of the poem, which is to make the return of Achilles appear necessary for the preservation of the Greeks; but this contradiction vanishes, when we reflect, that the affront given Achilles was the occasion of Jupiter's interposing in favour of the Trojans. Wherefore the anger of Achilles was not pernicious to the Greeks purely because it kept him inactive, but because it occasioned Jupiter to afflict them in such a manner, as made it necessary to appease Achilles, in order to render Jupiter propitious. P.

Thus Ogilby:

Then Trojans fly, and slaughtering Greeks *pursue*.

Moreover, the propriety of our poet's remarks at the conclusion of this note and the efficacy of his vindication, I am unable to discover.

Ver. 53.] From Chapman:

He strooke him with a lance to earth, as first he *flight*
addrest,
 It tooke his forward-turned backe, and lookt out of his
breast.

The Cretan jav'lin reach'd him from afar,
 And pierc'd his shoulder as he mounts his car;
 Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,
 And everlasting shades his eyes surround. 64

Then dy'd Scamandrius, expert in the chace,
 In woods and wilds to wound the savage race;
 Diana taught him all her silvan arts,
 To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts:
 But vainly here Diana's arts he tries,
 The fatal lance arrests him as he flies; 70
 From Menelaüs' arm the weapon sent,
 Thro' his broad back and heaving bosom went:
 Down sinks the warrior with a thund'ring sound,
 His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Ver. 62.] More accurately:

Pierc'd his *right* shoulder.

Ver. 63. *Back from the car he tumbles.*] It is in poetry as in painting, the postures and attitudes of each figure ought to be different: Homer takes care not to draw two persons in the same posture; one is tumbled from his chariot, another is slain as he ascends it, a third as he endeavours to escape on foot, a conduct which is every where observed by the poet. *Eustathius.* P.

Ver. 65.] This accent of *expert* is very awkward, and, when *skillfull* was at hand, very unnecessary. Otherwise, this paragraph is most delightfully executed; nor does the following yield in merit.

Ver. 73.] He somewhat softens Ogilby's translation of this and the similar verse in other places:

He falls; earth *thunders*, and his arms resound:

but in reality followed Dryden, *Æn.* x. 1015.

Down sinks the giant with a thundering sound.

Next artful Phereclus untimely fell ; 75
 Bold Merion sent him to the realms of hell.
 Thy father's skill, O Phereclus, was thine,
 The graceful fabrick and the fair design ;
 For lov'd by Pallas, Pallas did impart
 To him the shipwright's and the builder's art. 80
 Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris rose,
 The fatal cause of all his country's woes ;
 But he, the mystick will of heav'n unknown,
 Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own.
 The hapless artist, while confus'd he fled, 85
 The spear of Merion mingled with the dead,
 Thro' his right hip with forceful fury cast,
 Between the bladder and the bone it past :
 Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,
 And death in lasting slumber seals his eyes. 90

Ver. 75. *Next artful Phereclus.*] This character of Phereclus is finely imagined, and presents a noble moral in an uncommon manner. There ran a report, that the Trojans had formerly received an oracle, commanding them to follow husbandry, and not apply themselves to navigation. Homer from hence takes occasion to feign, that the shipwright, who presumed to build the fleet of Paris when he took his fatal voyage to Greece, was overtaken by the divine vengeance so long after as in this battle. One may take notice too in this, as in many other places, of the remarkable disposition Homer shews to *mechanicks*; he never omits an opportunity either of describing a piece of workmanship, or of celebrating an artist. P.

Ver. 90.] Thus Dryden, in a fine couplet at *Æneid* x. 1050.
 A hovering mist came swimming o'er his fight,
 And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.

From Meges' force the swift Pedæus fled,
 Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed,
 Whose gen'rous spouse, Theano, heav'nly fair,
 Nurs'd the young stranger with a mother's care.

Ver. 91.] The verse would suit it's original better with a trivial alteration, thus:

Nor Mege's force the swift Pedæus fled :

i. e. *escaped*: but our poet might be led by Chapman :

Phylides staid Pedæus' flight.

Ver. 93. *Whose gen'rous spouse, Theano.*] Homer in this remarkable passage commends the fair Theano for breeding up a bastard of her husband's with the same tenderness as her own children. This lady was a woman of the first quality, and (as it appears in the sixth Iliad) the high priestess of Minerva: so that one cannot imagine the education of this child was imposed upon her by the authority or power of Antenor; Homer himself takes care to remove any such derogatory notion, by particularizing the motive of this unusual piece of humanity to have been to please her husband, *χαριζομένη πόσει ᾧ*. Nor ought we to lessen this commendation by thinking the wives of those times in general were more complaisant than those of our own. The stories of Phœnix, Clytæmnestra, Medea, and many others, are plain instances how highly the keeping of mistresses was resented by the married ladies. But there was a difference between the Greeks and Asiatics as to their notions of marriage: for it is certain the latter allowed plurality of wives; Priam had many lawful ones, and some of them princesses who brought great dowries. Theano was an Asiatick, and that is the most we can grant; for the son she nursed so carefully was apparently not by a wife, but by a mistress; and her passions were, naturally the same with those of the Grecian women. As to the degree of regard then shewn to the bastards, they were carefully enough educated, though not (like this of Antenor) as the lawful issue, nor admitted to an equal share of inheritance. Megapenthes and Nicostratus were excluded from the inheritance of Sparta, because they were born of bond-women, as Pausanias says. But Neoptolemus, a natural son of Achilles by Deïdamia, succeeded in his father's kingdom, perhaps with respect

How vain those cares ! when Meges in the rear 95
Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear ;
Swift thro' his crackling jaws the weapon glides,
And the cold tongue and grinning teeth divides.

Then dy'd Hypsenor, gen'rous and divine,
Sprung from the brave Dolopian's mighty line, 100

to his mother's quality, who was a princess. Upon the whole, however that matter stood, Homer was very favourable to bastards, and has paid them more compliments than one in his works. If I am not mistaken, Ulysses reckons himself one in the *Odyssæis*. Agamemnon in the eighth *Iliad* plainly accounts it no disgrace, when charmed with the noble exploits of young Teucer, and praising him in the rapture of his heart, he just then takes occasion to mention his illegitimacy as a kind of panegyrick upon him. The reader may consult the passage, ver. 284 of the original, and ver. 343 of the translation. From all this I should not be averse to believe, that Homer himself was a bastard, as Virgil was, of which I think this observation a better proof, than what is said for it in the common lives of him. P.

Ver. 97.] Literally thus :

Beneath his teeth the steel cut sheer his tongue :
He fell in dust, and the cold weapon bit.

Ver. 98.] The later editions give :

And the cold tongue *the* grinning teeth divides ;

which must have been an error of the press. Thus Chapman :

————— th' iron (cold as death)

He tooke betwixt his *grinning teeth*.

Ver. 99. ——— Hypsenor, gen'rous and divine,

Sprung from the brave Dolopian's mighty line,

Who near ador'd Scamander made abode ;

Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a God.]

From the number of circumstances put together here, and in many other passages, of the parentage, place of abode, profession, and quality of the persons our author mentions ; I think it is plain he

Who near ador'd Scamander made abode,
 Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a God,
 On him, amidst the flying numbers found,
 Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound ; 104
 On his broad shoulders fell the forceful brand,
 Thence glancing downward lopp'd his holy
 hand,
 Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand.
 Down sunk the priest: the purple hand of Death
 Clos'd his dim eye, and Fate suppress'd his breath.

composed his poem from some records or traditions of the actions of the times preceding, and complied with the truth of history. Otherwise these particular descriptions of genealogies and other minute circumstances would have been an affectation extremely needless and unreasonable. This consideration will account for several things that seem odd or tedious, not to add that one may naturally believe he took these occasions of paying a compliment to many great men and families of his patrons, both in Greece and Asia. P.

Ver. 101.] This is probable, but not asserted by Homer. On this account, and the undignified phrase *made abode*, I should prefer Ogilby with very little castigation :

Priest of Scamander's consecrated flood,
 By all *his* people honour'd as a God.

Ver. 107.] *Stain'd* is unnecessarily connected with *blushing*. Thus?

Which *drencht* with sacred blood the blushing sand.

Ver. 108. *Down sunk the priest.*] Homer makes him die upon the cutting off his arm, which is an instance of his skill; for the great flux of blood that must follow such a wound, would be the immediate cause of death. P.

Our language would have borne, I think, the bold expression of the original:

Thus toil'd the chiefs, in diff'rent parts engag'd,
 In ev'ry quarter fierce Tydides rag'd, 111
 Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train,
 Rapt thro' the ranks he thunders o'er the plain;
 Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,
 Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face. 115

Down sunk the priest; *while* Fate and *purple* Death
 Clos'd his dim eye-lids, and suppress'd his breath.

But our translator evidently profited from Chapman:

—— from off his wrist it hew'd *his holy hand*
 That gusht out blood, and downe it dropt upon *the*
blushing sande:
 Death with his *purple* finger shut, and violent fate, his eyes.

Ver. 110.] This is beautiful, but would have been much improved by a preservation of the lively apostrophe of the original. But, when I propose my own alterations of Pope, I wish the reader to accept them merely as advertisements of our poet's deviation from his author, not as efforts to rival his excellence; because there is more distance between our capacities in this respect,

Than from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.

Thus then I would propose:

Whilst toil'd the chiefs in diff'rent parts engag'd,
Thou hadst not known where fierce Tydides rag'd;
If, midst the Greek, or *midst* the Trojan train,
 Rapt thro' the ranks, he *thunder'd* o'er the plain:

Ver. 111.] This elegant and animated description, contained in this and the *four* following verses, is dilated from a couplet of his author, of which the following is a literal version:

With whom Tydides mixt, thou hadst not known,
 If to the Trojans he belong'd, or Greeks.

Our poet has taken one hint from Dacier: "*Il couroit furieux de toutes parts.*"

Ver. 114.] This fine addition to his author would have introduced the simile more happily, had the figures been uniform:

Pours on the rear, or *rushes* in their face.

Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong
Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,

Ver. 116. *Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong.*] This whole passage (says Eustathius) is extremely beautiful. It describes the hero carried by an enthusiastick valour into the midst of his enemies, and so mingled with their ranks as if himself were a Trojan. And the simile wonderfully illustrates this fury, proceeding from an uncommon infusion of courage from heaven, in resembling it not to a constant river, but a torrent rising from an extraordinary burst of rain. This simile is one of those that draws along with it some foreign circumstances: we must not expect from Homer those minute resemblances in every branch of a comparison, which are the pride of modern similes. If that which one may call the main action of it, or the principal point of likeness, be preserv'd; he affects as to the rest, rather to present the mind with a great image, than to fix it down to an exact one. He is sure to make a fine picture in the whole, without drudging on the under parts; like those free painters who (one would think) had only made here and there a few very significant strokes, that give form and spirit to all the piece. For the present comparison, Virgil in the second Æneid has inserted an imitation of it, which I cannot think equal to this, though Scaliger prefers Virgil's to all our author's similitudes from rivers put together.

“ Non sic aggeribus ruptis cùm spumeus amnis
“ Exiit, oppositasque evicit gurgite moles,
“ Fertur in arva furens cumulo, camposque per omnes
“ Cum stabulis armenta trahit”——

Not with so fierce a rage the foaming flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood;
Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
And sweeps the cattle and the cots away. Dryden. P.

Ogilby's translation of this comparison with a little correction will please the reader:

As a swift torrent, hast'ning to the deeps,
Each mound opposing with wild fury sweeps;
No vineyard fences and no well-laid arch
Stops his swell'n waves in their impetuous march;
When Jove descends in deluges of rain,
And prostrate lays the labours of the swain.

Thro' ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,
O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty
bounds :

The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year, 120
And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear !
While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain,
And all the labours of mankind are vain.

So rag'd Tydides, boundless in his ire,
Drove armies back, and made all Troy retire. 125
With grief the *leader of the Lycian band
Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand :
His bended bow against the chief he drew ;
Swift to the mark the thirsty arrow flew,
Whose forky point the hollow breast-plate tore,
Deep in his shoulder pierc'd, and drank the
gore : 131

Ver. 122.] Dryden, Virg. Georg. i. 437.

And oft whole *sheets* descend of *sluicy* rain.

Ver. 124.] The word *ire* seems to have little to recommend it, but it's accommodation to the succeeding rhyme ; and the next line seems wrought up beyond the limit of moderation. There is more fidelity in the following attempt :

Thus thro' thick ranks Tydides urg'd his course,
Nor dared all Troy withstand his matchless force.

Ver. 126.] He had his eye on Chapman :

When Pandarus, Lycaon's sonne, beheld *his ruining hand*
With such resistless insolence make lanes through everie
band.

Ver. 131.] This metaphor is a fine improvement on the language of his author. It occurs in that verse of Virgil :

* Pandarus.

The rushing stream his brazen armour dy'd,
While the proud archer thus exulting cry'd.

Hither ye Trojans, hither drive your steeds!
Lo! by our hand the bravest Grecian bleeds. 135
Not long the deathful dart he can sustain;
Or Phœbus urg'd me to these fields in vain.

So spoke he, boastful; but the winged dart
Stopt short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art.
The wounded chief, behind his car retir'd, 140
The helping hand of Sthenelus requir'd;

Virgineumque altè bibit acta cruorem:

thus rendered by Dryden, *Æn.* xi. 1175.

'Till in her pap the winged weapon stood
Infix'd; and deeply *drunk* the purple blood.

In a beautiful little poem on a *Negro*, by a modern bard, this *figure* is employed with great felicity. I quote from memory, as the composition is not at hand:

Flow fresh, O my tears! ever flow;
Let sleep from my eye-lids depart;
And still may the *arrow* of woe
Drink deep of the stream of my heart!

Ver. 136.] Thus Chapman:

Our *bravest* foe is markt for death, *he cannot long sustaine*
My violent shaft.

Ver. 139. *The dart stopt short of life.*] Homer says it did not kill him, and I am at a loss why M. Dacier translates it, *The wound was slight*; when just after the arrow is said to have pierced quite through, and she herself there turns it, *Perçoit l'espaule d'outre en outre*. Had it been so slight, he would not have needed the immediate assistance of Minerva to restore his usual vigour, and enable him to continue the fight. P.

Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground,
 And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound;
 When thus the King his guardian pow'r addrest,
 The purple current wand'ring o'er his vest. 145

O progeny of Jove! unconquer'd maid!
 If e'er my godlike fire deserv'd thy aid,
 If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field;
 Now, Goddess, now, thy sacred succour yield.
 Oh give my lance to reach the Trojan knight, 150
 Whose arrow wounds the chief thou guard'st in
 fight;
 And lay the boaster grov'ling on the shore,
 That vaunts these eyes shall view the light no more.

Ver. 142.] I wonder, that he should not have preserved the speech of his author:

Swift from *the chariot* leap upon the ground,
 And *draw* the bitter weapon from the wound.
Strait from his seat the friendly warrior flew,
And the swift arrow from his shoulder drew.

Ver. 145.] More exactly:

The purple current *spouting* o'er his vest.

Ver. 146.] Our poet is uncommonly unsuccessful in this speech. Let the reader accept Ogilby with some correction:

Thou, my petition *hear*, unconquer'd maid!
 If e're thou *gav'st* my fire or me *thine aid*,
Befriend me now, nor these my pray'rs reject;
 Strengthen my arm, and this my spear direct
 'Gainst him, *who gave the wound*, and boasts that I
 Shall *cease* e're long *to view* the glorious sky.

Ver. 153.] Thus Chapman:

————— and brags that never more
 I shall behold the chearefull funne.

Thus pray'd Tydides, and Minerva heard ;
 His nerves confirm'd, his languid spirits chear'd ;
 He feels each limb with wonted vigour light ; 156
 His beating bosom claim'd the promis'd fight.
 Be bold (she cry'd) in ev'ry combat shine,
 War be thy province, thy protection mine ;
 Rush to the fight, and ev'ry foe controul ; 160
 Wake each paternal virtue in thy soul :

Ver. 156.] Thus again the same translator with considerable neatness :

The Goddesse heard, came neare, and tooke, the wearinessse of *fight*

From all *his nerves* and lineaments, and made them fresh and *light*.

Ver. 157.] This line is stiff and aukward, nor correspondent to his original. Thus?

She makes each limb with wonted vigour light ;

And thus exhorts him to renew the fight :

Be bold, Tydides! in *each* combat shine.

Ver. 158.] Ogilby with some assistance would be excellent in this passage :

Thus pray'd the chief: the goddess heard his pray'r,

And *bade* fresh vigour *every* limb repair;

Then, drawing near him, said: Tydides, go;

And boldly spend thy fury on the foe:

I through thy breast *will spread* the vigorous fire,

Which once inflamed the bosom of thy fire;

And *clear* that *erring* mist, *which* dims thine eyes,

That mortals thou may'st know from deities.

What God *soe'er* the Trojans shall assist,

Wave *his* encounter, nor *his* power resist:

Jove's daughter only, Venus, let her feel,

If *chance* she interpose, thy vengefull steel.

Strength swells thy boiling breast, infus'd by me,
 And all thy godlike father breathes in thee!
 Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thy eyes,
 And set to view the warring Deities. 165
 These see thou shalt, thro' all th' embattled plain,
 Nor rashly strive where human force is vain.
 If Venus mingle in the martial band,
 Her shalt thou wound: so Pallas gives command.

Ver. 164. *From mortal mists I purge thy eyes.*] This fiction of Homer (says M. Dacier) is founded upon an important truth of religion, not unknown to the Pagans, that God only can open the eyes of men, and enable them to see what they cannot discover by their own capacity. There are frequent examples of this in the Old Testament. God opens the eyes of Hagar that she might see the fountain, in Genes. xxi. ver. 19. So Numbers xxii. ver. 31. *The Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the Angel of the Lord standing in his way, and his sword drawn in his hand.* A passage much resembling this of our author. Venus in Virgil's second Æneid performs the same office to Æneas, and shews him the Gods who were engaged in the destruction of Troy.

“Aspice; namque omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti
 “Mortales hebetat visus tibi, & humida circum
 “Caligat, nubem eripiam——
 “Apparent diræ facies inimicaque Trojæ
 “Numina magna Deûm.”——

Milton seems likewise to have imitated this, where he makes Michael open Adam's eyes to see the future revolutions of the world, and fortunes of his posterity, book xi.

—— He purg'd with euphrasie and rue
 The visual nerve, for he had much to see;
 And from the well of life three drops distill'd.

This distinguishing sight of Diomed was given him only for the present occasion and service, in which he was employed by Pallas. For we find in the sixth book that upon meeting Glaucus, he is ignorant whether that hero be a man or a God.

With that the blue-ey'd virgin wing'd her
flight ; 170

The hero rush'd impetuous to the fight ;
With tenfold ardour now invades the plain,
Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.

As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,
Amidst the field a brindled lion falls ; 175

If chance some shepherd with a distant dart
The savage wound, he rouses at the smart,
He foams, he roars ; the shepherd dares not stay,
But trembling leaves the scatt'ring flocks a prey ;
Heaps fall on heaps ; he bathes with blood the
ground, 180

Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.
Not with less fury stern Tydides flew ;
And two brave leaders at an instant flew :
Astynous breathless fell, and by his side
His people's pastor, good Hypenor, dy'd ; 185
Astynous' breast the deadly lance receives
Hypenor's shoulder his broad falchion cleaves.

Ver. 170.] Ogilby renders :

This said, the virgin vanish'd from his sight,
And he return'd where hottest was the fight.

Ver. 182.] Our poet profited by Chapman :

—— and out again he leapes :
So sprightly, fierce, *victorious*, the great heroe *flew*
Upon the Trojans ; and *at once*, *he two commanders flew*.

Those slain he left; and sprung with noble rage
 Abas and Polyidus to engage;
 Sons of Eurydamas, who wise and old, 190
 Could fates foresee, and mystick dreams unfold;
 The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,
 And the sad father try'd his arts in vain;
 No mystick dream could make their fates appear,
 Tho' now determin'd by Tydides' spear. 195

Young Xanthus next, and Thoön felt his rage;
 The joy and hope of Phænops' feeble age;

Ver. 192.] The following couplet contains what appears to me the sense of Homer:

No dreams to them, departing for the war,
 Their fate explain'd: Tydides slew them there.

Ver. 194. *No mystick dream.*] This line in the original, *Τοῖς ἔκ
ἐρχομένοις ὁ γέρον ἐκρίνατ' ὀνείρας* contains as puzzling a passage for the
 construction as I have met with in Homer. Most interpreters join
 the negative particle *ἐκ* with the verb *ἐκρίνατο*, which may receive
 these three different meanings: that Eurydamas had not interpreted
 the dreams of his children when they went to the wars, or that
 he had foretold them by their dreams they should never return from
 the wars, or that he should now no more have the satisfaction to
 interpret their dreams at their return. After all, this construction
 seems forced, and no way agreeable to the general idiom of the
 Greek language, or to Homer's simple diction in particular. If
 we join *ἐκ* with *ἐρχομένοις*, I think the most obvious sense will be
 this; Diomed attacks the two sons of Eurydamas an old interpreter
 of dreams; his children not returning, the prophet sought by his
 dreams to know their fate; however they fall by the hands of
 Diomed. This interpretation seems natural and poetical, and tends
 to move compassion, which is almost constantly the design of the
 poet, in his frequent short digressions concerning the circumstances
 and relations of dying persons. P.

Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs
 Of all his labours, and a life of cares.
 Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming
 years, 200

And leaves the father unavailing tears :
 To strangers now descends his heapy store,
 The race forgotten, and the name no more.

Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride,
 Glitt'ring in arms, and combat side by side. 203
 As when the lordly lion seeks his food
 Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,

Ver. 198.] Thus Chapman :

——— this the end must be
Of all his labours:

and Ogilby :

Who, much decay'd with years and spent with *care*,
 Griev'd he had left (these gone) no other *heir*.

Ver. 200.] The rhymes of this couplet too nearly resemble
 those of the preceding. Thus, more faithfully :

Tydides' hand forbade the youths' return,
 And left their fire in fruitless woe to mourn.

Ver. 202. *To strangers now descends his wealthy store.*] This
 is a circumstance, than which nothing could be imagined more
 tragical, considering the character of the father. Homer says the
 trustees of the remote collateral relations seized the estate before his
 eyes (according to a custom of those times) which to a covetous old
 man must be the greatest of miseries. P.

Ver. 204.] It were easy to preserve the names of his author :

Chromius, Echemon, sons of Priam, ride
 In the same car, and combat side by side.

He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,
Bends their strong necks, and tears them to
the ground:

So from their seats the brother-chiefs are torn,
Their steeds and chariot to the navy borne. 211

With deep concern divine Æneas view'd
The foe prevailing, and his friends pursu'd,

Ver. 211.] More accurately:

Their steeds and *armour* to the navy borne.

Ver. 212. *Divine Æneas.*] It is here Æneas begins to act; and if we take a view of the whole episode of this hero in Homer, where he makes but an under part, it will appear that Virgil has kept him perfectly in the same character in his poem, where he shines as the first hero. His piety and his valour, though not drawn at so full a length, are marked no less in the original than in the copy. It is the manner of Homer to express very strongly the character of each of his persons in the first speech he is made to utter in the poem. In this of Æneas, there is a great air of *piety* in those strokes, *Is he some God who punishes Troy for having neglected his sacrifices?* And then that sentence, *The anger of heaven is terrible.* When he is in danger afterwards, he is saved by the heavenly assistance of two Deities at once, and his wounds cured in the holy temple of Pergamus by Latona and Diana. As to his valour, he is second only to Hector, and in personal bravery as great in the Greek author as in the Roman. He is made to exert himself on emergencies of the first importance and hazard, rather than on common occasions: he checks Diomed here in the midst of his fury; in the thirteenth book defends his friend Deiphobus before it was his turn to fight, being placed in one of the hindmost ranks (which Homer, to take off all objections to his valour, tells us happened because Priam had an animosity to him, though he was one of the bravest of the army). He is one of those who rescue Hector when he is overthrown by Ajax in the fourteenth book. And what alone were sufficient to establish him a first-rate hero, he is the first that

Thro' the thick storm of singing spears he flies,
 Exploring Pandarus with careful eyes. 215
 At length he found Lycaon's mighty son ;
 To whom the chief of Venus' race begun.

Where, Pandarus, are all thy honours now,
 Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,
 Thy matchless skill, thy yet unrivall'd fame,
 And boasted glory of the Lycian name? 221
 Oh pierce that mortal ! if we mortal call
 That wondrous force by which whole armies
 fall ;

dares resist Achilles himself at his return to the fight in all his rage for the loss of Patroclus. He indeed avoids encountering two at once in the present book ; and shews upon the whole a sedate and deliberate courage, which if not so glaring as that of some others, is yet more just. It is worth considering how thoroughly Virgil penetrated into all this, and saw into the very idea of Homer ; so as to extend and call forth the whole figure in its full dimensions and colours, from the slightest hints and sketches which were but casually touched by Homer, and even in some points too, where they were rather left to be understood, than expressed. And this, by the way, ought to be considered by those criticks who object to Virgil's hero the want of that sort of courage which strikes us so much in Homer's Achilles. Æneas was not the creature of Virgil's imagination, but one whom the world was already acquainted with, and expected to see continued in the same character ; and one who perhaps was chosen for the hero of the Latin poem, not only as he was the founder of the Roman empire, but as this more calm and regular character better agreed with the temper and genius of the poet himself. P.

Ver. 220.] Better, perhaps, with these transpositions :

Thy boasted glory, thy unrivall'd name,
 And matchless skill *above all* Lycian fame ?

Or God incens'd, who quits the distant skies
To punish Troy for slighted sacrifice ; 225
(Which oh avert from our unhappy state!
For what so dreadful as celestial hate?)

Whoe'er he be, propitiate Jove with pray'r ;
If man, destroy ; if God, intreat to spare.

To him the Lycian. Whom your eyes behold,
If right I judge, is Diomed the bold : 231

Such courfers whirl him o'er the dusty field,
So tow'rs his helmet, and so flames his shield.
If 'tis a God, he wears that chief's disguise ;
Or if that chief, some guardian of the skies 235
Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,
And turns unseen the frustrate dart away.
I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,
The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell ;

Ver. 229.] This is a beautiful addition : but they, who think it unable to atone for the preceding insipid couplet, may substitute these *two* verses for the *four* :

Fierce is the wrath of Gods! but thou with pray'r
Great Jove propitiate, and entreat to spare.

Ver. 238.] This expression *which not idly fell*, I condemn; both because it defies all *grammatical* construction, and because in this *absolute* form the participle *fall'n* was requisite. Thus, more faithfully:

*I saw my shaft with aim unerring go,
And deem'd it sent him to the shades below.
But still he lives; some angry God withstands,
Whose malice thwarts these unavailing hands.*

And, but some God, some angry God with-
stands, 240

His fate was due to these unerring hands.

Skill'd in the bow, on foot I fought the war,
Nor join'd swift horses to the rapid car.

Ten polish'd chariots I possess'd at home,
And still they grace Lycaon's princely dome: 245

I have elsewhere declared my disapprobation of the word *hell*, so often employed in this version. It might be furnished by Chapman on this occasion:

Yet, which I gloriously affirm'd had driven him downe
to hell.

Ver. 242. *Skill'd in the bow, &c.*] We see through this whole discourse of Pandarus the character of a vain-glorious passionate prince, who being skilled in the use of the bow, was highly valued by himself and others for this excellence; but having been successful in two different trials of his skill, he is raised into an outrageous passion, which vents itself in vain threats on his guiltless bow. Eustathius on this passage relates a story of a Paphlagonian famous like him for his archery, who having missed his aim at repeated trials, was so transported by rage, that breaking his bow and arrows, he executed a more fatal vengeance by hanging himself. P.

Ver. 244. *Ten polish'd chariots.*] Among the many pictures Homer gives us of the simplicity of the heroick age, he mingles from time to time some hints of an extraordinary magnificence. We have here a prince who has all these chariots for pleasure at one time, with their particular sets of horses to each, and the most sumptuous coverings in their stables. But we must remember that he speaks of an Asiatick prince, those barbarians living in great luxury. Dacier. P.

Ver. 245.] Some circumstances are here suppressed, illustrative of the general spirit of this passage, which is not sufficiently apparent in our poet's translation. Chapman, though quaint and homely, will serve to represent the force of their original:

There veil'd in spacious coverlets they stand ;
 Andtwiceten courferswait their lord's command.
 The good old warrior bade me trust to these,
 When first for Troy I sail'd the sacred seas ;
 In fields, aloft, the whirling car to guide, 250
 And thro' the ranks of death triumphant ride.
 But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,
 I heard his counfels with unheedful mind,
 And thought the steeds (your large supplies un-
 known)
 Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town: 255

— for farre hence, where I dwell,
 My horse and chariots idle stand —
 That eate white barley and blacke otes, and do no good
 at all.

Ver. 251.] Ogilby renders,
 And 'mongst the Trojans to the battell ride.

Exactly thus:
 He bade me, mounted on my steeds and car,
 Conduct the Trojans through the straights of war.

Ver. 252. *Yet to thrift inclin'd.*] It is Eustathius's remark, that Pandarus did this out of avarice, to save the expence of his horses. I like this conjecture, because nothing seems more judicious, than to give a man of a perfidious character a strong tincture of avarice. P.

This is not the sense of Homer, in my opinion, though our translator in the note may vindicate himself by a conjecture of Eustathius. Thus Ogilby, with some correction:

*I heard, but now repent, without regard
 His precepts, and those pamper'd horses spar'd :
 Left in so strait a siege they chance should need,
 At home accusom'd plenteously to feed.*

So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,
And left the chariots in my native land.

Too late, O friend! my rashness I deplore;
These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more.
Tydeus' and Atreus' sons their points have found,
And undissembled gore pursu'd the wound. 261
In vain they bled: this unavailing bow
Serves, not to slaughter, but provoke the foe.
In evil hour these bended horns I strung,
And seiz'd the quiver where it idly hung. 265
Curs'd be the fate that sent me to the field,
Without a warrior's arms, the spear and shield!

Ver. 261. *And undissembled gore pursu'd the wound.*] The Greek is ἀτρεχὲς αἷμα. He says he is sure it was real blood that followed his arrow; because it was anciently a custom, particularly among the Spartans, to have ornaments and figures of a purple colour on their breast-plates, that the blood they lost might not be seen by the soldiers, and tend to their discouragement. Plutarch in his *Instit. Lacon.* takes notice of this point of antiquity, and I wonder it escaped Madam Dacier in her translation. P.

A modification of Ogilby:

I from two princes drew *unfeigned* gore.

Ver. 266.] Our translator runs over the remainder of this speech very negligently. The following attempt is not unfaithful:

In evil hour, this bow was taken down
Ere from it's peg, when I to lovely Troy,
A chief, with friendly aid to Hector came.
Should I return, should e'er these eyes behold
My wife, my country, and my stately dome;
May then some hostile sword a headless trunk
My body leave, if I withhold from flames
The fragments of this weapon, useless grown.

If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,
 If e'er I see my spouse and fire again,
 This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims, 270
 Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames.

To whom the leader of the Dardan race:
 Be calm, nor Phœbus' honour'd gift disgrace.
 The distant dart be prais'd, tho' here we need
 The rushing chariot, and the bounding steed. 275
 Against yon' hero let us bend our course,
 And, hand to hand, encounter force with force.
 Now mount my seat, and from my chariot's height
 Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight;
 Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace, 280
 To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race:

Ver. 268.] This couplet may be rendered with ease more exact to the original:

If e'er *I live to tread my native plain,*
To see my mansion and my spouse again.—

Ver. 272.] These *four* lines are expanded from the following quantity of his original:

Him answer'd thus Æneas, Trojan chief:
 Talk not thou so.

Dacier might set him forwards: “Ne parlez pas ainsi, repartit
 “Enée, vos flèches ne sont point coupables:” but he was chiefly
 prompted by a sentiment in book iii. ver. 93. to which I refer
 the reader.

Ver. 273. *Nor Phœbus' honour'd gift disgrace.*] For Homer tells
 us in the second book, ver. 334. of the catalogue, that the bow
 and shafts of Pandarus were given him by Apollo. P.

Ver. 280.] Homer says only:

——— when to follow, when to fly:

Secure with these, thro' fighting fields we go;
 Or safe to Troy, if Jove assist the foe.
 Haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein:
 The warrior's fury let this arm sustain: 285
 Or, if to combat thy bold heart incline,
 Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine,
 O Prince! (Lycaon's valiant son reply'd)
 As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.
 The horses practis'd to their lord's command, 290
 Shall hear the rein, and answer to thy hand.
 But if unhappy, we desert the fight,
 Thy voice alone can animate their flight:

so that our poet might be ruminating on *Paradise Lost*. vi. 233.

Each warrior single, as in chief, expert
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
 Of battle; open when, and when to close
 The ridges of grim war.

Ver. 284. *Haste, seize the whip, &c.*] Homer means not here, that one of the heroes should alight or descend from the chariot, but only that he should quit the reins to the management of the other, and stand on foot upon the chariot to fight from thence. As one might use the expression, *to descend from the ship*, to signify to quit the helm or oar, in order to take up arms. This is the note of Eustathius, by which it appears that most of the translators are mistaken in the sense of this passage, and among the rest Mr. Hobbes. P.

Ver. 290.] This is Ogilby somewhat adjusted:

Thy steeds accusom'd are to thy command.

Ver. 291.] He was thinking on Virgil's first Georgic:

——— frustra retinacula tendens

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas:

The rider tugs th' impetuous steeds in vain:

Swift flies the car, nor listens to the rein.

Else shall our fates be number'd with the dead,
 And these, the victor's prize, in triumph led. 295
 Thine be the guidance then: with spear and shield
 Myself will charge this terrour of the field.

And now both heroes mount the glitt'ring car;
 The bounding courfers rush amidst the war.
 Their fierce approach bold Sthenelus espy'd, 300
 Who thus, alarm'd, to great Tydides cry'd.

O friend! two chiefs of force immense I see,
 Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee:
 Lo the brave heir of old Lycaon's line,
 And great Æneas, sprung from race divine! 305
 Enough is giv'n to fame. Ascend thy car;
 And save a life, the bulwark of our war.

At this the hero cast a gloomy look,
 Fix'd on the chief with scorn, and thus he spoke.

Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight? 310
 Me would'st thou move to base, inglorious flight?

Ver. 294.] A very strange line indeed!

Ver. 306.] The original, may be exhibited more faithfully
 as follows:

Turn we our steeds; nor foremost thus expose
 Thy precious life amidst this throng of foes.

But our poet evidently contracted the expansion of Dacier, without
 considering his original: "*Content des ravages que vous avez faits,*
 "*éloignez-vous de la mêlée, de peur que votre courage ne vous soit*
 "*funeste, et qu' on ne tranche enfin une vie si précieuse et si néces-*
 "*saire à tous les Grecs.*" And resembles Æn. ii. 385. Dryden:

Enough is paid to Priam's royal name;
 More than enough to duty and to fame.

Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,
 Nor was Tydides born to tremble here.
 I hate the cumbrous chariot's slow advance,
 And the long distance of the flying lance ; 315
 But while my nerves are strong, my force entire,
 Thus front the foe, and emulate my fire.
 Nor shall yon' steeds that fierce to fight convey
 Those threat'ning heroes, bear them both away ;
 One chief at least beneath this arm shall die ; 320
 So Pallas tells me, and forbids to fly.
 But if she dooms, and if no God withstand,
 That both shall fall by one victorious hand ;

Ver. 312.] He followed Chapman :

Nor is it honest in my mind to fear a coming foe.

Better, perhaps :

My generous soul disdains the thought of fear.

Ver. 316.] It stood thus in the *first* edition :

I loath in lazy fights to press the car,
 At distance wound, or wage a flying war.

Ver. 320. *One chief at least beneath this arm shall die.*] It is the manner of our author to make his persons have some intimation from within, either of prosperous or adverse fortune, before it happens to them. In the present instance, we have seen Æneas, astonished at the great exploits of Diomed, proposing to himself the means of his escape by the swiftness of his horses, before he advances to encounter him. On the other hand, Diomed is so filled with assurance, that he gives orders here to Sthenelus to seize those horses, before they come up to him. The opposition of these two (as Madam Dacier has remarked) is very observable. P.

Ver. 322.] Rather, as *grammar* and uniformity required :

But, if she *doom*, and if no God withstand.

Then heed my words: my horses here detain,
 Fix'd to the chariot by the straiten'd rein; 325
 Swift to Æneas' empty seat proceed,
 And seize the coursers of ætherial breed:
 The race of those, which once the thund'ring God
 For ravish'd Ganymede on Tros bestow'd,
 The best that e'er on earth's broad surface run,
 Beneath the rising or the setting sun. 331

Ver. 327. *The coursers of ætherial breed.*] We have already observed the great delight Homer takes in horses, as well as heroes, of celestial race: and if he has been thought too fond of the genealogies of some of his warriors, in relating them even in a battle; we find him here as willing to trace that of his horses in the same circumstance. These were of that breed which Jupiter bestowed upon Tros, and far superiour to the common strain of Trojan horses. So that (according to Eustathius's opinion) the translators are mistaken who turn *Τρώϊοι ἵπποι*, *the Trojan horses*, in ver. 222. of the original, where Æneas extols their qualities to Pandarus. The same author takes notice, that frauds in the case of horses have been thought excusable in all times, and commends Anchises for this piece of theft. Virgil was so well pleased with it, as to imitate this passage in the seventh Æneid.

“ Absenti Æneæ currum geminosque jugales
 “ Semine ab æthereo, spirantes naribus ignem,
 “ Illorum de gente, patri quos dædala Circe
 “ Suppositâ de matre nothos furata creavit.” P.

Ver. 330.] Grammar required *ran*, which the rhyme forbade: which yet has scarcely variation sufficient from that of the next couplet:

No steeds of equal worth the sun surveys
 Or with his rising, or his setting rays.

That poetical addition of *the earth's broad surface* might be suggested by Chapman:

————— the best that ever trod
The sounding center, underneath the morning and the sunne.

Hence great Anchises stole a breed, unknown
 By mortal mares, from fierce Laomedon :
 Four of this race his ample stalls contain,
 And two transport Æneas o'er the plain. 335
 These, were the rich immortal prize our own,
 Thro' the wide world should make our glory
 known.

Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on,
 And stern Lycaon's warlike race begun.

Prince, thou art met. Tho' late in vain assail'd,
 The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd. 341

He said, then shook the pond'rous lance,
 and flung ;

On his broad shield the founding weapon rung,
 Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung. }

He bleeds! the pride of Greece! (the boaster cries)
 Our triumph now, the mighty warrior lies! 346

Mistaken vaunter! Diomed reply'd ;

Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be try'd:

Ye 'scape not both; one, headlong from his car,

With hostile blood shall glut the God of war. 350

Ver. 340.] So Milton, Par. Lost. vi. 131 :

Proud, art thou met?

Ver. 342.] None of the translators represent the elegance of
 the Greek word ἀμπεπαλὼν: *moving again and again*, with a view
 to *poise* and *direct*. Our poet follows Chapman :

This said, he shooke, and then he threw, a lance.

He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful dart,
 Which driv'n by Pallas, pierc'd a vital part ;
 Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt
 The nose and eye-ball the proud Lycian fixt ;
 Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within, 355
 'Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.
 Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground ;
 Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound ;
 The starting coursers tremble with affright ;
 The soul indignant seeks the realms of night. 360

Ver. 353. *Full in his face it enter'd.*] It has been asked, how Diomed being on foot, could naturally be supposed to give such a wound as is described here. Were it never so improbable, the express mention that Minerva conducted the javelin to that part, would render this passage unexceptionable. But without having recourse to a miracle, such a wound might be received by Pandarus, either if he stooped, or if his enemy took the advantage of a rising ground, by which means he might not possibly stand higher, though the other were in a chariot. This is the solution given by the ancient Scholia, which is confirmed by the lowness of the chariots, observed in the Essay on Homer's battles. P.

Besides, the *parabola* described by the weapon, of a curvature regulated by the distance, the weight of the spear, and the strength of it's discharge, might co-operate to this direction of the wound.

Ver. 359.] This verse is empty and tautologous; and the vigour of the passage is enervated by such expansion. I should have preferred something like the following, to which his excursive fancy would have found rhyme with ease :

Headlong he fell: clang'd his bright arms beneath :
 The coursers startled ; and the chief expired.

Ver. 360.] His original says,

His life was loosed, and his strength relax'd :

To guard his slaughter'd friend, Æneas flies,
 His spear extending where the carcase lies;
 Watchful he wheels, protects it ev'ry way,
 As the grim lion stalks around his prey.
 O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd, 365
 He hides the hero with his mighty shade,
 And threats aloud: the Greeks with longing eyes
 Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.
 Then fierce Tydides stoops: and from the fields
 Heav'd with vast force, a rocky fragment wields.

but our poet follows a well-known verse in Virgil:

Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras:

Life with a groan flies mournful to the shades.

Ver. 361. *To guard his slaughter'd friend, Æneas flies.*] This protecting of the dead body was not only an office of piety agreeable to the character of Æneas in particular, but looked upon as a matter of great importance in those times. It was believed that the very soul of the deceased suffered by the body's remaining destitute of the rites of sepulture, as not being else admitted to pass the waters of Styx. See what Patroclus's ghost says to Achilles in the twenty-third Iliad.

“ Hæc omnis, quam cernis, inops, inhumataque turba est;

“ Portitor ille, Charon; hi, quos vehit unda, sepulti.

“ Nec ripas datur horrendas & rauca fluenta

“ Transportare prius, quam sedibus ossa quierunt.

“ Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc litora circum.”

Virg. Æn. vi.

Whoever considers this, will not be surprised at those long and obstinate combats for the bodies of the heroes, so frequent in the Iliad. Homer thought it of such weight, that he has put this circumstance of want of burial into the *proposition* at the beginning of his poem, as one of the chief misfortunes that befel the Greeks.

P.

Not two strong men th' enormous weight could
 raise, 371
 Such men as live in these degen'rate days.
 He swung it round; and gath'ring strength to
 throw,
 Discharg'd the pond'rous ruin at the foe.

Ver. 371. *Not two strong men.*] This opinion of a degeneracy of human size and strength in the process of ages, has been very general. Lucretius, lib. ii:

“ Jamque adeo fracta est ætas, effœtaque tellus
 “ Vix animalia parva creat, quæ cuncta creavit
 “ Sæcla, deditque ferarum ingentia corpora partu.”

The active life and temperance of the first men, before their native powers were prejudiced by luxury, may be supposed to have given them this advantage. Celsus in his first book observes, that Homer mentions no sort of diseases in the old heroick times but what were immediately inflicted by heaven, as if their temperance and exercise preserved them from all besides. Virgil imitates this passage, with a farther allowance of the decay, in proportion to the distance of his time from that of Homer. For he says it was an attempt that exceeded the strength of *twelve* men, instead of *two*.

“ ——— Saxum circumspicit ingens ———
 “ Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,
 “ Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.”

Juvenal has made an agreeable use of this thought in his fourteenth Satyr:

“ Nam genus hoc vivo jam decrefcebat Homero,
 “ Terra malos homines nunc educat, atque pusillos.” P.

Dryden at Virgil's *Æneid*, xii. 1302:

So vast, that twelve *strong men* of modern *days*
 Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly raise.

And so Dacier: “ D'une pesanteur énorme.”

Where to the hip, th' inferted thigh unites, 375
 Full on the bone the pointed marble lights ;
 Thro' both the tendons broke the rugged stone,
 And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.
 Sunk on his knees, and stagg'ring with his
 pains,

His falling bulk his bended arm sustains ; 380
 Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies ;
 A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.
 There the brave chief who mighty numbers
 sway'd,

Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade ;
 But heav'nly Venus, mindful of the love 385
 She bore Anchises in th' Idæan grove.
 His danger views with anguish and despair,
 And guards her offspring with a mother's care.

Ver. 382.] This is so expressed as to become an insignificant redundancy. I would propose the following alterations of the passage, which approximate more nearly to the original :

Sunk on his knees, and stagg'ring *to the plain*,
See the fall'n trunk his *sturdy* arm sustain !
 Lost in a mist, which o'er his swimming eyes
Night's sable hand diffus'd, the warrior lies.

Ver. 387.] *Despair* is no proper word on this occasion : and the passage is too much amplified. Thus ?

But Venus *saw* ; *who* (mindful of the love
 She bore Anchises in th' Idæan grove)
With all a mother's fondness round him throws
 Her arms —.

About her much-lov'd son her arms she throws,
Her arms whose whiteness match the falling
snows. 390

Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,
The swords wave harmless, and the javelins fail:
Safe thro' the rushing horse, and feather'd flight
Of founding shafts, she bears him from the fight.

Nor Sthenelus, with unassisting hands, 395
Remain'd unheedful of his lord's commands:
His panting steeds, remov'd from out the war,
He fix'd with straiten'd traces to the car.

Next rushing to the Dardan spoil, detains 399
The heav'nly couriers with the flowing manes:
These in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,
No longer now a Trojan lord obey'd.

That charge to bold Deïpylus he gave,
(Whom most he lov'd, as brave men love the
brave)

Ver. 391. *Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil.*] Homer says, she spread her veil that it might be a defence against the darts. How comes it then afterwards to be pierced through, when Venus is wounded? It is manifest the veil was not impenetrable, and is said here to be a defence only as it rendered Æneas invisible, by being interposed. This is the observation of Eustathius, and was thought too material to be neglected in the translation. P.

Ver. 403. *To bold Deïpylus—Whom most he lov'd.*] Sthenelus (says M. Dacier) loved Deïpylus, *parce qu'il avoit la mesme humeur que luy, la mesme sagesse.* The words in the original are *ὅτι οἱ*

Then mounting on his car, resum'd the rein, 405
And follow'd where Tydides swept the plain.

Meanwhile (his conquest ravish'd from his
eyes)

The raging chief in chace of Venus flies:
No Goddess she commission'd to the field,
Like Pallas dreadful with her sable shield, 410
Or fierce Bellona thund'ring at the wall,
While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall.

Φερσιν ἔπειτα ἦδν. *Because his mind was equal and consentaneous to his own.* Which I should rather translate, with regard to the character of Sthenelus, that he had the same *bravery*, than the same *wisdom*. For that Sthenelus was not remarkable for wisdom, appears from many passages, and particularly from his speech to Agamemnon in the fourth book, upon which see Plutarch's remark, ver. 456. P.

This is not altogether satisfactory. I attempted the passage thus:

To bold Deïpylus he them resign'd;
His lov'd associate, of congenial mind.

Ver. 408. *The chief in chace of Venus flies.*] We have seen with what ease Venus takes Paris out of the battle in the third book, when his life was in danger from Menelaus; but here when she has a charge of more importance and nearer concern, she is not able to preserve herself or her son from the fury of Diomed. The difference of success in two attempts so like each other, is occasioned by that penetration of sight with which Pallas had endued her favourite. For the Gods in their intercourse with men are not ordinarily seen, but when they please to render themselves visible; wherefore Venus might think herself and her son secure from the insolence of this daring mortal; but was in this deceived, being ignorant of that faculty, wherewith the hero was enabled to distinguish Gods as well as men. P.

He knew soft combats suit the tender dame,
 New to the field, and still a foe to fame.
 Thro' breaking ranks his furious course he bends,
 And at the Goddess his broad lance extends; 416
 Thro' her bright veil the daring weapon drove;
 Th' ambrosial veil, which all the Graces wove;
 Her snowy hand the razing steel profan'd,
 And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd. 420
 From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,
 Such stream as issues from a wounded God:

Ver. 413.] This distich is superfluous, and might well be spared. The insipid expression of the *second* verse seems derived from Chapman:

—— a Goddesse weake, and foe to mens' renownes.

Ver. 419. *Her snowy hand the razing steel profan'd.*] Plutarch in his *Symposiacks*, l. ix. tells us, that Maximus the Rhetorician proposed this far-fetched question at a banquet, *On which of her hands Venus was wounded?* and that Zopyrion answered it by asking, *In which of his legs Philip was lame?* But Maximus replied, It was a different case: for Demosthenes left no foundation to guess at the one, whereas Homer gives a solution of the other, in saying that Diomed throwing his spear *across*, wounded her wrist: so that it was her right hand he hurt, her left being opposite to his right. He adds another humorous reason from Pallas's reproaching her afterwards, as having got this wound while she was stroking and solliciting some Grecian lady, and unbuckling her zone; *An action* (says this philosopher) *in which no one would make use of the left hand.* P.

He should have written after his original and Chapman:

Her tender hand ——

Ver. 422. *Such stream as issues from a wounded God.*] This is one of those passages in Homer, which have given occasion to that famous censure of Tully and Longinus, *That he makes Gods of his*

Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood;
 Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood:

heroes, and mortals of his Gods. This, taken in a general sense, appeared the highest impiety to Plato and Pythagoras; one of whom has banished Homer from his commonwealth, and the other said he was tortured in hell, for fictions of this nature. But if a due distinction be made of a difference among beings superiour to mankind, which both the Pagans and Christians have allowed, the fables may be easily accounted for. *Wounds inflicted on the dragon, bruising the serpent's head,* and other such metaphorical images, are consecrated in holy writ, and applied to angelical and incorporeal natures. But in our author's days they had a notion of Gods that were *corporeal*, to whom they ascribed bodies, though of a more subtil kind than those of mortals. So in this very place he supposes them to have blood, but blood of a finer or superior nature. Notwithstanding the foregoing censures, Milton has not scrupled to imitate and apply this to angels in the Christian system, when Satan is wounded by Michael in his sixth book, ver. 327:

——— Then Satan first knew pain,
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so fore
 That griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd thro' him; but th' Ætherial substance clos'd,
 Not long divisible, and from the gash
 A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd,
 Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed —
 Yet soon he heal'd, for spirits that live throughout,
 Vital in every part (not as frail man
 In entrails, head or heart, liver or reins)
 Cannot, but by annihilating, die.

Aristotle, cap. xxvi. Art. Poet. excuses Homer for following fame and common opinion in his account of the Gods, though no way agreeable to truth. The religion of those times taught no other notions of the Deity, than that the Gods were beings of human forms and passions, so that any but a real Anthropomorphite would probably have past among the ancient Greeks for an impious heretic: they thought their religion, which worshipped the Gods in images of human shape, was much more refined and rational than that of Ægypt and other nations, who adored them in animal or

(For not the bread of man their life sustains, 425
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.)

monstrous forms. And certainly Gods of human shape cannot justly be esteemed or described otherwise, than as a celestial race, superior only to mortal men by greater abilities, and a more extensive degree of wisdom and strength, subject however to the necessary inconveniencies consequent to corporeal beings. Cicero, in his book de Nat. Deor. urges this consequence strongly against the Epicureans, who though they deposed the Gods from any power in creating or governing the world, yet maintained their existence in human forms. *Non enim sentitis quàm multa vobis suscipienda sunt, si impetraueritis ut concedamus eandem esse hominum & Deorum figuram; omnis cultus & curatio corporis erit eadem adhibenda Deo quæ adhibetur homini, ingressus, cursus, accubatio, inclinatio, sessio, comprehensio, ad extremum etiam sermo & oratio. Nam quod & mares Deos & fæminas esse dicitis, quid sequatur videtis.*

This particular of the wounding of Venus seems to be a fiction of Homer's own brain, naturally deducible from the doctrine of corporeal Gods abovementioned; and considered as poetry, no way shocking. Yet our author, as if he had foreseen some objection, has very artfully inserted a justification of this bold stroke, in the speech Dione soon after makes to Venus. For as it was natural to comfort her daughter, by putting her in mind that many other Deities had received as ill treatment from mortals by the permission of Jupiter; so it was of great use to the poet, to enumerate those ancient fables to the same purpose, which being then generally assented to, might obtain credit for his own. This fine remark belongs to Eustathius. P.

Ver. 423.] This couplet is superadded to his original, in imitation of Dacier: “ Qui n'est proprement que comme une
“ rosée, ou une vapeur divine; car les Dieux—n'ont pas un sang
“ terrestre et grossier comme le nôtre.”

Ver. 424. *Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood, &c.*] The opinion of the incorruptibility of celestial matter seems to have been received in the time of Homer. For he makes the immortality of the Gods to depend upon the incorruptible nature of the nutriment by which they are sustained; as the mortality of men to proceed

With tender shrieks the Goddesses fill'd the place,
 And dropt her offspring from her weak embrace.
 Him Phœbus took: he casts a cloud around 429
 The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound.

Then with a voice that shook the vaulted
 skies,

The king insults the Goddesses as she flies.

Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree,
 The field of combat is no scene for thee:

Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care, 435
 Go lull the coward, or delude the fair.

Taught by this stroke, renounce the war's
 alarms,

And learn to tremble at the name of arms.

from the corruptible materials of which they are made, and by which they are nourished. We have several instances in him from whence this may be inferred, as when Diomed questions Glaucus, if he be a God or mortal, he adds, *One who is sustained by the fruits of the earth.* Lib. vi. ver. 175. P.

Ver. 426.] Chapman:

Nor drinke of our *inflaming* wine.

Ogilby:

Gods eat no bread, nor drink *inflaming* wine.

Ver. 431.] What says his author? merely,

At her the warlike chieftain loudly cried:

but our poet has exaggerated enormously upon Dacier's translation:
 “Cependant Diomedes criant *de toute sa force* après la belle Venus,
 “et l'*insultant*.—”

Tydides thus. The Goddeſs, ſeiz'd with
 dread,
 Confus'd, diſtracted, from the conflict fled. 440
 To aid her, ſwift the winged Iris flew,
 Wrapt in a miſt above the warring crew.
 The queen of Love with faded charms ſhe found,
 Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.
 To Mars, who ſat remote, they bent their way,
 Far on the left, with clouds involv'd he lay; 446
 Beſide him ſtood his lance, diſtain'd with gore,
 And, rein'd with gold, his foaming ſteeds before.
 Low at his knee, ſhe begg'd, with ſtreaming eyes,
 Her brother's car, to mount the diſtant ſkies, 450

Ver. 440.] It had been better, and more accurate,

With pain diſtracted —.

Ver. 442.] This extraneous notion of the *miſt* he found in Chapman :

———— Then from a dewy *miſt*
 Brake ſwift-foot Iris to her aide.

Ver. 449. *Low at his knee ſhe begg'd.*] All the former Engliſh translators make it, *ſhe fell on her knees*, an oversight occaſioned by the want of a competent knowledge in antiquities (without which no man can tolerably underſtand this author). For the cuſtom of praying on the knees was unknown to the Greeks, and in uſe only among the Hebrews. P.

I find no traces of theſe *ſtreaming eyes* either in the original, or elſewhere, ſave in the old French translator Barbin: “ Dans ce
 “ triſte eſtat où elle ſ’ abandonnoit aux cris et aux larmes, elle
 “ rencontre Mars aſſis à l’aille gauche des Troyens, qui avoit
 “ environné ſon char et ſes armes d’ un épais nuage. Elle ſe laiſſe
 “ tomber à ſes pieds, et luy dit *en pleurant.*”

And shew'd the wound by fierce Tydides giv'n,
 A mortal man, who dares encounter heav'n.
 Stern Mars attentive hears the queen complain,
 And to her hand commits the golden rein;
 She mounts the seat, oppress'd with silent woe, 455
 Driv'n by the Goddess of the painted bow.
 The lash resounds, the rapid chariot flies,
 And in a moment scales the lofty skies:
 There stopp'd the car, and there the courfers
 stood,
 Fed by fair Iris with ambrosial food. 460
 Before her mother, Love's bright queen appears,
 O'erwhelm'd with anguish and dissolv'd in tears;

Ver. 451.] Our poet, with uncommon carelessness, has omitted a speech of *four* verses in the original, and attempted to supply their meaning by this couplet: in which he has exactly followed Chapman. The reader must excuse Ogilby, slightly corrected, to shew the sense:

*Hence bear me, brother! and thy chariot lend,
 That soon I may th' Olympian seats ascend.
 A mortal hurt me, nor would he retire
 From Jove himself, though arm'd with dreadful fire.*

Ver. 458.] Thus Ogilby:
 The mettled horses *scale* heav'n's steep aboads:
 and Dacier too resembles our poet's version: "*Ces généreux cour-
 fiers—volent, et arrivent dans un moment au haut du ciel.*"

Ver. 462.] There is no shadow of this verse in his author; see above the note at ver. 449. The couplet represents the following sense in Homer:

Before her mother's knees, Dione, fell
 Immortal Venus.

She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,
And ask'd, what God had wrought this guilty
deed?

Then she; This insult from no God I found,
An impious mortal gave the daring wound! 466
Behold the deed of haughty Diomed!
'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled.

The war with Troy no more the Grecians wage;
But with the Gods (th'immortal Gods) engage.

Dione then. Thy wrongs with patience
bear, 471

And share those griefs inferior pow'rs must share:
Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain,
And men with woes afflict the Gods again.

Ver. 464.] In this verse he again flurs over a speech of his author, and thereby lessens the animation of the story. Ogilby's version is very homely, but accurately interprets it's original.

Whom fair Dione pitying did stroke
And, her embracing in her arms, thus spoke:
What boisterous God so rude hath been, that he
Thus like a malefactor punish'd thee?

Ver. 465.] Homer had said merely,
Proud Diomede, son of Tydeus, gave the wound:
so that our poet traces the footsteps of the French translator, to whom he owes so many obligations: "*C'est l' insolent Diomede, qui a eu l' audace de me bleffer.*"

Ver. 472. *And share those griefs inferior pow'rs must share.*] The word *inferior* is added by the translator, to open the distinction Homer makes between the Divinity itself, which he represents impassable, and the subordinate celestial beings or spirits. P.

Ver. 473.] The translators, I doubt not, have mistaken Homer in this passage; whom I would render thus rudely:

The mighty Mars in mortal fetters bound, 475
 And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,
 Full thirteen moons imprison'd roar'd in vain;
 Otus and Ephialtes held the chain :
 Perhaps had perish'd ; had nor Hermes' care
 Restor'd the groaning God to upper air. 480

We powers of heaven our wayward souls perplex,
 And through mankind delight ourselves to vex.
 And so I since found Madame Dacier and the scholiast in Villoison
 understood the passage. Our poet had his eye on Chapman :

————— as well that men *sustaine*
 By their inflictions, as by men, repaid to them *again*.

Ver. 475. *The mighty Mars, &c.*] Homer in these fables, as upon many other occasions, makes a great show of his theological learning, which was the manner of all the Greeks who had travelled into Ægypt. Those who would see these allegories explained at large, may consult Eustathius on this place. Virgil speaks much in the same figure, when he describes the happy peace with which Augustus had blest the world :

“ ——— Furor impius intus
 “ Sæva sedens super arma, & centum vinctus aënis
 “ Post tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento.” P.

Ver. 479. *Perhaps had perish'd.*] Some of Homer's censurers have inferred from this passage, that the poet represents his Gods subject to death ; when nothing but great misery is here described. It is a common way of speech to use *perdition* and destruction for *misfortune* : the language of scripture calls eternal punishment *perishing everlastingly*. There is a remarkable passage to this purpose in Tacitus, An. vi. which very livelily represents the miserable state of a distracted tyrant : it is the beginning of a letter from Tiberius to the senate : *Quid scribam vobis, P. C. aut quomodo scribam, aut quid omnino non scribam hoc tempore, Dii me Deaque pejus perdant quàm perire quotidie sentio, si scio.* P.

He omits part of his author, which is thus neatly exhibited by Chapman :

Great Juno's self has borne her weight of pain,
 Th' imperial partner of the heav'nly reign;
 Amphitryon's son infix'd the deadly dart,
 And fill'd with anguish her immortal heart.
 Ev'n hell's grim king Alcides' power confest, 485
 The shaft found entrance in his iron breast;
 To Jove's high palace for a cure he fled,
 Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead;
 Where Pæon, sprinkling heav'nly balm around,
 Assuag'd the glowing pangs, and clos'd the
 wound. 490

Rash, impious man! to stain the blest abodes,
 And drench his arrows in the blood of Gods!

if his kind step-dame's eye,
 Faire Ereboëa, had not seene; who told it Mercurie.

Ver. 481.] The gross impropriety of the later editions, *bore*,
 is, I presume, a typographical oversight.

Ver. 483.] He should have preserved the significant epithet of
 his author, after his predecessors Ogilby and Chapman:

Amphitryon's son *infixt* the *three-fork'd* dart.

Ver. 486.] The *breast* suited our poet better than the *shoulder*
 of his exemplar: for an obvious reason. "Ye are idle! ye are
 "idle!" said the Ægyptian task-masters to the Israelites.

Ver. 487.] Thus Chapman:

and there, amongst *the dead*,

Were he not deathlesse, he had died: but up to heaven
he fled,

Extremely tortur'd, *for recure*.

Ver. 490.] He might have briefly comprised a thought of
 his author, unnoticed; and, perhaps, not inelegantly:

Assuag'd the pangs, and clos'd *th' immortal's* wound.

But thou (tho' Pallas urg'd thy frantick
 deed)
 Whose spear ill-fated makes a Goddeſs bleed,
 Know thou, whoe'er with heav'nly pow'r
 contends, 495
 Short is his date, and ſoon his glory ends ;
 From fields of death when late he ſhall retire,
 No infant on his knees ſhall call him fire.
 Strong as thou art ſome God may yet be found,
 To ſtretch thee pale and gasping on the ground ;

Ver. 498. *No infant on his knees ſhall call him fire.*] This is Homer's manner of foretelling that he ſhall periſh unfortunately in battle, which is infinitely a more artful way of conveying that thought than by a direct expreſſion. He does not ſimply ſay, he ſhall never return from the war, but intimates as much by deſcribing the loſs of the moſt ſenſible and affecting pleaſure that a warriour can receive at his return. Of the like nature is the prophecy at the end of this ſpeech of the hero's death, by repreſenting it in a dream of his wife's. There are many fine ſtrokes of this kind in the prophetic parts of the Old Teſtament. Nothing is more natural than Dione's forming theſe images of revenge upon Diomed, the hope of which vengeance was ſo proper a topick of conſolation to Venus. P.

We might rival the beauty of the original by a hint from Gray :

No child ſhall climb his knees to liſp him fire.

Hobbes deviates into excellence at this place :

Such men, when they return from painful war,
 Shall ſeldom ſet their children on their knee,
 Pleas'd with their half-form'd words.

Ver. 500. *To ſtretch thee pale, &c.*] Virgil has taken notice of this threatening denunciation of vengeance, though fulfilled in a different manner, where Diomed in his answer to the embaffador

Thy distant wife, Ægiale the fair, 501
 Starting from sleep with a distracted air,
 Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost lord deplore,
 The brave, the great, the glorious now no more!
 This said, she wip'd from Venus' wounded
 palm 505
 The sacred ichor, and infus'd the balm.
 Juno and Pallas with a smile survey'd,
 And thus to Jove began the blue-ey'd maid.

of K. Latinus enumerates his misfortunes, and imputes the cause of them to this impious attempt upon Venus. *Æneid. lib. xi:*

“ Invidisse Deos patriis ut redditus oris
 “ Conjugium optatum & pulchram Calydonia viderem?
 “ Nunc etiam horribili visu portenta sequuntur:
 “ Et focii amissi petierunt Æquora pennis:
 “ Fluminibusque vagantur aves (heu dira meorum
 “ Supplicia!) & scopulos lacrymosis vocibus implent.
 “ Hæc adeò ex illo mihi jam speranda fuerunt
 “ Tempore, cùm ferro cœlestia corpora demens
 “ Appetii, & Veneris violavi vulnere dextram.” P.

[Ver. 506.] Homer supposes the wound to be healed by the mere application of Dione's *hand*: but our poet has borrowed from Chapman, and unwittingly or purposely mistaken him:

*This said, with both her hands she cleans'd the tender
 backe and palme
 Of all the sacred blood they lost; and, never using balme,
 The paine ceast.*

The original runs literally thus:

Then with both hands the ichor purg'd away:
 The arm was heal'd, the grievous pains assuag'd.

Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove! to tell
 How this mischance the Cyprian queen befell. 510
 As late she try'd with passion to inflame
 The tender bosom of a Grecian dame,
 Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,
 To quit her country for some youth of Troy;
 The clasping zone, with golden buckles bound,
 Raz'd her soft hand with this lamented wound, 516
 The fire of Gods and men superior smil'd,
 And, calling Venus, thus addrest his child.

Ver. 510. *Thy distant wife.*] The poet seems here to compliment the fair sex at the expence of truth, by concealing the character of Ægiale, whom he has described with the disposition of a faithful wife; though the history of those times represents her as an abandoned prostitute, who gave up her own person and her husband's crown to her lover. So that Diomed at his return from Troy, when he expected to be received with all the tenderness of a loving spouse, found his bed and throne possessed by an adulterer, was forced to fly his country, and seek refuge and subsistence in foreign lands. Thus the offended Goddess executed her vengeance by the proper effects of her own power, by involving the hero in a series of misfortunes proceeding from the incontinence of his wife. P.

Ver. 512.] He should have written,
 The tender bosom of *some* Grecian dame;
 otherwise, this exquisite passage is admirably translated,

Ver. 517. *The fire of Gods and men superior smil'd.*] One may observe the decorum and decency our author constantly preserves on this occasion: Jupiter only *smiles*, the other Gods *laugh out*. That Homer was no enemy to mirth may appear from several places of his poem; which so serious as it is, is interspersed with many gaities, indeed more than he has been followed in by the succeeding Epic poets. Milton, who was perhaps fonder of him than the rest, has given most into the ludicrous; of which his

Not these, O daughter, are thy proper cares,
 Thee milder arts befit, and softer wars ; 520
 Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing charms,
 To Mars and Pallas leave the deeds of arms.

paradise of fools in the third book, and his *jesting angels* in the sixth, are extraordinary instances. Upon the confusion of Babel, he says there was *great laughter in heaven*: as Homer calls the laughter of the Gods in the first book ἄσπετος γέλως, an *inextinguishable laugh*: but the scripture might perhaps embolden the English poet, which says, *The Lord shall laugh them to scorn*, and the like. Plato is very angry at Homer for making the Deities laugh, as a high indecency and offence to gravity. He says the Gods in our author represent magistrates and persons in authority, and are designed as examples to such; on this supposition, he blames him for proposing immoderate laughter as a thing decent in great men. I forgot to take notice in its proper place, that the epithet *inextinguishable* is not to be taken literally for dissolute or ceaseless mirth, but was only a phrase of that time to signify cheerfulness and seasonable gaiety; in the same manner as we may now say, *to die with laughter*, without being understood to be in danger of dying with it. The place, time, and occasion, were all agreeable to mirth: it was at a banquet; and Plato himself relates several things that past at the banquet of Agathon, which had not been either decent or rational at any other season. The same may be said of the present passage: raillery could never be more natural than when two of the female sex had an opportunity of triumphing over another whom they hated. Homer makes Wisdom herself not able, even in the presence of Jupiter, to resist the temptation. She breaks into a ludicrous speech, and the supreme being himself vouchsafes a smile at it. But this (as Eustathius remarks) is not introduced without judgment and precaution. For we see he makes Minerva first beg Jupiter's permission for this piece of freedom, *Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove*; in which he asks the reader's leave to enliven his narration with this piece of gaiety. P.

Ver. 521.] He might have adhered to his original:

Thine *nuptial rites*, and kind endearing charms.

Thus they in heav'n: while on the plain
below

The fierce Tydides charg'd his Dardan foe,
Flush'd with celestial blood pursu'd his way, 525
And fearless dar'd the threatening God of day;
Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,
Tho' screen'd behind Apollo's mighty shield.
Thrice rushing furious, at the chief he strook;
His blazing buckler thrice Apollo shook: 530
He try'd the fourth: when breaking from the
cloud,

A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.

Thus Chapman:

She should be making marriages, embracings, kisses,
charmes,
Sterne Mars and Pallas had the charge of those affaires
in armes.

Ver. 523.] *Paradise Lost*, iii. 416.

Thus they in heav'n, above the starry sphere.

Ver. 527.] This line is undignified in expression and harmony, ambiguous in construction, and inaccurate in rhyme. Thus?

His foe, in hope, already prest the field.

But our poet seems to have cast his eye on Ogilby:

Three times he *rush'd*, trying him to have *kill'd*;
As oft Apollo interpos'd *his shield*.

Ver. 531.] This is nonsense. Substitute:

At his fourth onset, breaking from the cloud —.

The following is an exact translation of the original:

When, like some God, a fourth assault he made,
Far-darting Phœbus loudly-threatening said.

O son of Tydeus, cease! be wise and see
 How vast the diff'rence of the Gods and thee;
 Distance immense! between the pow'rs that
 shine 535
 Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,
 And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
 A short-liv'd reptile in the dust of earth.

So spoke the God who darts celestial fires;
 He dreads his fury, and some steps retires. 540

Ver. 535.] Too much amplification here. A mixture of our poet and Ogilby would be preferable, in my opinion:

The powers divine, who walk heav'n's starry round,
 And mortals, short lived reptiles of the ground.

The original is this, as literally as I can give it:

Reflect, Tydides! and retire; nor swell
 Thy soul with godlike thoughts. Unlike the tribe
 Of Gods immortal, and earth-creeping men:

whence it is plain, that our translator expatiated after the model of Dacier: "*Il y a une difference infinie entre l'essence toujours permanente des Dieux immortels, qui habitent les cieux, et le néant des mortels, qui rampent sur la terre.*"

Ver. 540. *He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.*] Diomed still maintains his intrepid character; he retires but a *step or two* even from Apollo. The conduct of Homer is remarkably just and rational here. He gives Diomed no sort of advantage over Apollo, because he would not feign what was intirely incredible, and what no allegory could justify. He wounds Venus and Mars, as it is morally possible to overcome the irregular passions which are represented by those deities. But it is impossible to vanquish Apollo, in whatsoever capacity he is considered, either as the *sun*, or as *destiny*: one may shoot at the sun, but not hurt him; and one may strive against destiny, but not surmount it. Eustathius. P.

Then Phœbus bore the chief of Venus' race
 To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place ;
 Latona there and Phœbe heal'd the wound,
 With vigour arm'd him, and with glory
 crown'd.

This done, the patron of the silver bow 545
 A phantom rais'd, the same in shape and show

Ver. 542.] This is a mean verse, and resembles Chapman :

—— within the *holy place*
 Of Pergamus.

Ogilby is good :

The God convey'd Æneas from the plain
 To sacred Troy, where stood his stately fane.

Ver. 546. *A phantom rais'd.*] The fiction of a God's placing a phantom instead of the hero, to delude the enemy and continue the engagement, means no more than that the enemy thought he was in the battle. This is the language of poetry, which prefers a marvellous fiction to a plain and simple truth, the recital whereof would be cold and unaffecting. Thus Minerva's guiding a javelin signifies only that it was thrown with art and dexterity; Mars taking upon him the shape of Acamas, that the courage of Acamas incited him to do so; and in like manner of the rest. The present passage is copied by Virgil in the tenth Æneid, where the spectre of Æneas is raised by Juno or the *air*, as it is here by Apollo or the *sun*; both equally proper to be employed in forming an apparition. Whoever will compare the two authors on this subject, will observe with what admirable art, and what exquisite ornaments, the latter has improved and beautified his original. Scaliger in comparing these places, has absurdly censured the phantom of Homer for its inactivity; whereas it was only formed to represent the hero lying on the ground, without any appearance of life or motion. Spencer in the eighth canto of the third book seems to have improved this imagination, in the creation of his false Florimel, who performs all the functions of life, and gives occasion for many adventures. P.

With great Æneas ; such the form he bore,
 And such in fight the radiant arms he wore.
 Around the spectre bloody wars are wag'd,
 And Greece and Troy with clashing shields
 engag'd. 550

Meantime on Ilion's tow'r Apollo stood,
 And calling Mars, thus urg'd the raging God.
 Stern pow'r of arms, by whom the mighty
 fall ;

Who bath'ft in blood, and shak'ft th' em-
 battl'd wall,

Rise in thy wrath ! to hell's abhorr'd abodes 555
 Dispatch yon' Greek, and vindicate the Gods.
 First rosy Venus felt his brutal rage ;
 Me next he charg'd, and dares all heav'n engage :
 The wretch would brave high heav'n's im-
 mortal fire,

His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire. 560

Ver. 547.] Dryden at the parallel passage of Virgil, *Æn.*
x. 902.

Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom *bore*
 His head aloft ; a plummy crest *he wore.*

Ver. 553.] This attempt is a literal version of the speech :

Mars, murderous Mars ! wall-shaker ! stain'd with blood !
 Wilt thou not go, and drag this man from war ?
 Tydides, who would fight with Jove himself.
 First Venus' wrist he, close-encountering, smote ;
 Then rusht on me, impetuous as a God.

The God of battle issues on the plain,
 Stirs all the ranks, and fires the Trojan train;
 In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide,
 Enrag'd, to Troy's retiring chiefs he cry'd:

How long, ye sons of Priam! will ye fly, 565
 And unreveng'd see Priam's people die?
 Still unresisted shall the foe destroy,
 And stretch the slaughter to the gates of Troy?
 Lo brave Æneas sinks beneath his wound,
 Not godlike Hector more in arms renown'd: 570
 Haste all, and take the gen'rous warrior's part.
 He said; new courage swell'd each hero's heart.
 Sarpedon first his ardent soul express'd,
 And, turn'd to Hector, these bold words ad-
 drefs'd.

Ver. 563.] The *Thracian guide* is but an awkward substitute
 for the *general of the Thracians*. Thus more closely to the original:

In form like Acamas, a prince of Thrace,
 With cheering words addresses Priam's race.

Ver. 566.] Better, if I mistake not,
 And unreveng'd behold his people die.

Ver. 572.] Homer has literally,

He said, and rous'd the strength and soul of each:

but Dacier: "A ce discours il n'y eut personne qui ne sentit une
 « nouvelle ardeur, et qui ne fût animé d'un nouveau courage."

Ver. 574.] I should prefer,
 And, turn'd to Hector, this reproof address'd.

Say, chief, is all thy ancient valour lost, 575
Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious
boast,

That propt alone by Priam's race should stand
Troy's sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?
Now, now thy country calls her wanted friends,
And the proud vaunt in just derision ends. 580
Remote they stand, while alien troops engage,
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.
Far distant hence I held my wide command,
Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lycian land,
With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) blest,
A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast; 586

Ver. 575. *The speech of Sarpedon to Hector.*] It will be hard to find a speech more warm and spirited than this of Sarpedon, or which comprehends so much in so few words. Nothing could be more artfully thought upon to pique Hector, who was so jealous of his country's glory, than to tell him he had formerly conceived too great a notion of the Trojan valour; and to exalt the auxiliaries above his countrymen. The description Sarpedon gives of the little concern or interest himself had in the war, in opposition to the necessity and imminent danger of the Trojans, greatly strengthens this preference, and lays the charge very home upon their honour. In the latter part, which prescribes Hector his duty, there is a particular reprimand, in telling him how much it behoves him to animate and encourage the auxiliaries; for this is to say in other words, you should exhort them, and they are forced on the contrary to exhort you. P.

Ver. 579.] This passage is chargeable with obscurity: a fault not common to our translator. I would alter thus:

Now, *when* thy country calls her *boasting* friends,
Lo! the proud vaunt in just derision ends.

With those I left whatever dear could be;
 Greece, if she conquers, nothing wins from me.
 Yet first in fight my Lycian bands I chear,
 And long to meet this mighty man ye fear ; 590
 While Hector idle stands, nor bids the brave
 Their wives, their infants, and their altars save.
 Haste, warrior, haste ! preserve thy threaten'd
 state ;
 Or one vast burst of all-involving Fate 594
 Full o'er your tow'rs shall fall and sweep away
 Sons, fires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey.
 Rouse all thy Trojans, urge thy aids to fight ;
 These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch
 by night ;

Ver. 588.] A supposition is made; he should, therefore, have written :

Greece, if she *conquer*——.

Ver. 594.] Unfortunately, our translator, from the native enthusiasm of genius, and kindled by the fire of his great exemplar, was perpetually aiming at something more sonorous and magnificent than his original. Otherwise, his exquisite taste would not have permitted him, at a sedate season, to substitute a figure of his own for the beautiful comparison provided to his hands. With this view, the passage might be thus adjusted :

Haste, warrior! haste,—preserve thy threaten'd state;
 Or one vast *net* of all-involving Fate
 Full o'er your tow'rs shall *spread*, and sweep away
 Sons, fires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey.

And surely those, who can relish the native beauties of simplicity, will require no meretricious decorations here.

Ver. 597.] The verses should be transposed, as connection requires; and thus exhibited, with more fidelity :

With force incessant the brave Greeks oppose ; 599
Such cares thy friends deserve, and such thy foes.

Stung to the heart the gen'rous Hector hears,
But just reproof with decent silence bears.

From his proud car the prince impetuous springs,
On earth he leaps ; his brazen armour rings.

Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands ; 605
Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from
flight,

And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.

They turn, they stand, the Greeks their fury dare,
Condense their pow'rs, and wait the growing
war. 610

As when, on Ceres' sacred floor, the swain
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,

These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night :
Rouse all thy *brave auxiliars* to the fight.

Ver. 601.] He was not unmindful of Chapman :

This *stung* great Hector's *heart* ; and yet, as every
generous mind

Should *silent bear a just reproof*—— :

for this is not found in the original, which says literally,

Sarpedon spake ; the words stang Hector's mind.

Ver. 604.] The ambiguity of this line might be eluded thus :

And, as to earth he leaps, his armour rings.

Ver. 611. *Ceres' sacred floor.*] Homer calls the threshing-floor
sacred (says Eustathius) not only as it was consecrated to Ceres, but
in regard of its great use and advantage to human kind : in which

And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,
 Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn ;
 The grey dust, rising with collected winds, 615
 Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds ;
 So white with dust the Grecian host appears,
 From trampling steeds, and thund'ring
 charioteers,
 The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise,
 And roll in smoking volumes to the skies. 620
 Mars hovers o'er them with his sable shield,
 And adds new horrors to the darken'd field :

sense also he frequently gives the same epithet to *cities*, &c. This simile is of an exquisite beauty. P.

Ver. 614.] I cannot approve this verse, and should prefer as follows :

Ascends in clouds *successive* from the corn.

I suppose our poet had an eye on Ogilby :

As *lighter* husks with winnowing breezes borne,
 When Ceres fanns on *sacred* floor her corn.

Ver. 617.] With the alteration of one word, Chapman's version, which is much more faithful, would be perfectly exact; and has, I think, an elegant simplicity in this passage :

So lookt the Grecians gray with dust, that strooke the
brazen heaven,
 Rais'd from returning chariots, and troupes together
 driven.

Our poet amplified from Dacier : “ Tels on voyoit alors les
 “ Grecs courir au combat tout blancs de la poussiere, qui s'élevoit
 “ des pieds de leurs chevaux, et voloit à *gros tourbillons* jusques aux
 “ nuës.”

Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfil
 In Troy's defence, Apollo's heav'nly will :
 Soon as from fight the blue-ey'd maid retires, 625
 Each Trojan bosom with new warmth he fires.
 And now the God, from forth his sacred fane,
 Produc'd Æneas to the shouting train ;
 Alive, unharm'd, with all his Peers around,
 Erect he stood, and vig'rous from his wound : 630
 Enquiries none they made ; the dreadful day
 No pause of words admits, no dull delay ;
 Fierce Discord storms, Apollo loud exclaims,
 Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field's in
 flames.

Stern Diomed with either Ajax stood, 635
 And great Ulysses, bath'd in hostile blood.
 Embodied close, the lab'ring Grecian train
 The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain.
 Unmov'd and silent, the whole war they wait,
 Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate. 640

Ver. 629.] Thus Chapman :

And plac't him by *his peeres* in field.

Ver. 634.] This absorption of the *verb substantive* is always low and clumsy, and should be universally proscribed from the higher poetry. The passage would not be wanting in sublimity, if the luxuriancies of our translator's enraptured imagination were pruned away :

Fresh storms, by Phœbus rais'd, their souls engage ;
 Fell Mars, and Discord's unextinguish'd rage.

Ver. 640.] This comparison, which is unknown to his author,

So when th' embattl'd clouds in dark array,
 Along the skies their gloomy lines display;
 When now the North his boisterous rage has
 spent,
 And peaceful sleeps the liquid element :

originated probably in an expression of Chapman's to a very different purport :

_____ to make them neither feare
 The Trojans force, nor *Fate itself*.

Ver. 641. *So when th' embattl'd clouds.*] This simile contains as proper a comparison, and as fine a picture of nature as any in Homer: however it is to be feared the beauty and propriety of it will not be very obvious to many readers, because it is the description of a natural appearance which they have not had an opportunity to remark, and which can be observed only in a mountainous country. It happens frequently in very calm weather, that the atmosphere is charged with thick vapours, whose gravity is such that they neither rise nor fall, but remain poised in the air at a certain height, where they continue frequently for several days together. In a plain country this occasions no other visible appearance, but of an uniform clouded sky; but in a hilly region these vapours are to be seen covering the tops, and stretched along the sides of the mountains; the clouded parts above, being terminated and distinguished from the clear parts below, by a strait line running parallel to the horizon, as far as the mountains extend. The whole compass of nature cannot afford a nobler and more exact representation of a numerous army, drawn up in line of battle, and expecting the charge. The long-extended even front, the closeness of the ranks, the firmness, order, and silence of the whole, are all drawn with great resemblance in this one comparison. The poet adds, that this appearance is while Boreas and the other boisterous winds, which disperse and break the clouds, are laid asleep. This is as exact as it is poetical; for when the winds arise, this regular order is soon dissolved. This circumstance is added to the description, as an ominous anticipation of the flight and dissipation of the Greeks, which soon ensued when Mars and Hector broke in upon them. P.

The low-hung vapours, motionless and still, 645
 Rest on the summits of the shaded hill;
 'Till the mists scatters as the winds arise,
 Dispers'd and broken thro' the ruffled skies.

Nor was the gen'ral wanting to his train, 649
 From troop to troop he toils thro' all the plain.
 Ye Greeks, be men! the charge of battle bear;
 Your brave associates, and yourselves revere!

Ver. 647.] Our poet has mistaken this part of the simile, and has commented on his mistake; into which, I presume, Hobbes seduced him:

Till boisterous winds arise, it resteth still.

Chapman's version appears to me as beautiful as he is exact:

————— like faire still clouds they stood,
 With which Jove crownes the tops of hills, in any quiet
 day,
 When Boreas and the ruder winds (that use to drive away
 Aire's duskie vapors, being loose, in many a whistling
 gale)
 Are pleasingly bound up and calme, and not a breath
 exhale.

I will correct Ogilby also for the gratification of the reader:

As gloomy clouds, drawn up by Jove's command,
 On mountain summits in fix'd order stand;
 When Boreas sleeps, and, hush'd in silence, lie
 Winds, that disperse the vapours thro' the sky —.

Ver. 651. *Ye Greeks, be men! &c.*] If Homer in the longer speeches of the Iliad, says all that could be said by eloquence, in the shorter he says all that can be said with judgment. Whatever some few modern criticks have thought, it will be found upon due reflection, that the length or brevity of his speeches is determined as the occasions either allow leisure or demand haste. This concise oration of Agamemnon is a masterpiece in the laconic way. The exigence required he should say something very powerful, and

Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,
 And catch from breast to breast the noble fire !
 On valour's side the odds of combat lie, 655
 The brave live glorious, or lamented die ;
 The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
 Meets death, and worse than death, eternal
 shame.

These words he seconds with his flying lance,
 To meet whose point was strong Deicoon's
 chance : 660

no time was to be lost. He therefore warms the brave and the timorous by one and the same exhortation, which at once moves by the love of glory, and the fear of death. It is short and full like that of the brave Scotch General under Gustavus, who upon sight of the enemy, said only this: *See ye those lads? Either fell them; or they'll fell you.* P.

Ver. 652. *Your brave associates and yourselves revere.*] This noble exhortation of Agamemnon is correspondent to the wise scheme of Nestor in the second book : where he advised to rank the foldiers of the same nation together, that being known to each other, all might be incited either by a generous emulation or a decent shame. Spondanus. P.

Ver. 653.] This couplet is mere addition, and would be well rescinded.

Ver. 655.] Ogilby is very close and happy :
 In fight the timorous, not the valiant, die :
 Safety, and honour, flies from them that fly.

Ver. 660.] This is an indifferent line. With the rhymes of Ogilby, a better couplet may be fabricated :

This said, his spear *with rapid force* he threw,
 And *no ignoble chief*, Deicoon, flew.

Æneas' friend, and in his native place
 Honour'd and lov'd like Priam's royal race :
 Long had he fought the foremost in the field,
 But now the monarch's lance transpierc'd his
 shield:

His shield too weak the furious dart to stay, 665
 Thro' his broad belt the weapon forc'd its way ;
 The grizly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell,
 His arms around him rattled as he fell.

Then fierce Æneas brandishing his blade,
 In dust Orfilochus and Crethon laid, 670
 Whose sire Diöcleus, wealthy, brave, and great,
 In well-built Pheræ held his lofty seat :
 Sprung from Alpheüs' plenteous stream! that
 yields

Encrease of harvests to the Pylian fields.
 He got Orfilochus, Diöcleus he, 675
 And these descended in the third decree.
 Too early expert in the martial toil,
 In fable ships they left their native foil,

Ver. 675.] He should have attempted to exceed the vulgarity
 of Ogilby :

The river got Orfilochus the king.

Ver. 677.] I have before observed our poet's manner of accent-
 ing the word *expert*; like our older writers. We should now
 transpose the order :

Expert too early —.

T' avenge Atrides : now untimely slain,
 They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain. 680
 So two young mountain lions, nurs'd with blood
 In deep recesses of the gloomy wood,
 Rush fearless to the plains, and uncontroll'd
 Depopulate the stalls and waste the fold ;
 'Till pierc'd at distance from their native den, 685
 O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of men.
 Prostrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,
 Like mountain firs, as tall and straight as they.

Ver. 680.] Literally:

But them the close of death o'ershadow'd there :
 so that the lively and elegant variation of our translator seems ultimately referable to Dacier : “ Mais ils n'eurent que *la gloire* d' y
 “ mourir.”

Ver. 681.] Thus Ogilby:

As *mountain lions*, whom their mother bred
 In shady coverts——.

Homer says to a word :

Just as two lions on a mountain's brows
 Bred in a deep wood's thickets by their dam :

so that our poet had an eye to Dacier's translation : “ Comme on
 “ voit deux *jeunes lions*, que leur mere a *élevés au carnage* dans
 “ le fond d'une forêt —” : as well as Chapman's :

Bred on the tops of some steepe hill, and in the *gloomie*
deep
 Of an inaccessible wood.

Ver. 683.] This is feeble from too much amplification. I would combine our poet with Ogilby, and make the version closer, thus :

Rush fearless *on* ; lay waste the *crowded* stall,
 'Till by *the* shepherd's *vengeful* steel they fall.

Great Menelaus views with pitying eyes,
 Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies; 690
 Mars urg'd him on; yet ruthless in his hate,
 The God but urg'd him to provoke his fate.
 He thus advancing, Nestor's valiant son
 Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own;
 Struck with the thought, should Helen's lord be
 flain, 695
 And all his country's glorious labours vain.

Ver. 691. *Mars urg'd him on.*] This is another instance of what has been in general observed in the discourse on the battles of Homer, his artful manner of making us measure one hero by another. We have here an exact scale of the valour of Æneas and of Menelaus; how much the former outweighs the latter, appears by what is said of Mars in these lines, and by the necessity of Antilochus's assisting Menelaus: as afterwards what overbalance that assistance gave him, by Æneas's retreating from them both. How very nicely are these degrees marked on either hand? This knowledge of the difference which nature itself sets between one man and another, makes our author neither blame these two heroes, for going against one, who was superiour to each of them in strength; nor that one, for retiring from both, when their conjunction made them an overmatch to him. There is great judgment in all this. P.

Ver. 694.] The word *shakes* appears to me very ineligible. Why should the term, correspondent to the original, be disapproved?

Fears for his danger—.

Ver. 696. *And all his country's glorious labours vain.*] For (as Agamemnon said in the fourth book upon Menelaus's being wounded) if he were slain, the war would be at an end, and the Greeks think only of returning to their country. Spondanus. P.

Already met, the threat'ning heroes stand ;
 The spears already tremble in their hand :
 In rush'd Antilochus, his aid to bring,
 And fall or conquer by the Spartan king. 700
 These seen, the Dardan backward turn'd his
 course,

Brave as he was, and shunn'd unequal force.
 The breathless bodies to the Greeks they drew,
 Then mix in combat, and their toils renew.

First Pylæmenes, great in battle, bled, 705
 Who sheath'd in brass the Paphlagonians led.
 Atrides mark'd him where sublime he stood ;
 Fix'd in his throat, the jav'lin drank his blood.

Ver. 704.] The original is this exactly :

They, turn'd, continued fighting in the van :

so that our author followed Dacier : “ Ils retournent *dans la mêlée*,
 “ ou ils donnent de *nouvelles* marques de leur valeur.”

Ver. 705.] I have before remarked the wrong quantity of the
proper names in our translator, so frequently as shews wrong or right
 with him to have been merely casual : and for this, I think, nothing
 will account but an entire ignorance of the original.

Ver. 706.] The original is to a word ;

Chief of bold Paphlagonians, targetiers :

but Ogilby :

Who up the well-arm'd Paphlagonians led.

Ver. 708.] Our poet imitates Dryden's translation of the
 Æneid, vii. 743 :

Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon stood,
And stop'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.

The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight
 His flying courfers, sunk to endless night: 710
 A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown;
 His bended arm receiv'd the falling stone,
 From his numb'd hand the iv'ry studded reins,
 Dropt in the dust, are trail'd along the plains:
 Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound; 715
 He groans in death, and pond'rous sinks to
 ground:

Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there
 The head stood fix'd, the quiv'ring legs in air,
 'Till trampled flat beneath the courser's feet: }
 The youthful victor mounts his empty seat, 720 }
 And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.

Ver. 713.] Our poet profited by Ogilby:

From his numb'd fingers drop his ivory reins:

and in part from Dacier: "Les guides lui tombent de la main, et
 "vont *trainant* sur la poussiere:" for Homer says only:

_____ and from his hands the reins,

With ivory white, fell on the ground in dust.

Ver. 716.] *Sinks to ground* without the *article* appears to me an
 inadmissible expression. Thus I would propose:

He groans in death, and pond'rous *strikes the ground*.

Ver. 720.] This is saying more than his author will warrant.
 This couplet might have been properly comprised in some verse
 like this:

His prize, the victor *drives them* to the fleet.

Great Hector saw, and raging at the view
 Pours on the Greeks; the Trojan troops pursue:
 He fires his host with animating cries,
 And brings along the Furies of the skies. 725
 Mars, stern destroyer! and Bellona dread,
 Flame in the front, and thunder at their head:
 This swells the tumult and the rage of fight;
 That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light.
 Where Hector march'd, the God of battles
 shin'd, 730
 Now storm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.
 Tydides paus'd amidst his full career;
 Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear.
 As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,
 And wide thro' fens an unknown journey takes;

Ver. 726. *Mars, stern destroyer, &c.*] There is a great nobleness in this passage. With what pomp is Hector introduced into the battle, where Mars and Bellona are his attendants? The retreat of Diomed is no less beautiful; Minerva had removed the mist from his eyes, and he immediately discovers Mars assisting Hector. His surprise on this occasion is finely imaged by that of the traveller on the sudden sight of the river. P.

Ver. 728.] I would chastise the passage thus, merely with a view of improving the phraseology, and the cadence of the verse:

She swells the tumult and the rage of fight;
 A spear *he* shakes, that *beam'd with* dreadful light.
 Where Hector march'd, the God of *war engaged*;
 Now storm'd before him, now behind *him* rag'd.

Ver. 735.] Rather, as more accurate:
 And thro' *wide plains* an unknown journey takes.

If chance a swelling brook his passage stay, 736
 And foam impervious cross the wand'rer's way,
 Confus'd he stops, a length of country past,
 Eyes the rough waves, and tir'd, returns at last.
 Amaz'd no less the great Tydides stands; 740
 He stay'd, and turning, thus address'd his bands.

No wonder, Greeks! that all to Hector yield,
 Secure of fav'ring Gods he takes the field;
 His strokes they second, and avert our spears:
 Behold where Mars in mortal arms appears! 745
 Retire then, warriors, but sedate and slow;
 Retire, but with your faces to the foe,

It must be confessed, that the comparison is nobly poetical, as exhibited in this translation, though expanded to twice the length of the original. Indeed our poet fails in nothing but brevity.

Ver. 742.] This line is intended to concentrate *two* of his author, which run thus:

Friends! how illustrious Hector we admire,
 Fierce with his spear become, and bold in war;

or in rhyme, if you substitute for the latter verse:

Fierce with his spear, and flush'd with martial fire:

so that the turn of our poet's translation was evidently derived from Dacier: "*Ce n'est pas sans raison, mes amis, que nous sommes effrayés de la valeur du grand Hector.*"

Ver. 746.] He might have comprehended his author in equal compass with more fidelity:

Retire, but *on* the foe your faces *turn*,
 Nor 'gainst the Gods with hostile fury burn.

Trust not too much your unavailing might ;
'Tis not with Troy, but with the Gods ye fight.

Now near the Greeks, the black battalions
drew ; 750

And first two leaders valiant Hector flew :
His force Anchialus and Mnesthes found,
In ev'ry art of glorious war renown'd ;
In the same car the chiefs to combat ride,
And fought united, and united dy'd. 755

Struck at the sight, the mighty Ajax glows
With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes,
His massy spear with matchless fury sent,
Thro' Amphius belt and heaving belly went :
Amphius Apæsus' happy foil possess'd, 760
With herds abounding, and with treasure blest'd ;
But fate resistless from his country led
The chief to perish at his people's head.

Ver. 752.] This is a wretched line. Ogilby more closely :
Near them by this the valiant Trojans *drew* :
Hector, Menesthes and Anchialus *flew*.

Ver. 755.] Saul and Jonathan were lovely in their lives, and
in their death they were not divided. 2 Sam. i. 23.

Ver. 756.] Homer says literally :

Them the great Ajax pitied as they fell :

but Dacier: " Le grand Ajax, touché de leur malheur, s' avance
" pour les *venger*."

Ver. 760.] For Apæsus our poet went back to the account of
Amphius in the *second* book ; for Homer has Pæsus here.

Shook with his fall his brazen armour rung,
 And fierce, to seize it, conqu'ring Ajax sprung;
 Around his head an iron tempest rain'd; 766
 A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd;
 Beneath one foot the yet-warm corpse he prest,
 And drew his jav'lin from the bleeding breast:
 He could no more; the show'ring darts deny'd 770
 To spoil his glitt'ring arms, and plummy pride.
 Now foes on foes came pouring on the fields,
 With bristling lances, and compacted shields;
 'Till in the steely circle straighten'd round,
 Forc'd he gives way, and sternly quits the
 ground. 775

While thus they strive, Tlepolemus the great,
 Urg'd by the force of unresisted fate,
 Burns with desire Sarpedon's strength to prove;
 Alcides' offspring meets the son of Jove.
 Sheath'd in bright arms each adverse chief
 came on, 780
 Jove's great descendant, and his greater son.

Ver. 764.] The *participle* is *shaken*, not *shook*.

Dash'd with *the* fall.

Ver. 778. Thus Chapman:

A cruell destinie inspir'd, *with strong desire to prove*
 Encounter with Sarpedon's *strength, the sonne of cloudy*
Jove.

Prepar'd for combat, e'er the lance he tost,
The daring Rhodian vents his haughty boast.

What brings this Lycian Counsellor so far,
To tremble at our arms, not mix in war? 785
Know thy vain self, nor let their flatt'ry move,
Who style thee son of cloud-compelling Jove.
How far unlike those chiefs of race divine,
How vast the diff'rence of their deeds and thine?
Jove got such heroes as my fire, whose soul 790
No fear could daunt, nor earth, nor hell controul.
Troy felt his arm, and yon' proud ramparts stand
Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand :

Ver. 784. *What brings this Lycian Counsellor so far.*] There is a particular sarcasm in Tlepolemus's calling Sarpedon in this place *Λυκίων Βεληφόρε*, Lycian counsellor, one better skilled in oratory than war; as he was the Governor of a people who had long been in peace, and probably (if we may guess from his character in Homer) remarkable for his speeches. This is rightly observed by Spondanus, though not taken notice of by M. Dacier. P.

Ver. 787.] What could induce him not to express his original?
Who style thee son of *ægis-bearing* Jove.

Ver. 790.] This couplet is neither pleasing to my taste, nor expressive of Homer's sense. Something like the following I would propose:

Jove's genuine sons: like them my fire, whose soul
Of lion-frame no terrors could controul.

Ver. 792. *Troy felt his arm.*] He alludes to the history of the first destruction of Troy by Hercules, occasioned by Laomedon's refusing that hero the horses, which were the reward promised him for the delivery of his daughter Hesione.

With fix small ships, and but a slender train,
 He left the town a wide deserted plain. 795
 But what art thou? who deedless look'st around,
 While unreveng'd thy Lycians bite the ground:
 Small aid to Troy thy feeble force can be,
 But wert thou greater, thou must yield to me.
 Pierc'd by my spear to endless darknes go! 800
 I make this present to the shades below.

The son of Hercules, the Rhodian guide,
 Thus haughty spoke. The Lycian king reply'd.
 Thy fire, O prince! o'erturn'd the Trojan
 state,
 Whose perjur'd monarch well deserv'd his
 fate; 805

Ver. 794.] Our poet agrees with Hobbes in omitting a circumstance thus exhibited by Mr. Cowper:

He for the horses of Laomedon
 Lay'd Troy in dust.

Ver. 795.] Literally in Homer:

—— and laid waste her ways:

but Dacier: “Cependant il ne laissa pas de ruiner la ville d’Ilion,
 “et de faire de ses places un affreux *desert*.”

Ver. 798.] He might have an eye on Hobbes:

And can but *little help* afford to Troy.

Ver. 802.] This amplification is very tedious, forced, and unnecessary. A little pains on his part would have produced much improvement. Thus?

*Sarpedon then: He, prince! the Trojan state
 O'erturn'd; whose senseless king deserv'd his fate.*

Those heav'nly steeds the hero fought so far,
 False he detain'd, the just reward of war.
 Nor so content, the gen'rous chief defy'd,
 With base reproaches and unmanly pride.
 But you, unworthy the high race you boast, 810
 Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost:
 Now meet thy fate, and by Sarpedon slain,
 Add one more ghost to Pluto's gloomy reign.

He said: both jav'lines at an instant flew;
 Both struck, both wounded, but Sarpedon's flew:

Ver. 806.] Thus Ogilby:

Detaining promis'd steeds, for which *so far*
 He ventur'd: this brought on that fatal *war*.

Ver. 807.] This is a mistaken addition of his own. The horses in question were not the reward of *war*, but of the deliverance of Hesion from the monster, according to the *mythologists*.

See also our poet's own note above on verse 792.

Ver. 808.] The former clause is not after Homer, but Dacier:
 "Ce roi parjure *ne se contenta pas même de les lui refuser.*"

Ver. 809. *With base reproaches and unmanly pride.*] Methinks these words κακῶ ἐνίπαπε μύθῳ, include the chief sting of Sarpedon's answer to Tlepolemus, which no commentator that I remember has remarked. He tells him Laomedon deserved his misfortune, not only for his perfidy, but for injuring a brave man with unmanly and scandalous reproaches; alluding to those which Tlepolemus had just before cast upon him. P.

Ver. 810.] This practice of our best poets in thus mixing the *pronouns* in the same sentence—you boast—*thy* own—is an irregularity of carelessness, to which, in my opinion, no indulgence should be given.

Ver. 815.] The *first* edition preserves the antient *preterite* of the verb *strike*:

Both *strook*:

Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood, 816
 Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;
 The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night,
 And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.

Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown 820
 Thy angry lance; which piercing to the bone
 Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath,
 But Jove was present, and forbade the death.
 Borne from the conflict by his Lycian throng,
 The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along. 825
 (His friends, each busied in his sev'ral part,
 Thro' haste, or danger, had not drawn the dart.)
 The Greeks, with slain Tlepolemus retir'd;
 Whose fall Ulysses view'd, with fury fir'd;

and for this elegant turn of the passage our author was indebted to Chapman:

———— Both at one instant flew;

Both strooke, both wounded.

Ver. 816.] He might have compressed his version to advantage, and have adhered to his author:

Through his pierc'd neck the pointed weapon goes:

Night o'er his eyes eternal darkness throws.

Ver. 820.] The greater length of Chapman's verse enabled him to comprehend in a more suitable compass the sense of Homer:

Sarpedon's left thigh tooke the lance: it pierc't the solide
 bone,

And with his raging head ranne through: but Jove
 preserv'd his sonne.

These lines are perfectly faithful, and neatly executed.

Doubtful if Jove's great son he should pursue, 830
 Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew.
 But heav'n and fate the first design withstand,
 Nor this great death must grace Ulysses' hand.
 Minerva drives him on the Lycian train;
 Alastor, Cromius, Halius, strow'd the plain, 835
 Alcander, Prytanis, Noëmon fell:
 And numbers more his sword had sent to hell,
 But Hector saw; and furious at the fight,
 Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight.
 With joy Sarpedon view'd the wish'd relief, 840
 And faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the chief.

Oh suffer not the foe to bear away
 My helpless corpse, an unassisted prey;
 If I, unblest, must see my son no more,
 My much-lov'd comfort, and my native shore,
 Yet let me die in Ilion's sacred wall; 846
 Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall.

Ver. 831.] Literally thus:

Or from the Lycian vulgar take their lives:

but Chapman:

———— Then did *revenge* extend

Her full powre on the *multitude*.

Ver. 844.] Very slight correction would enable the version to exhibit the heroism, which breathes in the original of this speech:

Since I, unblest, must see my son no more,
 My much-lov'd comfort, and my native shore,
I shun not death in Ilion's sacred wall —.

He said, nor Hector to the chief replies,
But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies ;

Ver. 848. *Nor Hector to the chief replies.*] Homer is in nothing more admirable than in the excellent use he makes of the *silence* of the persons he introduces. It would be endless to collect all the instances of this truth throughout his poem ; yet I cannot but put together those that have already occurred in the course of this work, and leave to the reader the pleasure of observing it in what remains. The silence of the two heralds, when they were to take Briseis from Achilles, in lib. i. of which see note, p. 45. In the third book, when Iris tells Helen the two rivals were to fight in her quarrel, and that all Troy were standing spectators ; that guilty princess makes no answer, but casts a veil over her face and drops a tear ; and when she comes just after into the presence of Priam, she speaks not, till after he has in a particular manner encouraged and commanded her. Paris and Menelaus being just upon the point to encounter, the latter declares his wishes and hopes of conquest to Heaven ; the former being engaged in an unjust cause, says not a word. In the fourth book, when Jupiter has expressed his desire to favour Troy, Juno declaims against him, but the Goddess of Wisdom, though much concerned, holds her peace. When Agamemnon too rashly reproves Diomed, that hero remains silent, and in the true character of a rough warrior, leaves it to his actions to speak for him. In the present book, when Sarpedon has reproached Hector in an open and generous manner, Hector preserving the same warlike character, returns no answer, but immediately hastens to the business of the field ; as he also does in this place, where he instantly brings off Sarpedon, without so much as telling him he will endeavour his rescue. Chapman was not sensible of the beauty of this, when he imagined Hector's silence here proceeded from the pique he had conceived at Sarpedon for his late reproof of him. That translator has not scrupled to insert this opinion of his in a groundless interpolation altogether foreign to the author. But indeed it is a liberty he frequently takes, to draw any passage to some new, far-fetched conceit of his own invention : inasmuch, that very often before he translates any speech, to the sense or design of which he gives some fanciful turn of his own, he prepares it by several additional lines purposely to prepossess the reader of that meaning. Those who will take the trouble may see examples of this in what

Swift as a whirlwind, drives the scatt'ring foes;
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes. 851

Beneath a beech, Jove's consecrated shade,
His mournful friends divine Sarpedon laid:
Brave Pelagon, his fav'rite chief, was nigh,
Who wrench'd the jav'lin from his sinewy thigh.
The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for flight, 856
And o'er his eye-balls swam the shades of night;
But Boreas rising fresh, with gentle breath,
Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death.

he sets before the speeches of Hector, Paris, and Helena, in the sixth book, and innumerable other places. P.

Ver. 849.] This mode of expressing the customary epithet of Hector which denotes one with a *variegated*, or *waving*, plume to his helmet, seems to border on the burlesque. He might have written properly.

But, *rushing forward*, to the combat flies:
for the comparison of the *whirlwind* is his own.

Ver. 857.] In the *first* edition it is printed *swum*, the *participle* of the *verb*; but *swam* properly in the later impressions, whether by accident or design.

Ver. 858. *But Boreas rising fresh.*] Sarpedon's fainting at the extraction of the dart, and reviving by the free air, shews the great judgment of our author in these matters. But how poetically has he told this truth, in raising the God Boreas to his Hero's assistance, and making a little machine of but one line? This manner of representing common things in figure and person, was perhaps the effect of Homer's Ægyptian education. P.

Ogilby renders,

At which he fainting swoons, near to his death,
Had not *fresh* gales restor'd his vital breath.

The gen'rous Greeks recede with tardy pace, 860
 Tho' Mars and Hector thunder in their face;
 None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,
 Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating fight.
 Who first, who last, by Mars and Hector's hand
 Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand?

Ver. 860. *The gen'rous Greeks, &c.*] This slow and orderly retreat of the Greeks, with their front constantly turned to the enemy, is a fine encomium both of their courage and discipline. This manner of retreat was in use among the ancient Lacedæmonians, as were many other martial customs described by Homer. This practice took its rise among that brave people, from the apprehensions of being slain with a wound received in their backs. Such a misfortune was not only attended with the highest infamy, but they had found a way to punish them who suffered thus even after their death, by denying them (as Eustathius informs us) the rites of burial. P.

Ver. 862.] The version would be brought nearer to the original thus:

*Nor to the ships direct their rapid flight,
 Nor yet advance; for Mars was in the fight.*

Ver. 864. *Who first, who last, by Mars and Hector's hand
 Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand?]*

This manner of breaking into an interrogation, amidst the description of a battle, is what serves very much to awaken the reader. It is here an invocation to the Muse that prepares us for something uncommon; and the Muse is supposed immediately to answer, *Teuthras the great, &c.* Virgil, I think, has improved the strength of this figure by addressing the apostrophe to the person whose exploits he is celebrating, as to Camilla in the eleventh book.

“Quem telo primum, quem postremum, aspera virgo,

“Dejicis? aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis?” P.

Ver. 865.] Stafford, in his version of *Æn.* xi. at the parallel passage there:

Who, gallant virgin, who by thee were slain?

What *gasping* numbers strew'd upon the plain?

Teuthras the great, Orestes the renown'd 866
 For manag'd steeds, and Trechus prefs'd the
 ground;

Next Oenomaus, and Oenops' offspring dy'd;
 Oresbius last fell groaning at their side:

Oresbius, in his painted mitre gay, 870

In fat Bœotia held his wealthy sway,
 Where lakes surround low Hyle's watry plain;
 A prince and people studious of their gain.

The carnage Juno from the skies survey'd,
 And touch'd with grief bespoke the blue-ey'd
 maid. 875

Oh fight accurst! Shall faithless Troy prevail,
 And shall our promise to our people fail?
 How vain the word to Menelaüs giv'n
 By Jove's great daughter and the queen of Heav'n,
 Beneath his arms that Priam's tow'rs should fall;
 If warring Gods for ever guard the wall? 881
 Mars, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes:
 Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose!

She spoke: Minerva burns to meet the war:
 And now heav'n's Empress calls her blazing car.

Ver. 885. *And now heav'n's empress calls her blazing car, &c.*] Homer seems never more delighted than when he has some occasion of displaying his skill in *mechanicks*. The detail he gives us of this chariot is a beautiful example of it, where he takes occasion to describe every different part with a happiness rarely to be found in descriptions of this nature. P.

At her command rush forth the steeds divine; 886
 Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.
 Bright Hebè waits; by Hebè, ever young,
 The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
 On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel 890
 Of sounding brass; the polish'd axle steel.
 Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame;
 The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
 Such as the Heav'ns produce: and round the gold
 Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd. 895
 The bossy naves of solid silver shone;
 Braces of gold suspend the moving throne:
 The car, behind, an arching figure bore;
 The bending concave form'd an arch before.
 Silver the beam, th'extended yoke was gold, 900
 And golden reins th' immortal courfers hold.

Ver. 890.] Thus Chapman:

— instantly, she gives it either *wheele*,

Beam'd with eight spokes of sounding brasse, the axle-tree
 was steele.

Ver. 897.] Our poet follows Dacier: “Il est *suspendu* avec des courroyes d'or et d'argent.” But Ogilby is perfectly exact and happy:

And gold and silver webs expand her seat.

Ver. 898.] Our translator has formed this elegant couplet from the latter part of ver. 728 in the original: and not very licentiously; for the old interpreters assign a variety of senses to the word *αὐτῶν*: and descriptions of this kind are inevitably accompanied with difficulties of interpretation.

Herself, impatient, to the ready car
The courfers joins, and breathes revenge and
war.

Pallas disrobes; her radiant veil unty'd,
With flow'rs adorn'd, with art diversify'd, 905
(The labour'd veil her heav'nly fingers wove)
Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.

Ver. 903.] The original literally is:

For strife all eager, and the din of war;

but Dacier has thus expressed the clause: “Junon—*ne respiroit que*
“la guerre and que les allarmes.”

Ver. 904. *Pallas disrobes.*] This fiction of Pallas arraying herself with the arms of Jupiter, finely intimates (says Eustathius) that she is nothing else but the wisdom of the Almighty. The same author tells us, that the ancients marked this place with a star, to distinguish it as one of those that were perfectly admirable. Indeed there is a greatness and sublimity in the whole passage, which is astonishing, and superiour to any imagination but that of Homer; nor is there any that might better give occasion for that celebrated saying, *That he was the only man who had seen the forms of the Gods, or the only man who had shewn them.* With what nobleness he describes the chariot of Juno, the armour of Minerva, the Ægis of Jupiter, filled with the figures of Horreur, Affright, Discord, and all the terrours of war, the effects of his wrath against men; and that spear with which his power and wisdom overturns whole armies, and humbles the pride of Kings who offend him? But we shall not wonder at the unusual majesty of all these ideas, if we consider that they have a near resemblance to some descriptions of the same kind in the sacred writings, where the Almighty is represented armed with terrour, and descending in majesty to be avenged on his enemies: the *chariot*, the *bow*, and the *shield of God*, are expressions frequent in the Psalms. P.

Ver. 906.] Thus Chapman, who had a singular conception of the passage:

Now heav'n's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,
 Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast; 909
 Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field,
 O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,
 Dire, black, tremendous! Round the margin
 roll'd,
 A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold:

Minerva wrapt her in the robe, that curiously she *wove*
 With glorious colours, as she fate, on th' azure floor
 of Jove.

Ver. 910.] In the same manner Chapman:

And wore the armes, that he puts on, bent to *the teare*
full field;

About her *brode-spread shoulders hung his huge and horrid*
shield,

Fring'd round with ever-fighting snakes: through it was
 drawne to life

The miseries and deaths of fight, in it *frown'd* bloodie
 strife.

And, notwithstanding what I have elsewhere observed and proved, that the *ægis* means the *breast-plate*, it seems more obvious, and indeed unavoidable, to understand by it the *shield* in this place. In short, there is a degree of confusion, through which I cannot see, in the ancient authors upon this point. I refer the reader to my note on ver. 407. of the Eumenides of Æschylus.

Ver. 911.] Thus Milton, Par. Lost. i. 286.

———— the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon.

And indeed our poet has spared no pains in embellishing and subliming this passage: nor without full effect.

Ver. 913. *A fringe of serpents.*] Our author does not particularly describe this fringe of the *Ægis*, as consisting of serpents; but that it did so, may be learned from Herodotus in his fourth

Here all the terrours of grim war appear, 914
 Here rages Force, here trembles Flight and Fear,
 Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,
 And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.
 The massy golden helm she next assumes,
 That dreadful nods with four o'er shading
 plumes;
 So vast, the broad circumference contains 920
 A hundred armies on a hundred plains.

book. "The Greeks (says he) borrowed the vest and shield of
 "Minerva from the Lybians, only with this difference, that the
 "Lybian shield was fringed with thongs of leather, the Grecian
 "with serpents." And Virgil's description of the same *Ægis* agrees
 with this, *Æn.* viii. ver. 435.

"*Ægidaque horriferam, turbatae Palladis arma,
 "Certatim squamis serpentum auroque polibant,
 "Connexosque angues*"——

This note is taken from Spondanus, as is also Ogilby's on this place,
 but he has translated the passage of Herodotus wrong, and made
 the Lybian shield have the serpents which were peculiar to the
 Grecian. By the way I must observe, that Ogilby's notes are for
 the most part a transcription of Spondanus's. P.

Ver. 917.] Ogilby is almost literal:

Amidst, that horrid monster, Gorgon's head,
 Jove's direct omen, fierce and full of dread.

Ver. 920. *So vast, the broad circumference contains A hundred
 armies.*] The words in the original are *ἑκατὸν πόλεων πρυλέσσ'*
ἀερερῶν, which are capable of two meanings; either that this
 helmet of Jupiter was sufficient to have covered the armies of an
 hundred cities, or that the armies of an hundred cities were en-
 graved upon it. It is here translated in such a manner that it may
 be taken either way, though the learned are most inclined to the
 former sense, as that idea is greater and more extraordinary, indeed

The Goddess thus th' imperial car ascends;
 Shook by her arm the mighty jav'lin bends,
 Pond'rous and huge; that when her fury burns,
 Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'er-
 turns.

925

Swift at the scourge th' ethereal courfers fly,
 While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky.
 Heav'n's gates spontaneous open to the pow'rs,
 Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours;

more agreeable to Homer's bold manner, and not extravagant if we call in the allegory to our assistance, and imagine it (with M. Dacier) an allusion to the providence of God that extends over all the universe. P.

Ver. 922.] It required no skill to be exact:

The Goddess thus the *flaming* car ascends.

Ver. 924.] Exactly thus:

Strong, pond'rous, huge; with which Jove's daughter
 tames

The host of heroes, that her wrath inflames;

so that he followed Chapman:

With which the conquests of her wrath, she useth to
 advance,

And *overtur*ne whole fields of men.

Ver. 926.] A fine couplet, raised from this line:

The steeds, urg'd Juno briskly with the scourge:

but, I think, the word *while* breaks the vivacity of the passage, and seems an expletive wholly insignificant. Thus?

Skims the smooth chariot *thro'* the liquid sky.

Ver. 928. *Heav'n's gates spontaneous open.*] This marvellous circumstance of the gates of heaven opening themselves of their

Commiffion'd in alternate watch they ftand, 930
 'The fun's bright portals and the fkyes command,
 Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,
 Or the dark barrier roll with eafe away.

own accord to the divinities that pafs through them, is copied by Milton, lib. v.

At the gate
 Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate felf-open'd wide
 On golden hinges turning, as by work
 Divine the fov'reign architect had fram'd.

And again, in the feventh book,

Heav'n open'd wide
 Her everduring gates, harmonious found
 On golden hinges moving

As the fiction that the Hours are the guards of thofe gates, gave him the hint of that beautiful paffage in the beginning of his fixth,

The Morn
 Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rofy hand
 Unbarr'd the gates of light, &c.

This expreffion of *the gates of heaven* is in the Eastern manner, where they faid the *gates* of heaven, or of earth, for the *entrance* or *extremities* of heaven or earth; a phrafe ufual in the fcriptures, as is obferved by Dacier. P.

Ver. 929. *Heav'n's golden gates kept by the winged Hours.*] By the *Hours* here are meant the *feafons*; and fo Hobbes tranflates it, but fpoils the fenfe by what he adds,

Tho' to the feafons Jove the power gave
 Alone to judge of early and of late;

Which is utterly unintelligible, and nothing like Homer's thought. Natalis Comes explains it thus, lib. iv. c. 5. *Homerus libro quinto Iliadis non folum has, portas cæli fervare, fed etiam nubes inducere & serenum facere, cum libuerit; quippe cum apertum cælum, serenum nomen poetæ, at clausum, tectum nubibus.* P.

Ver. 932.] Exquisite verfes! but his original fays fimplly:
 Or to remove the thick cloud, or impofe:

The founding hinges ring: on either side 934
 The gloomy volumes, pierc'd with light, divide.
 The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient skies,
 Confus'd, 'Olympus' hundred heads arise;
 Where far apart the Thund'rer fills his throne;
 O'er all the Gods superior and alone. 939
 There with her snowy hand the Queen restrains
 The fiery steeds, and thus to Jove complains.
 O Sire! can no resentment touch thy soul?
 Can Mars rebel, and does no thunder roll?
 What lawless rage on yon' forbidden plain, 944
 What rash destruction! and what heroes slain?
 Venus, and Phœbus with the dreadful bow,
 Smile on the slaughter, and enjoy my woe.
 Mad, furious pow'r! whose unrelenting mind
 No God can govern, and no justice bind. 949
 Say, mighty father! shall we scourge his pride,
 And drive from fight th' impetuous homicide?

so that our poet cast his eye on Dacier; "*Qui, lors qu' il faut
 " ouvrir ou fermer ces portes d' éternelle durée, écartent ou rap-
 " prochent sans peine le nuage épais, qui leur sert de barrière.*"

Ver. 935.] These ideas, with others in this description, are
 superadded embellishments, but truly poetical, from the luxuriant
 imagination of our translator.

Ver. 937.] The original dictates

————— Olympus' *numerous* heads arise.

Ver. 951.] From the tenour of the original it is plain, that
 our translator had his eye on Ogilby's version:

To whom assenting, thus the Thund'rer said:
Go! and the great Minerva be thy aid.
To tame the monster-god Minerva knows,
And oft' afflicts his brutal breast with woes. 955

He said; Saturnia, ardent to obey,
Lash'd her white steeds along th' aërial way.
Swift down the steep of heav'n the chariot rolls,
Between th' expanded earth and starry poles.
Far as a shepherd, from some point on high, 960
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye,

Wilt thou be angry, if I put to flight
This homicide, that rageth thus in fight?

Ver. 952.] Homer has, "the cloud-collecting Jupiter;" but Dacier, "*le maître du tonnerre.*"

Ver. 954. *To tame the monster-god Minerva knows.*] For it is only wisdom that can master strength. It is worth while here to observe the conduct of Homer. He makes Minerva, and not Juno, to fight with Mars; because a combat between Mars and Juno could not be supported by any allegory to have authorised the fable: whereas the allegory of a battle between Mars and Minerva is very open and intelligible. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 955.] This is a most wretched line. I should like Ogilby better thus corrected:

Jove then: Set on him Pallas: Pallas knows
How best to thwart him, and his rage oppose.

Ver. 960. *Far as a shepherd, &c.*] Longinus citing these verses as a noble instance of the sublime, speaks to this effect: "In what a wonderful manner does Homer exalt his Deities; measuring the leaps of their very horses by the whole breadth of the horizon? Who is there that considering the magnificence of this hyperbole, would not cry out with reason, That if these heavenly steeds were to make a second leap, the world would want

Thro' such a space of air, with thund'ring
 found,
 At ev'ry leap th' immortal courfers bound:
 Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd those banks
 divine
 Where silver Simois and Scamander join. 965
 There Juno stopp'd, and (her fair steeds unloos'd)
 Of air condens'd a vapour circumfus'd:
 For these, impregnate with celestial dew
 On Simois' brink ambrosial herbage grew.

“room for a third?” This puts me in mind of that passage in Hesiod's Theogony, where he describes the height of the heavens, by saying a smith's anvil would be nine days in falling from thence to earth. P.

Longinus evidently misconceived his author.

Ver. 961.] The epithet *boundless* interferes essentially with the drift of the comparison. We might substitute, more conformably to Homer:

O'er the *black ocean's surface casts* his eye.

Ver. 965.] Thus Ogilby:

Where *Simoeis silver* stream Scamander's weds,
 Juno unharness'd there her foamy steeds,—
 Whom Simoeis feeds with rich ambrosian *dew*;
 Whilst round black curtains of a cloud she drew.

Ver. 966.] These rhymes are not to be admired. Thus?

There Juno stopt; and (her fair steeds *unbound*)
Diffus'd a veil of air condens'd around:

and to obviate the objections of rhymes too soon recurring, correct above:

That space each leap, with hoofs resounding far,
Th' immortal courfers whirl the bounding car.

Thence to relieve the fainting Argive throng, 970
Smooth as the sailing doves, they glide along.

The best and bravest of the Grecian band
(A warlike circle) round Tydides stand:
Such was their look as lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terrour of the wood. 975

Ver. 971. *Smooth as the sailing doves.*] This simile is intended to express the lightness and the smoothness of the motion of these Goddesses. The doves to which Homer compares them, are said by the ancient scholiast to leave no impression of their steps. The word *βάτην* in the original may be rendered *ascenderunt* as well as *incesserunt*; so may imply (as M. Dacier translates it) moving without touching the earth, which Milton finely calls *smooth-sliding without step*. Virgil describes the gliding of one of these birds by an image parallel to that in this verse:

“————— Mox aëre lapsa quieto,

“ Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.”

This kind of movement was appropriated to the Gods by the Ægyptians, as we see in Heliodorus, lib. iii. Homer might possibly have taken this notion from them. And Virgil in that passage where Æneas discovers Venus by her gait, *Et vera incessu patuit Dea*, seems to allude to some manner of moving that distinguished divinities from mortals. This opinion is likewise hinted at by him in the fifth Æneid, where he so beautifully and briefly enumerates the distinguishing marks of a Deity:

“————— Divini signa decoris,

“ Ardentisque notate oculos: qui spiritus illi,

“ Qui vultus, vocisque sonus, vel gressus eunti!”

This passage likewise strengthens what is said in the notes on the first book, ver. 268. P.

Ver. 972.] Ogilby is good, with very little chastisement:

At last they came, Tydides where they found
Hemm'd in with many a valiant hero round:
Like *blood-stain'd* lions feasting o'er their prey,
Or boars as savage and as fierce as they.

Heaven's Empress mingles with the mortal croud,
 And shouts, in Stentor's founding voice, aloud:
 Stentor the strong, endu'd with brazen lungs,
 Whose throat surpass'd the force of fifty tongues.

Inglorious Argives! to your race a shame, 980
 And only men in figure and in name!
 Once from the walls your tim'rous foes engag'd,
 While fierce in war divine Achilles rag'd;
 Now issuing fearless they possess the plain, 984
 Now win the shores, and scarce the seas remain.

Her speech new fury to their hearts convey'd;
 While near 'Tydides stood th' Athenian maid;

Ver. 978. *Stentor the strong, endu'd with brazen lungs.*] There was a necessity for cryers whose voices were stronger than ordinary, in those ancient times, before the use of trumpets was known in their armies. And that they were in esteem afterwards, may be seen from Herodotus, where he takes notice that Darius had in his train an Ægyptian, whose voice was louder and stronger than any man's of his age. There is a farther propriety in Homer's attributing this voice to Juno; because Juno is no other than the *air*, and because the *air* is the cause of *sound*. Eustathius, Spondanus. P.

Thus Ogilby:

Chang'd then to Stentor, who had *brazen lungs*,
 And voices louder far than *fifty tongues*.

Ver. 980.] Our poet has again raked gold from the dung of his predecessor Ogilby:

Thus Juno said: Base Græcians, fie for *shame*;
 Who only bear of *men the shape and name*.

Ver. 984.] Thus, more faithfully to his author:

Now, fearless of *his spear*, they fill the plain,
 Fight at your *ships*; and scarce the seas restrain.

The king beside his panting steeds she found,
 O'erspent with toil, reposing on the ground :
 To cool his glowing wound he sat apart, 990
 (The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart)
 Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend,
 Beneath his pond'rous shield his sinews bend,
 Whose ample belt that o'er his shoulder lay,
 He eas'd; and wash'd the clotted gore away. 995
 The Goddess leaning o'er the bending yoke,
 Beside his courfers, thus her silence broke.
 Degen'rate prince! and not of Tydeus' kind,
 Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind ;

Ver. 995.] Thus Chapman :

———— With his hand he lifted up the belt
 And wip't away that *clotter'd blood*.

Ver. 996.] Homer says, "*toucht the yoke;*" but Dacier, like our poet, "*s' appuye sur le joug.*"

Ver. 998. *Degen'rate prince! &c.*] This speech of Minerva to Diomed derives its whole force and efficacy from the offensive comparison she makes between Tydeus and his son. Tydeus when he was single in the city of his enemy, fought and overcame the Thebans, even though Minerva forbade him; Diomed in the midst of his army, and with enemies inferiour in number, declines the fight, though Minerva commands him. Tydeus disobeyes her, to engage in the battle; Diomed disobeyes her, to avoid engaging; and that too after he had upon many occasions experienced the assistance of the Goddess. Madam Dacier should have acknowledged this remark to belong to Eustathius. P.

This censure of M. Dacier occasions much surprize, to the prejudice of our translator; who has borrowed from others every note, that contains one particle of ancient learning, without a single exception, to the best of my belief, and yet does not acknowledge the obligation *one time in six*.

Foremost he prefs'd in glorious toils to share, 1000
 And scarce refrain'd when I forbade the war.
 Alone, unguarded, once he dar'd to go
 And feast, encircled by the Theban foe;
 There brav'd, and vanquish'd, many a hardy
 knight; 1004
 Such nerves I gave him, and such force in fight.
 Thou too no less hast been my constant care;
 Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to war:
 But thee or fear deters, or sloth detains;
 No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.

The chief thus answer'd mild. Immortal maid!
 I own thy presence, and confess thy aid. 1011

Ver. 999.] Thus Ogilby:
 Who small of stature had a *mighty* heart:
 both of them rather expressing a verse of Virgil, Geo: iv. 73.
Ingentes animos angusto in pectore versant.
 And bulky souls their narrow breast contains.

Ver. 1006.] Homer says literally,
 I stand by thee too, and protection give:
 but Dacier: “Je ne fais pas *moins* pour vous que j’ai fait pour
 “lui.”

Ver. 1008.] Literally:
 Thee, or exhausting toil pervades thy limbs, :
 Or dead'ning fear has seiz'd :
 but Chapman thus:

Affraid, or slothfull, or else both.
 Ver. 1009.] So Dryden, Æn. xi. 642.
 But oh, if any ancient blood remains,
 One drop of all our fathers in our veins.

Not fear, thou know'st, withholds me from the
 plains,
 Nor sloth hath seiz'd me, but thy word restrains:
 From warring Gods thou bad'st me turn my spear,
 And Venus only found resistance here. 1015
 Hence, Goddess! heedful of thy high commands,
 Loth I gave way, and warn'd our Argive bands:
 For Mars, the homicide, these eyes beheld,
 With slaughter red, and raging round the field.
 Then thus Minerva. Brave Tydides, hear! 1020
 Not Mars himself, nor ought immortal fear.
 Full on the God impel thy foaming horse:
 Pallas commands, and Pallas lends thee force.

Ver. 1018.] This couplet represents the following verse of Homer:

But Mars, I know, triumphant rules the fight.

Ver. 1020.] More exactly thus:

Then *Pallas*: *Hero! to my soul most dear.*

Ver. 1021.] Thus Ogilby:

For Mars or any god thou need'st not *fear*.

Ver. 1022.] The reader would suppose, that Diomed was on horseback, and not in his *chariot*. And so Chapman:

Adde scourge to thy free *horse*:

And Ogilby:

'Gainst Mars himself direct thy mettled *horse*,

And fight him hand to hand; nor fear his *force*:

Whose translation, however, I would thus accommodate to the original:

Full on the god impel thy *furious course*;

Strike hand to hand: / Pallas lend thee force.

Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies,
 And ev'ry side of wav'ring combat tries ; 1025
 Large promise makes, and breaks the promise
 made ;

Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans aid.

She said, and to the steeds approaching near;
 Drew from his seat the martial charioteer.

The vig'rous Pow'r the trembling car ascends,
 Fierce for revenge ; and Diomed attends. 1031

The groaning axle bent beneath the load ;
 So great a hero, and so great a God.

Ver. 1024. *Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies.*] Minerva in this place very well paints the manners of Mars, whose business was always to fortify the weaker side, in order to keep up the broil. I think the passage includes a fine allegory of the nature of war. Mars is called *inconstant*, and a *breaker of his promises*, because the chance of war is wavering, and uncertain victory is perpetually changing sides. This latent meaning of the epithet ἀλλοπρόσβαλλος, is taken notice of by Eustathius. P.

Ver. 1026.] The simplicity of Homer is neglected here; which is thus exhibited by Mr. Cowper :

He promised Juno lately and myself,
 That he would fight for Greece, yet now forgets
 His promise, and gives all his aid to Troy.

Ver. 1029.] There is, in my opinion, but little elegance, and certainly not a commendable fidelity, in this translation. My attempt will rather point out the possibility of improvement, than exemplify it.

She said; and, to the steeds approaching near,
 Her hand pull'd back the martial charioteer :
 The furious goddess, as the seat he quits,
 Ascends the car, and by Tydides sits.

Ver. 1033. *So great a God.*] The translation has ventured to call a Goddess so ; in imitation of the Greek, which uses the

She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her
force, 1034
And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horse:

word *Θείας* promiscuously for either gender. Some of the Latin Poets have not scrupled to do the same. Statius, *Thebaid* iv. (speaking of Diana)

"Nec caret umbra *Deo*."

And Virgil, *Æneid* ii. where Æneas is conducted by Venus through the dangers of the fire and the enemy;

"Descendo, ac ducente *Deo*, flammam inter & hostes

"Expeditior" P.

The liberty here claimed by our translator, in correspondence with his author, may, I think, without hesitation be conceded to him. Nor had he not his eye on Ogilby:

The able axe-tree groan'd with such a load;

So bold a hero, and so great a God:

which appears to me a better line than Pope's. There is much beauty also in Chapman's correspondent verse:

A Goddesse so replete with powre, and such a puissant
king.

We might render literally:

A dreadful Goddes, and the first of men.

Ver. 1034.] He followed Chapman in the premature introduction of this circumstance:

She snatch'd the scourge up and the reins, and shut her
heavenly looke

In hels vast helme from Mars his eyes.

Ver. 1035.] To obviate the inconvenience just noticed above, we might correct:

And drove on Mars the chariot's fiery course:

The original says,

And straight on Mars directs the one-hoof'd steeds:

so that Pope improved on Ogilby:

Driving 'gainst Mars in full career the steeds.

But first, to hide her heav'nly visage, spread
Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.

Just then gigantick Periphas lay slain,
The strongest warrior of th' Ætolian train;
The God who slew him, leaves his prostrate prize
Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydides flies. 1041
Now rushing fierce, in equal arms appear,
The daring Greek; the dreadful God of war!
Full at the chief, above his courser's head,
From Mars's arm th' enormous weapon fled; 1045
Pallas oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance
Far from the car, the strong immortal lance.
Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son;
The jav'lin hiss'd; the Goddess urg'd it on: 1049
Where the broad cincture girt his armour round,
It pierc'd the God; his groin receiv'd the wound.

Ver. 1037. *Black Orcus' helmet.*] As every thing that goes into the dark empire of Pluto, or Orcus, disappears and is seen no more: the Greeks from thence borrowed this figurative expression, *to put on Pluto's helmet*, that is to say, *to become invisible*. Plato uses this proverb in the tenth book of his Republick, and Aristophanes in Acharnens. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 1045.] This, if I rightly recollect, is the first instance that has occurred of the prolix form of the *genitive*. It were easy to substitute,

From *the God's* arm th' enormous weapon fled.

In the first edition, it was antiquely written thus:

From *Mars his* arm —.

From the rent skin the warrior tugs again
 The smoking steel. Mars bellows with the pain:
 Loud, as the roar encount'ring armies yield,
 When shouting millions shake the thund'ring
 field. 1055

Both armies start, and trembling gaze around;
 And earth and heav'n rebellow to the sound.

Ve. 1052.] This is scarcely Homer's meaning, though the passage be liable to this construction. Hobbes was right:

But Pallas in his belly stuck the spear,
 And presently the same pluckt out again.

And so Mr. Cowper judiciously understood the passage.

Ver. 1054. *Loud as the roar encount'ring armies yield.*] This *hyperbole* to express the roaring of Mars, so strong as it is, yet is not extravagant. It wants not a qualifying circumstance or two; the voice is not human, but that of a Deity; and the comparison being taken from an army, renders it more natural with respect to the God of war. It is less daring to say, that a God could send forth a voice as loud as the shout of two armies, than that Camilla, a Latian nymph, could run so swiftly over the corn as not to bend an ear of it. Or, to alledge a nearer instance, that Polyphemus, a meer mortal, shook all the island of Sicily, and made the deepest caverns of Ætna roar with his cries. Yet Virgil generally escapes the censure of those moderns who are shocked with the bold flights of Homer. It is usual with those who are slaves to common opinion, to overlook or praise the same things in one, that they blame in another. They think to depreciate Homer in extolling the judgment of Virgil, who never showed it more than when he followed him in these boldnesses. And indeed they who would take boldness from poetry, must leave dulness in the room of it. P.

Ver. 1055.] Our translator should have checked his impetuosity, and have been contented with a nearer equality to the strides of his author:

When shouting *myriads* shake the thund'ring field.

As vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of
death,

Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise, 1060
Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all the
skies;

In such a cloud the God from combat driv'n,
High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the heav'n.
Wild with his pain, he fought the bright abodes,
There fullen fat beneath the fire of Gods, 1065

Ver. 1058. *As vapours blown, &c.*] Mars after a sharp engagement, amidst the rout of the Trojans, wrapt in a whirlwind of dust, which was raised by so many thousand combatants, flies towards Olympus. Homer compares him in this estate, to those black clouds, which during a scorching southern wind in the dog-days, are sometimes borne towards heaven; for the wind at that time gathering the dust together, forms a dark cloud of it. The heat of the fight, the precipitation of the Trojans, together with the clouds of dust that flew above the army, and took Mars from the fight of his enemy, supplied Homer with this noble image. Dacier. P.

The genius of our poet has indulged itself in amplifying *two* verses of his original, thus neatly and pregnantly exhibited by Mr. Cowper:

Such as the dimness is, when summer winds
Breathe hot, and sultry mist obscures the sky.

Ver. 1062.] Homer is exactly,

Such to Tydides brazen Mars appear'd,
Ascending with the clouds to spacious heaven:

but Dacier, who misrepresents her author, was not unnoticed by our poet: "Tel parut à Diomede le redoutable Mars s'élevant
" vers l'Olympe au milieu d'un tourbillon de poussière."

Show'd the celestial blood, and with a groan
Thus pour'd his plaints before th' immortal
throne.

Can Jove, supine, flagitious facts survey,
And brook the furies of this daring day?
For mortal men celestial pow'rs engage, 1070
And Gods on Gods exert eternal rage.
From thee, O Father! all these ills we bear,
And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear:
Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light,
Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right. 1075
All heav'n beside revere thy sov'reign sway,
Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey:
'Tis hers t' offend, and ev'n offending share
Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care:
So boundless she, and thou so partial grown, 1080
Well may we deem the wond'rous birth thy own.

Ver. 1067.] And, weeping, *pour'd* out these *complaints*,
is Chapman's translation. And, with a view to greater fidelity,
I would blend Ogilby with our poet thus:

Then, as he shew'd fresh streaming from his veins
Celestial blood, indignant thus complains.

Ver. 1074. *Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light, Pernicious, wild, &c.*] It is very artful in Homer, to make Mars accuse Minerva of all those faults and enormities he was himself so eminently guilty of. Those people who are the most unjust and violent, accuse others, even the best, of the same crimes: every irrational man is a distorted rule, tries every thing by that wrong measure, and forms his judgement accordingly. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 1081.] More exactly,
Well may we deem the *noxious* birth thy own.

Now frantic Diomed, at her command,
 Against th' Immortals lifts his raging hand :
 The heav'nly Venus first his fury found, 1084
 Me next encount'ring, me he dar'd to wound ;
 Vanquish'd I fled: ev'n I the God of fight,
 From mortal madness scarce was sav'd by flight.
 Else had'st thou seen me sink on yonder plain,
 Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain !
 Or pierc'd with Grecian darts, for ages lie, 1090
 Condemn'd to pain, tho' fated not to die.

Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look
 The lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke.
 To me, perfidious! this lamenting strain? 1094
 Of lawless force shall lawless Mars complain?

Ver. 1089.] The latter clause of this verse is an ample and ingenious improvement on Ogilby :

— else in pain

I, *living*, had 'mongst heaps of bodies lain.

Ver. 1091. *Condemn'd to pain, tho' fated not to die.*] Those are mistaken who imagine our author represents his Gods as mortal. He only represents the inferiour or corporeal Deities as capable of pains and punishments, during the will of Jupiter, which is not inconsistent with true theology. If Mars is said in Dione's speech to Venus to have been near *perishing* by Otus and Ephialtes, it means no more than lasting misery, such as Jupiter threatens him with when he speaks of precipitating him into Tartarus. Homer takes care to tell us both of this God and of Pluto, when Pæon cured them, that they were not mortal:

Οὐ μὲν γάρ τι καταθνήσκουσ' ἑτέτυκτο.

P.

Of all the Gods who tread the spangled skies,
 Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes!
 Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,
 The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight.
 No bound, no law thy fiery temper quells, 1100
 And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.

Ver. 1096. *Of all the Gods—Thou most unjust, most odious, &c.*] Jupiter's reprimand of Mars is worthy the justice and goodness of the great governour of the world, and seems to be no more than was necessary in this place. Homer hereby admirably distinguishes between Minerva and Mars, that is to say, between *wisdom* and ungoverned *fury*; the former is produced from Jupiter without a mother, to show that it proceeds from God alone; (and Homer's alluding to that fable in the preceding speech shows that he was not unacquainted with this opinion.) The latter is born of Jupiter and Juno, because, as Plato explains it, whatever is created by the ministry of second causes, and the concurrence of matter, partakes of that original spirit of division which reigned in the *chaos*, and is of a corrupt and rebellious nature. The reader will find this allegory pursued with great beauty in these two speeches; especially where Jupiter concludes with saying he will not destroy Mars, because he comes from himself; God will not annihilate *passion*, which he created to be of use to *reason*: "Wisdom (says Eustathius upon this place) has occasion for passion, in the same manner as princes have need of guards. Therefore reason and wisdom correct and keep passion in subjection, but do not intirely destroy and ruin it." P.

Ver. 1101. *And all thy mother in thy soul rebels, &c.*] Jupiter says of Juno, that *she has a temper which is insupportable, and knows not how to submit, though he is perpetually chastising her with his reproofs*. Homer says no more than this, but M. Dacier adds, *Si je ne la retenois par la severite de mes loix, il n'est rien qu'elle ne bouleversast dans l'Olympe & sous l'Olympe*. Upon which she makes a remark to this effect, "That if it were not for the laws of providence, the whole world would be nothing but confusion." This

In vain our threats, in vain our pow'r we use;
She gives th' example, and her son pursues.

Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn,
Sprung since thou art from Jove, and heav'nly
born. 1105

Else, sing'd with lightning, had'st thou hence
been thrown,

Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titans groan.

Thus he who shakes Olympus with his nod;
Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding God.

practice of refining and adding to Homer's thought in the text, and then applauding the author for it in the notes, is pretty usual with the more florid modern translators. In the third Iliad, in Helen's speech to Priam, ver. 175, she wishes she had rather died than followed Paris to Troy. To this is added in the French, *Mais je n'eus ni assez de courage ni assez de vertu*, for which there is not the least hint in Homer. I mention this particular instance in pure justice, because in the treatise *de la corruption du gout* exam. de Liv. iii. she triumphs over M. de la Motte, as if he had omitted the sense and moral of Homer in that place, when in truth he only left out her own interpolation. P.

Ver. 1106.] Homer only says,

Else hadst thou been e'er this beneath the gods:

or, as Mr. Cowper more elegantly renders:

Thou shouldst have found long since an humbler sphere.

But our poet follows the paraphrastical interpretation of his predecessors. Thus Chapman:

— thou hadst bene throwne from heaven

Long since, as low as Tartarus, beneath the giants driven:

and thus Dacier: "Il y a long-tems que tu ferois dans des abîmes
plus profonds que ceux où j'ai précipité les Titans."

With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,
And heal'd th' immortal flesh, and clos'd the
wound. IIII

As when the fig's prest juice, infus'd in cream,
To curds coagulates the liquid stream,

Ver. IIII2. *As when the fig's prest juice, &c.*] The sudden operation of the remedy administered by Pæon, is well expressed by this similitude. It is necessary just to take notice, that they anciently made use of the juice or sap of a fig for runnet, to cause their milk to coagulate. It may not be amiss to observe, that Homer is not very delicate in the choice of his allusions. He often borrowed his similes from low life, and provided they illustrated his thoughts in a just and lively manner, it was all he had regard to.

THE allegory of this whole book lies so open, is carried on with such closeness, and wound up with so much fulness and strength, that it is a wonder how it could enter into the imagination of any critick, that these actions of Diomed were only a daring and extravagant fiction in Homer, as if he affected the *marvellous* at any rate. The great moral of it is, that a brave man should not contend against Heaven, but resist only Venus and Mars, incontinence and ungoverned fury. Diomed is proposed as an example of a great and enterprising nature, which would perpetually be venturing too far, and committing extravagancies or impieties, did it not suffer itself to be checked and guided by Minerva or prudence: for it is this *wisdom* (as we are told in the very first lines of the book) that raises a hero above all others. Nothing is more observable than the particular care Homer has taken to shew he designed this moral. He never omits any occasion throughout the book, to put it in express terms into the mouths of the Gods, or persons of the greatest weight. Minerva, at the beginning of the battle, is made to give this precept to Diomed; *Fight not against the Gods, but give way to them, and resist only Venus*. The same Goddess opens his eyes, and enlightens him so far as to perceive when it is heaven that acts immediately against him, or when it is man only that opposes him. The hero himself, as soon as he has performed her dictates in driving away Venus, cries out, not as to the Goddess, but as to the *passion*,

Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;
 Such, and so soon, th' ætherial texture join'd. 1115
 Cleans'd from the dust and gore, fair Hebe drest
 His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.
 Glorious he sat, in majesty restor'd,
 Fast by the throne of heav'n's superiour lord.
 Juno and Pallas mount the blest abodes, 1120
 Their task perform'd, and mix among the Gods.

Thou hast no business with warriors, is it not enough that thou deceivest weak women? Even the mother of Venus, while she comforts her daughter, bears testimony to the moral: That man (says she) is not long-lived who contends with the Gods. And when Diomed, transported by his nature, proceeds but a step too far, Apollo discovers himself in the most solemn manner, and declares this truth in his own voice, as it were by direct revelation: Mortal, forbear! consider, and know the vast difference there is between the Gods and thee. They are immortal and divine, but man a miserable reptile of the dust. P.

Ver. 1116.] Ogilby is poetical:

So quick he heal'd; whom Hebe bath'd and drest
 In glorious weeds and a celestial vest.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE EPISODES OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMED, AND OF
HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

THE

SIXTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE EPISODES OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMED, AND OF
HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

THE Gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector having performed the orders of Helenus, prevailed upon Paris to return to the battle; and taken a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the river Simois and Scamander, and then changes to Troy. P.

THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

NOW heav'n forsakes the fight: th' im-
mortals yield
To human force and human skill, the field:
Dark show'rs of jav'lins fly from foes to foes;
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;
While Troy's fam'd * streams, that bound the
deathful plain,
On either side run purple to the main.
Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.

Ver. 3.] Not the original, but Ogilby, supplied this meta-
phor:

Whilst *storms* of adverse javelins cloud the sphere.

Ver. 6.] Our poet had in his memory a fine passage of Para-
dise Lost. i. 450:

While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea.

Ver. 7. *Ajax first.*] Ajax performs his exploits immediately
upon the departure of the Gods from the battle. It is observed

* Scamander and Simois.

The Thracian Acamas his falchion found,
 And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground; 10
 His thund'ring arm a deadly stroke imprest
 Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest:
 Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
 And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.
 Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood,
 Axylus, hospitable, rich and good: 16

that this hero is never assisted by the deities, as most of the rest are; see his character in the notes on the seventh book. The expression of the Greek is, that he *brought light to his troops*, which M. Dacier takes to be metaphorical: I do not see but it may be literal; he broke the thick squadrons of the enemy, and opened a passage for the light. P.

I prefer, with the *scholiast* also and the old *lexicographers*, a *metaphorical* acceptation, as more dignified and poetical.

Ver. 9. *The Thracian Acamas.*] This Thracian prince is the same in whose likeness Mars appears in the preceding book, rallying the Trojans, and forcing the Greeks to retire. In the present description of his strength and size, we see with what propriety this personage was selected by the poet, as fit to be assumed by the God of war. P.

This application of the word *found*, for the sake of the rhyme, favours more of a plebeian poetaster, than such a consummate artificer as our translator. Thus?

He smote great Acamas the Thracian down,
 A man of might, and warrior of renown.

Ver. 10.] In the first edition, *That* hew'd—.

Ver. 14.] He borrowed his metaphor, I presume, of Ogilby:
 Death up his fight with night's black signet *seal'd*:

which easily transforms itself into an excellent line:

With night's black signet Death his *eye-lids* seal'd.

Ver. 16. *Axylus, hospitable.*] This beautiful character of Axylus has not been able to escape the misunderstanding of some of

In fair Arifbe's walls (his native place)
He held his feat; a friend to human race.

the commentators, who thought Homer designed it as a reproof of an undistinguished generosity. It is evidently a panegyrick on that virtue, and not improbably on the memory of some excellent, but unfortunate man in that country, whom the poet honours with the noble title of *A friend to mankind*. It is indeed a severe reproof of the ingratitude of men, and a kind of satire on human race, while he represents this lover of his species miserably perishing without assistance from any of those numbers he had obliged. This death is very moving, and the circumstance of a faithful servant's dying by his side, well imagined, and natural to such a character. His manner of keeping house near a frequented highway, and relieving all travellers, is agreeable to that ancient hospitality which we now only read of. There is abundance of this spirit every where in the *Odyssey*. The patriarchs in the Old Testament sit at their gates to see those who pass by, and intreat them to enter into their houses: this cordial manner of invitation is particularly described in the eighteenth and nineteenth chapters of *Genesis*. The Eastern nations seem to have had a peculiar disposition to these exercises of humanity, which continues in a great measure to this day. It is yet a piece of charity frequent with the Turks, to erect caravan-sera, or inns for the reception of travellers. Since I am upon this head, I must mention one or two extraordinary examples of ancient hospitality. Diodorus Siculus writes of Gallias of Agrigentum, that having built several inns for the relief of strangers, he appointed persons at the gates to invite all who travelled to make use of them; and that this example was followed by many others who were inclined, after the ancient manner, to live in a humane and beneficent correspondence with mankind. That this Gallias entertained and cloathed at one time no less than five hundred horsemen; and that there were in his cellars three hundred vessels, each of which contained an hundred hogsheads of wine. The same author tells us of another Agrigentine, that at the marriage of his daughter feasted all the people of his city, who at that time were above twenty thousand.

Herodotus in his seventh book has a story of this kind, which is prodigious, being of a private man so immensely rich as to enter-

Fast by the road, his ever-open door
Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor. 20

tain Xerxes and his whole army. I shall transcribe the passage as I find it translated to my hands.

“ Pythius the son of Atys, a Lydian, then residing in Celæne,
“ entertained the king and all his army with great magnificence,
“ and offered him his treasures towards the expence of the war;
“ which liberality Xerxes communicating to the Persians about him,
“ and asking who this Pythius was, and what riches he might have,
“ to enable him to make such an offer; received this answer:
“ Pythius, said they, is the person who presented your father
“ Darius with a plane-tree and vine of gold; and after you, is the
“ richest man we know in the world. Xerxes surprized with these
“ last words, asked him to what sum his treasures might amount.
“ I shall conceal nothing from you, said Pythius, nor pretend to be
“ ignorant of my own wealth; but being perfectly informed of
“ the state of my accounts, shall tell you the truth with sincerity.
“ When I heard you was ready to begin the march towards the
“ Grecian sea, I resolved to present you with a sum of money to-
“ wards the charge of the war; and to that end having taken an
“ account of my riches, I found by computation that I had two
“ thousand talents of silver, and three millions nine hundred ninety-
“ three thousand pieces of gold, bearing the stamp of Darius.
“ These treasures I freely give you, because I shall be sufficiently
“ furnished with whatever is necessary to life by the labour of my
“ servants and husbandmen.

“ Xerxes heard these words with pleasure, and in answer to
“ Pythius said; My Lydian host, since I parted from Susa I have
“ not found a man beside yourself, who has offered to entertain my
“ army, or voluntarily to contribute his treasures to promote the
“ present expedition. You alone have treated my army mag-
“ nificently, and readily offered me immense riches: therefore, in
“ return of your kindness, I make you my host; and that you may
“ be master of the intire sum of four millions of gold, I will give
“ you seven thousand Darian pieces out of my own treasure. Keep
“ then all the riches you now possess; and if you know how to
“ continue always in the same good disposition, you shall never
“ have reason to repent of your affection to me, either now or in
“ future time.”

To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,
 No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!
 Breathless the good man fell, and by his side
 His faithful servant, old Calchius dy'd.

By great Euryalus was Drefus slain, 25
 And next he lay'd Opheltius on the plain.
 Twotwins were near, bold, beautiful and young,
 From a fair Naiad and Bucolion sprung:
 (Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
 That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed; 30
 In secret woods he won the Naiad's grace,
 And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace.)
 Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;
 The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.

The sum here offered by Pythius amounts, by Brerewood's computation, to three millions three hundred seventy-five thousand pounds sterling, according to the lesser valuation of talents. I make no apology for inserting so remarkable a passage at length, but shall only add, that it was at last the fate of this Pythius (like our Axylus) to experience the ingratitude of man; his eldest son being afterwards cut in pieces by the same Xerxes. P.

Our poet is mistaken in his criticism. It is plain, from a variety of similar passages, that Homer meant no "reproof of ingratitude, "or satire on human race." He designed merely a pathetic reflexion, that "one, who had befriended so many, should not "have the good fortune to be befriended by them in this extremity:" not bringing an accusation, because they were ignorant of their friend's fate; remote, or dead; but lamenting only the unmerited catastrophe of so benevolent a person.

Ver. 20.] I should prefer,

The *rich admitted*, and *reliev'd* the poor.

Aftyalus by Polypoetes fell; 35
 Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to hell;
 By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaön bled,
 And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead;
 Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,
 The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave, 40
 Who held in Pedasus his proud abode,
 And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.
 Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain;
 And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.

Unblest Adrastus next at mercy lies 45
 Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.
 Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
 His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,
 Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke
 The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke; 50
 Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,
 For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.

Ver. 40.] He follows Chapman and Ogilby in the wrong quantity of the word *Elatus*.

He had further also an eye, I presume, on Chapman:

————— the great sonne
 Of Atreus and king of men, Elatus; whose *abode*
 He *held* at upper Pedasus, where Sattnius river *flow'd*.

Ver. 48.] Homer says literally,

In wild affright his coursers through the plain:

so that our poet probably consulted his French translator: “ Les
 “ chevaux épouvantés *precipitant leur fuite*.—”

Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel:
 Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel;
 The fallen chief in suppliant posture prefs'd 55
 The victor's knees, and thus his pray'r address'd.
 Oh spare my youth, and for the life I owe
 Large gifts of price my father shall bestow;

Ver. 53.] Our poet treads closely in the steps of Ogilby:
 Down *on his face* he tumbles near *the wheel*;
 In rush'd Atrides with *revengeful steel*.

Ver. 57. *Oh spare my youth, &c.*] This passage, where Agamemnon takes away that Trojan's life whom Menelaus had pardoned, and is not blamed by Homer for so doing, must be ascribed to the uncivilized manners of those times, when mankind was not united by the bonds of a rational society, and is not therefore to be imputed to the poet, who followed nature as it was in his days. The historical books of the Old Testament abound in instances of the like cruelty to conquered enemies.

Virgil had this part of Homer in his view, when he described the death of Magus in the tenth Æneid. Those lines of his prayer, where he offers a ransom, are translated from this of Adrastus, but both the prayer and the answer Æneas makes when he refuses him mercy, are very much heightened and improved. They also receive a great addition of beauty and propriety from the occasion on which he inserts them: young Pallas is just killed, and Æneas seeking to be revenged upon Turnus, meets this Magus. Nothing can be a more artful piece of address than the first lines of that supplication, if we consider the character of Æneas, to whom it is made.

“ Per patrios manes, per spes surgentis Iūli,
 “ Te precor, hanc animam serves natoque, patrique.”

And what can exceed the closeness and fulness of that reply to it:

“ ————— Belli commercia Turnus
 “ Sustulit ista prior, jam tum Pallante perempto.
 “ Hoc patris Anchisæ manes, hoc sentit Iūlus.”

When fame shall tell, that, not in battle slain,
 Thy hollow ships his captive son detain; 60
 Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told,
 And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.

He said: compassion touch'd the hero's
 heart;

He stood, suspended, with the lifted dart:
 As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize, 65
 Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,
 And furious, thus. Oh impotent of mind!
 Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find?

This removes the imputation of cruelty from Æneas, which had less agreed with his character than it does with Agamemnon's; whose reproof to Menelaus in this place is not unlike that of Samuel to Saul, for not killing Agag. P.

An anonymous hand has properly remarked on the margin of my copy, that this severity of Agamemnon must be imputed also "to the late perfidy of the Trojans, who had by that means renewed the war, and of consequence exasperated the enemy; which, as it naturally raises, does certainly excuse, a more than ordinary fierceness." See verse 69.

Ver. 58.] The expression of this verse is quaint, and might easily be improved: as thus, perhaps:

My father *precious ransom* shall bestow.

Ver. 62.] *Persuasive* is an ill-timed and insignificant epithet.

Ver. 64.] This verse is an animated interpolation of the translator, suggested, perhaps, by Virgil, Æn. xii. 938.

————— stetit acer in armis

Æneas, volvens oculos, dextramque repressit:

In deep suspense, the Trojan seem'd to stand;

And, just prepar'd to strike, repress'd his hand. *Dryden.*

Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious
land,

And well her natives merit at thy hand! 70

Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage:

Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;

Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.

Ver. 69.] There is an inconsistency in this couplet; for the serious air of the *former* verse counteracts the proper irony of the *second*. Mr. Cowper thus conveys the sarcasm of the original:

——— Thy Trojan friends
Have, doubtless, much obliged thee.

Pope has amplified this speech injudiciously, and weakened the vigour of his author by gratuitous additions. No passage has yet occurred, in my opinion, on which his efforts have been so unsuccessful. I will hazard a correction, and entirely drop the *two* concluding verses, which contain a reflection unknown to his author, and derived probably from Dacier: “*Qu'ils perissent tous avec Ilion; et que leur chatiment soit pour l'univers une leçon éternelle.*”

Not one of all the race, *no* sex, nor age,
Nor child unborn, shall *scape* our boundless rage.
Ilion shall fall; *her sons unpitied die*;
And all in undistinguish'd ruin lie.

Ver. 74. *Her infants at the breast, shall fall.*] Or, her infants *yet in the womb*, for it will bear either sense. But I think Madam Dacier in the right, in her affirmation that the Greeks were not arrived to that pitch of cruelty to rip up the wombs of women with child. Homer (says she) to remove all equivocal meaning from this phrase, adds the words *νεῖρον ἐόντα*, *juvenem puerulum existentem*, which would be ridiculous, were it said of a child yet unborn. Besides, he would never have represented one of his first heroes capable of so barbarous a crime; or at least would not have commended him (as he does just after) for such a wicked exhortation. P.

A dreadful lesson of example'd fate, 75

To warn the nations, and to curb the great!

The monarch spoke; the words, with warmth
addrest,

To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.

Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;

The monarch's jav'lin stretch'd him in the dust. 80

Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,

Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.

Old Nestor saw, and rous'd the warrior's rage;

Thus, heroes! thus the vig'rous combat wage!

No son of Mars descend, for servile gains, 85

To touch the booty, while a foe remains.

Behold yon' glitt'ring host, your future spoil!

First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.

Hesychius interprets *νεῖος* to mean a *male* child: Homer means, therefore, that "not even the unborn child, could he be known to
"be a *male*, should be spared:" which is no censurable hyperbole.

Ver. 77.] The conclusion of this verse is not from Homer, but Dacier: "Cet avertissement *plein de force*—."

Ver. 79.] Thus Ogilby:

Whom Agamemnon through the bowels *thrust*;

Down falls he on his back in bloody *dust*:

which are Chapman's rhymes also.

Ver. 83.] Our translator, in imitation of Chapman, gives this speech of Nestor a connection with the preceding circumstance; for which I discover no warrant from the original.

Ver. 88. *First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.*] This important maxim of war is very naturally introduced, upon Nestor's having seen Menelaus ready to spare an enemy for the sake of a

And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
 And frighted Troy within her walls retir'd; 90
 Had not sage Helenus her state redrest,
 Taught by the Gods that mov'd his sacred breast.
 Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,
 The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind.

Ye gen'rous chiefs on whom th' immortals
 lay 95
 The cares and glories of this doubtful day;
 On whom your aids, your country's hopes
 depend;
 Wise to consult, and active to defend!

ransom. It was for such lessons as these (says M. Dacier) that Alexander so much esteemed Homer, and studied his poem. He made his use of this precept in the battle of Arbela, when Parmenio being in danger of weakening the main body to defend the baggage, he sent this message to him: Leave the baggage there; for if we gain the victory, we shall not only recover what is our own, but be masters of all that is the enemy's. Histories ancient and modern are filled with examples of enterprises that have miscarried, and battles that have been lost, by the greediness of soldiers for pillage. P.

Ver. 95.] Homer says only, "The labour lies most on you;" but Dacier has: "Puisque c'est de vous seuls que dépend le succès de cette journée—."

Ver. 98. *Wise to consult, and active to defend!*] This is a two-fold branch of praise, expressing the excellence of these princes both in council and in battle. I think Madam Dacier's translation does not come up to the sense of the original. *Les plus hardis & les plus experimentez des nos capitains.* P.

Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
 Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight; 100
 E'er yet their wives soft arms the cowards gain,
 The sport and insult of the hostile train.

When your commands have hearten'd ev'ry
 band,

Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dang'rous
 stand;

Press'd as we are, and fore of former fight, 105
 These straits demand our last remains of might.

Meanwhile, thou Hector to the town retire,
 And teach our mother what the Gods require:

Ver. 101.] Thus Chapman:

Left, fled into their *wives kind arms*, they there be
 made *the sports*
 Of the pursuing enemy.

Ver. 103.] Ogilby renders thus:

When you have rallied our disorder'd *bands*,
 And *cheer'd* them by example and *commands*.

Ver. 107. *Thou Hector to the town.*] It has been a modern objection to Homer's conduct, that Hector upon whom the whole fate of the day depended, is made to retire from the battle, only to carry a message to Troy concerning a sacrifice, which might have been done as well by any other. They think it absurd in Helenus to advise this, and in Hector to comply with it. What occasioned this false criticism, was, that they imagined it to be a piece of *advice*, and not a *command*. Helenus was a priest and augur of the highest rank, he enjoins it as a point of religion, and Hector obeys him as one inspired from heaven. The Trojan army was in the utmost distress, occasioned by the prodigious slaughter made by Diomed: there was therefore more reason and necessity to propitiate Minerva who assisted that hero; which Helenus might know,

Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's
fane;

110

though Hector would have chosen to have staid and trusted to the arm of flesh. Here is nothing but what may agree with each of their characters. Hector goes, as he was obliged in religion; but not before he has animated the troops, re-established the combat, repulsed the Greeks to some distance, received a promise from Helenus that they would make a stand at the gates, and given one himself to the army that he would soon return to the fight: all which Homer has been careful to specify, to save the honour, and preserve the character, of this hero. As to Helenus's part; he saw the straits his countrymen were reduced to, he knew his authority as a priest, and designed to revive the courage of the troops by a promise of divine assistance. Nothing adds more courage to the minds of men than superstition; and perhaps it was the only expedient then left; much like a modern practice in the army, to enjoin a *fast* when they wanted provisions. Helenus could no way have made his promise more credible, than by sending away Hector; which looked like an assurance that nothing could prejudice them during his absence on such a religious account. No leader of less authority than Hector could so properly have enjoined this solemn act of religion; and lastly, no other whose valour was less known than his, could have left the army in this juncture without a taint upon his honour. Homer makes this piety succeed: Paris is brought back to the fight, the Trojans afterwards prevail, and Jupiter appears openly in their favour, l. viii. Though after all, I cannot dissemble my opinion, that the poet's chief intention in this, was to introduce that fine episode of the parting of Hector and Andromache. This change of the scene to Troy furnishes him with a great number of beauties. *By this means (says Eustathius) his poem is for a time divested of the fierceness and violence of battles, and being as it were washed from slaughter and blood, becomes calm and smiling by the beauty of these various episodes.* P.

Ver. 109.] Thus Ogilby:

with all the ladies in her train
Implore Minerva in her sacred fane.

Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the pow'r
 With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tow'r.
 The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
 Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
 Before the Goddess' honour'd knees be spread; 115
 And twelve young heifers to her altars led:
 If so the pow'r, aton'd by fervent pray'r,
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,

Ver. 111.] Our poet follows Chapman,

— take the key, unlocke the heavie gates —

in understanding the original of the gates of the *temple*, which seem to mean rather the doors of a private apartment, where the vestments, employed for sacred purposes, were repositied. So Mr. Cowper appears to apprehend the passage. Hobbes, Ogilby, and Dacier evade the difficulty by silence.

Ver. 117. *If so the pow'r, aton'd, &c.*] The poet here plainly supposes Helenus, by his skill in augury or some other divine inspiration, well informed that the might of Diomed, which wrought such great destruction among the Trojans, was the gift of Pallas incensed against them. The prophet therefore directs prayers, offerings and sacrifices to be made, to appease the anger of this offended Goddess; not to invoke the mercy of any propitious Deity. This is conformable to the whole system of Pagan superstition, the worship whereof being grounded, not on love but fear, seems directed rather to avert the malice and anger of a wrathful and mischievous Dæmon, than to implore the assistance and protection of a benevolent being. In this strain of religion this same prophet is introduced by Virgil, in the third *Æneid*, giving particular direction to Æneas to appease the indignation of Juno, as the only means which could bring his labours to a prosperous end.

“ Unum illud tibi, nate Deâ, præque omnibus unum

“ Prædicam, & repetens iterumque iterumque monebo :

“ Junonis magnæ primum prece numen adora ;

And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy
retire. 120

Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread,
Sprung tho' he was from more than mortal bed;
Not thus resistless rul'd the stream of fight,
In rage unbounded, and unmatched in might.

Hector obedient heard; and, with a bound, 125
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
Thro' all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
And bids the thunder of the battle rise.
With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
And turn the tide of conflict on the foe: 130

"Junoni cane vota libens, dominamque potentem
"Supplicibus supera donis."——

P.

Ver. 120.] Homer merely calls him,
Wild warriour, strong artificer of flight:
so that Dacier's version appears to have regulated our author: "*Ce*
"*furieux guerrier, qui sème l'épouvante dans nos troupes, et qui*
"*seul renverse nos escadrons & nos bataillons.*"

Ver. 121.] Ogilby is exactly faithful, which Pope is not:
That flower of all the Græcian chivalrie,
Achilles, not so dreadfull was as he.

Ver. 128.] Our poet has done honour to this admirable verse
by transplanting it from the *dry desert* of Addison's *campaign* into
his own paradise of eternal spring:

The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.

Ver. 130.] A noble verse, which might be suggested by one of
Chapman's a little below:

Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears:
All Greece recedes, and 'midst her triumphs
fears:

Some God, they thought, who rul'd the fate
of wars,

Shot down avenging, from the vault of stars.

Then thus, aloud. Ye dauntless Dardans hear!
And you whom distant nations send to war! 136
Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore;
Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.
One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall: 140
Nor shall, I trust, the matrons holy train
And rev'rend elders, seek the Gods in vain.

This said, with ample strides the hero past;
The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,

Thus Hector, toying in the *waves*, and thrusting back
the *flood*
Of his *ebb'd* forces —.

Ver. 134.] He has borrowed here an expression from Chapman:

———— Slaughter stood still dismay'd
On their parts; for *they thought some god, false from the*
vault of starres,
Was rush'd into the Ilion's aide, they made such dreadful
warres.

Ver. 144.] So Milton, with his customary sublimity, Par.
Lost. vi. 254.

He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky *orb*
Of tenfold adamant, his ample *shield*,
A vast circumference.

His neck o'ershading to his ancle hung; 145
 And as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battle (Godlike Hector gone)
 When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son

Ver. 147. *The interview of Glaucus and Diomed.*] No passage in our author has been the subject of more severe and groundless criticisms than this, where these two heroes enter into a long conversation (as they will have it) in the heat of a battle. Monsieur Dacier's answer in defence of Homer is so full, that I cannot do better than to translate it from his remarks on the twenty-sixth chapter of Aristotle's Poetic. There can be nothing more unjust than the criticisms past upon things that are the effect of custom. It was usual in ancient times for soldiers to talk together before they encountered. Homer is full of examples of this sort, and he very well deserves we should be so just as to believe, he had never done it so often, but that it was agreeable to the manners of his age. But this is not only a thing of custom, but founded on reason itself. The ties of hospitality in those times were held more sacred than those of blood; and it is on that account Diomed gives so long an audience to Glaucus, whom he acknowledges to be his guest, with whom it was not lawful to engage in combat. Homer makes an admirable use of this conjuncture, to introduce an entertaining history after so many battles as he has been describing, and to unbend the mind of his reader by a recital of so much variety as the story of the family of Sisyphus. It may be farther observed, with what address and management he places this long conversation; it is not during the heat of an obstinate battle, which had been too unseasonable to be excused by any custom whatever; but he brings it in after he has made Hector retire into Troy, when the absence of so powerful an enemy had given Diomed that leisure which he could not have had otherwise. One need only read the judicious remark of Eustathius upon this place. *The poet (says he) after having caused Hector to go out of the fight, interrupts the violence of wars, and gives some relaxation to the reader, in causing him to pass from the confusion and disorder of the action to the tranquillity and security of an historical narration. For by means of the happy episode of Glaucus, he casts a thousand pleasing wonders into his poem; as fables, that include beautiful allegories, histories, genealogies, sentences, ancient customs, and*

Between both armies met: the chiefs from far
 Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war. 150

several other graces that tend to the diversifying of his work, and which by breaking (as one may say) the monotony of it, agreeably instruct the reader. Let us observe, in how fine a manner Homer has hereby praised both Diomed and Hector. For he makes us know, that as long as Hector is in the field, the Greeks have not the least leisure to take breath; and that as soon as he quits it, all the Trojans, however they had regained all their advantages, were not able to employ Diomed so far as to prevent his entertaining himself with Glaucus without any danger to his party. Some may think after all, that though we may justify Homer, yet we cannot excuse the manners of his time; it not being natural for men with swords in their hands, to dialogue together in cold blood just before they engage. But not to alledge, that these very manners yet remain in those countries, which have not been corrupted by the commerce of other nations (which is a great sign of their being natural) what reason can be offered, that it is more natural to fall on at first fight with rage and fierceness, than to speak to an enemy before the encounter? Thus far Monsieur Dacier; and St. Evremont asks humorously, if it might not be as proper in that country for men to harangue before they fought, as it is in England to make speeches before they are hanged?

That Homer is not in general apt to make unseasonable harangues (as these censurers would represent) may appear from that remarkable care he has shewn in many places to avoid them: as when in the fifth book Æneas, being cured on a sudden in the middle of the fight, is seen with surprize by his soldiers; he specifies with particular caution, that they *ask him no questions how he became cured*, in a time of so much business and action. Again, when there is a necessity in the same book that Minerva should have a conference with Diomed, in order to engage him against Mars (after her prohibition to him to fight with the Gods) Homer chuses a time for that speech, just when the hero is retired behind his chariot to take breath, which was the only moment that could be spared during the hurry of that whole engagement. One might produce many instances of the same kind.

Near as they drew, Tydides thus began.

What art thou, boldest of the race of man?

The discourse of Glaucus to Diomed is severely censured, not only on account of the circumstance of time and place, but likewise on the score of the subject, which is taxed as improper, and foreign to the end and design of the poem. But the criticks who have made this objection, seem neither to comprehend the design of the poet in general, nor the particular aim of this discourse. Many passages in the best ancient poets appear unaffected at present, which probably gave the greatest delight to their first readers, because they were nearly interested in what was there related. It is very plain that Homer designed this poem as a monument to the honour of the Greeks, who, though consisting of several independent societies, were yet very national in point of glory, being strongly affected with every thing that seemed to advance the honour of their common country, and resentful of any indignity offered to it. This disposition was the ground of that grand alliance which is the subject of this poem. To men so fond of their country's glory, what could be more agreeable than to read a history filled with wonders of a noble family transplanted from Greece into Asia? They might here learn with pleasure that the Grecian virtues did not degenerate by removing into distant climes: but especially they must be affected with uncommon delight to find that Sarpedon and Glaucus, the bravest of the Trojan auxiliaries, were originally Greeks.

Tasso in this manner has introduced an agreeable episode, which shews Clorinda the offspring of *Christian* parents, though engaged in the service of the *Infidels*, Cant. xii. P.

Ver. 149. *Between both armies met, &c.*] It is usual with Homer, before he introduces a hero, to make as it were a halt, to render him the more remarkable. Nothing could more prepare the attention and expectation of the reader, than this circumstance at the first meeting of Diomed and Glaucus. Just at the time when the mind begins to be weary with the battle, it is diverted with the prospect of a single combat, which of a sudden turns to an interview of friendship, and an unexpected scene of sociable virtue. The whole air of the conversation between these two heroes has something heroically solemn in it. P.

Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,
 Where fame is reap'd amid the embattl'd field;
 Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear, 155
 And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.
 Unhappy they, and born of luckless fires,
 Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires!
 But if from heav'n, celestial thou descend;
 Know, with immortals we no more contend. 160

Ver. 152.] The following is a literal version :

And who of mortals, noblest chief! art thou?
 For never in the man-ennobling fight
 'Till now I saw thee:

so that our poet borrowed his beautiful metaphor from Dacier: "O
 " *le plus vaillant des hommes, qui êtes vous donc? car avant ce jour je*
 " *ne vous ai jamais rencontré dans les combats ou les hommes mois-*
 " *sonnent la gloire."* He again employs it below, ver. 283. and in
 the Essay on Man, iv. 11:

Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?

a passage of supreme delicacy and grace; equalled by few, excelled
 by none.

Ver. 158.] Homer says nothing here about Minerva; but our
 poet wanted a supplement of sense for the verse, and he borrowed
 it from Chapman:

————— they have bene evermore
 Sonnes of *unhappie* parents borne, that came within the
 length
 Of this *Minerva-guided* lance.

He might have written, perhaps, not inelegantly,
 Unhappy *he*, and of a luckless *fire*,
 Who *tempts* the fury of our martial *fire*.

Ver. 159. *But if from heav'n, &c.*] A quick change of mind
 from the greatest impiety to as great superstition, is frequently

Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
 That daring man who mix'd with Gods in fight.
 Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove,
 With brandish'd steel from Nyssa's sacred grove:
 Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round, 165
 With curling vines and twisted ivy bound;

observable in men who having been guilty of the most heinous crimes without any remorse, on the sudden are filled with doubts and scruples about the most lawful or indifferent actions. This seems the present case of Diomed, who having knowingly wounded and insulted the deities, is now afraid to engage the first man he meets, lest perhaps a God might be concealed in that shape. This disposition of Diomed produces the question he puts to Glaucus, which without this consideration will appear impertinent; and so, naturally occasions that agreeable episode of Bellerophon, which Glaucus relates in answer to Diomed. P.

Ver. 160.] The original has no allusion to the former contests of Diomed with the gods, Venus and Mars; but Chapman has:

~~no more with any god~~
 Will I change lances.

And this interview of Glaucus and Diomed always appeared to me uncommonly interesting and meritorious.

Ver. 161. *Not long Lycurgus, &c.*] What Diomed here says is the effect of remorse, as if he had exceeded the commission of Pallas in encountering with the Gods, and dreaded the consequences of proceeding too far. At least he had no such commission now, and besides, was no longer capable of distinguishing them from men (a faculty she had given him in the foregoing book :) he therefore mentions this story of Lycurgus as an example that sufficed to terrify him from so rash an undertaking. The ground of the fable they say is this: Lycurgus caused most of the vines of his country to be rooted up, so that his subjects were obliged to mix it with water, when it was less plentiful: hence it was feigned that Thetis received Bacchus into her bosom. P.

While Bacchus headlong fought the briny flood,
 And Thetis' arms receiv'd the trembling God.
 Nor fail'd the crime th'immortals wrath to move,
 (Th'immortals blest with endless ease above) 170
 Depriv'd of fight by their avenging doom,
 Chearless he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom:
 Then sunk unpity'd to the dire abodes,
 A wretch accurst, and hated by the Gods!
 I brave not heav'n: but if the fruits of earth 175
 Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth;
 Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
 Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.

Ver. 167.] Ogilby is good, and was consulted by our poet:
 The God affrighted div'd beneath the waves,
 Whom, *trembling*, Thetis, in her lap *receives*.

Ver. 168.] He should have followed his author and Ogilby:
 And Thetis' *lap* receiv'd the trembling god.
 And in the same manner Chapman:

———— Thetis there, in her bright *bosome* took
 The flying deitie.

Ver. 170. *Immortals blest with endless ease.*] Though Dacier's and most of the versions take no notice of the epithets used in this place, Θεοὶ βέλτα ζώοντες. *Dii facilè seu beatè viventes*; the translator thought it a beauty which he could not but endeavour to preserve. Milton seems to have had this in his eye in his second book:

———— Thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of light and blifs, among
 The Gods who live at ease ————— P.

Ver. 175.] Our poet had his eye on Chapman, who is not inelegant:

————— but if the fruits of earth
 Nourish thy bodie, and thy life be of our human birth,

What, or from whence I am, or who my fire,
 (Reply'd the chief) can Tydeus' son enquire? 180
 Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now with'ring on the
 ground;

Come neare, that thou maist soone arrive on that life-
 bounding shore,
 To which I see thee hoise such fails.

And Ogilby is superiour to our poet on this occasion both in brevity and neatness:

But, if thou mortal be, and bread thy food,
 Draw near; and stain this javelin with thy blood.

Ver. 178. *Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.*] This haughty air which Homer gives his heroes was doubtless a copy of the manners and hyperbolical speeches of those times. Thus Goliath to David, 1. Sam. ch. xvii. *Approach, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field.* The Orientals speak the same language to this day. P.

Ver. 179.] I would banish an impropriety, and adhere more closely to the original by these corrections:

*Then Glaucus: What my race, or who my fire,
 Canst thou, illustrious Tydeus' son, enquire?*

Ver. 181. *Like leaves on trees.*] There is a noble gravity in the beginning of this speech of Glaucus, according to the true style of antiquity, *Few and evil are our days.* This beautiful thought of our author, whereby the race of men are compared to the leaves of trees, is celebrated by Simonides in a fine fragment extant in Stobæus. The same thought may be found in Ecclesiasticus, ch. xiv. ver. 18. almost in the same words; *As of the green leaves on a thick tree, some fall, and some grow; so in the generation of flesh and blood, one cometh to an end, and another is born.*

The reader, who has seen so many passages imitated from Homer by succeeding poets, will no doubt be pleased to see one of an

Another race the following spring supplies;
 They fall successive, and successive rise:
 So generations in their course decay; 185
 So flourish these, when those are past away.
 But if thou still persist to search my birth,
 Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.

ancient poet which Homer has here imitated: this is a fragment of Musæus preserved by Clemens Alexandrinus in his Stromata, lib. vi.

Ὡς δ' αὐτως καὶ φύλλα φύει ζείδωρος ἄρσρα,
 Ἀλλὰ μὲν ἐν μελίχσιν ἀποφθίνει, ἄλλα δὲ φύει,
 Ὡς δὲ καὶ ἀνθρώπων γενεὴ καὶ φύλλον ἐλίσσει.

Though this comparison be justly admired for its beauty in this obvious application to the morality and succession of human life, it seems however designed by the poet, in this place, as a proper emblem of the transitory state, not of men, but of families; which being by their misfortunes or follies fallen and decayed, do again in a happier season revive and flourish in the fame and virtue of their posterity: in this sense it is a direct answer to what Diomed had asked, as well as a proper preface to what Glaucus relates of his own family, which having been extinct in Corinth, had recovered new life in Lycia. P.

Ver. 183.] Travers is beautiful at this place:

But soon an infant race adorns the trees,
 A race succeeding with the vernal breeze.
 Thus age with quick transition glides away,
 And the sons flourish as their fires decay.

Ver. 185.] Literally,

The race of man thus springs, and thus decays:

so that our author took the colour of his expression from Dacier: “ Il en est de même des hommes; une génération *passée*, et une autre *fleurit*.” And both had in view the passage of Ecclesiasticus, quoted from Dacier by our translator.

Ver. 188.] “ And many men know it,” says Homer: but the French translator, “ Elle est assez connue de tout le monde.”

A city stands on Argos' utmost bound,
 (Argos the fair for warlike steeds renown'd) 190
 Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom blest,
 In ancient time the happy wall possess'd,
 Then call'd Ephyre: Glaucus was his son;
 Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,
 Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd, 195
 Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.

Ver. 193. *Then call'd Ephyre.*] It was the same which was afterwards called Corinth, and had that name in Homer's time, as appears from his catalogue, ver. 77. P.

Pope follows Chapman in the wrong quantity of Ephyre: Hobbes and Ogilby are right. And Travers in this passage, whom I correct only in one word, is, in my judgement, at least equal to our poet:

Know, that in Ephyre, whose tow'r ascends
 Where *steed-fam'd* Argos to the main extends,
 Liv'd Sisyphus, the wisest of mankind,
 Sprung from the stormy sov'reign of the wind:
 He sire of Glaucus was; from Glaucus came
 Bellerophon, a youth of spotless fame;
 Grac'd by the Gods with beauty's fairest charms,
 And lov'd by men for worthy deeds in arms.

Ver. 196. *Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.*] This distinction of true valour, which has the good of mankind for its end, in opposition to the valour of tyrants or oppressors, is beautifully hinted by Homer in the epithet ἐρατεινή, *amiable valour*. Such was that of Bellerophon, who freed the land from monsters, and creatures destructive to his species. It is applied to this young hero with particular judgment and propriety, if we consider the innocence and gentleness of his manners appearing from the following story, which every one will observe has a great resemblance with that of Joseph in the scriptures. P.

Then mighty Prætus Argos' sceptres sway'd,
 Whose hard commands Bellerophon obey'd.
 With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd, 199
 And the brave prince in num'rous toils engag'd.
 For him Antæa burn'd with lawless flame,
 And strove to tempt him from the paths of
 fame:

In vain she tempted the relentless youth,
 Endu'd with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.
 Fir'd at his scorn the queen to Prætus fled, 205
 And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed:
 Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate;
 But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate:

His original says only, *lovely fortitude*. Nothing can exceed the felicity of this line, in my opinion; characteristic of true heroism.

Ver. 199.] This is not from Homer, but Dacier: "Pouffé par les aiguillons d'une affreuse jalousie."

Ver. 202.] Rhyme more than propriety seems to be consulted in the word *fame*. Thus?

For *fair* Antæa, *fir'd* with lawless love,
 To tempt him from the paths of *virtue* strove.

Ver. 204.] This line is unpleasantly lengthened out from a simple expression of the original. Upon the whole, I prefer Travers' version of this part:

The queen enamour'd with his lovely face,
 Strove to seduce him to her lewd embrace:
 But, when his virtuous wisdom scorn'd her flame,
 To Prætus then complain'd the treach'rous dame.

Ver. 208.] There is nothing about *hospitality* either in his author or the nature of the case: and the animation of the original

To Lycia the devoted youth he sent, 209
 With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent.
 Now blest by ev'ry pow'r who guards the
 good,
 The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' silver flood:
 There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due,
 Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he
 flew.

is lost, by the suppression of Antæa's speech. Thus Ogilby, somewhat corrected :

When to the king a well-concerted lie
 She, weeping *told*: Dear Prætus, either die,
 Or else Bellerophon that traitor kill,
 Who *dared* attempt my honour 'gainst my will.

Ver. 209.] A circumstance, which should not have been suppressed, our poet might have contrived to introduce with much more dexterity than in the following manner :

So, to Antæa's Lycian father sent,
 With tablets seal'd the youth devoted went.

Ver. 211.] This resembles Dacier's version: " Sous la conduite des dieux toujours *protecteurs de l'innocence et de la sagesse*;" for Homer had only said,

Beneath th' auspicious guidance of the gods,

Ver. 214.] Chapman has,

Nine dies he feasted him, and kild, an ox in every day:
 and Ogilby:

And nine days treating him, he flew nine steers:

from the beginning and end of which lines our translator has constructed his elegant verse.

But when the tenth bright morning orient
glow'd, 215

The faithful youth his monarch's mandate
show'd:

'The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,

The deathful secret to the king reveal'd.

First, dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd:

A mingled monster, of no mortal kind; 220

Ver. 216. *The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd.*] Plutarch much commends the virtue of Bellerophon, who faithfully carried those letters he might so justly suspect of ill consequence to him: the passage is in his discourse of *curiosity*, and worth transcribing. "A man of curiosity is void of all faith, and it is better
"to trust letters or any important secrets to servants, than to friends
"and familiars of an inquisitive temper. Bellerophon, when he
"carried letters that ordered his own destruction, did not unseal
"them, but forbore touching the king's dispatches with the same
"continence, as he had refrained from injuring his bed; for
"curiosity is an incontinence as well as adultery." P.

Ver. 219. *First dire Chimæra.*] Chimæra was feigned to have the head of a lion breathing flames, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon; because the mountain of that name in Lycia had a *vulcano* on its top, and nourished lions; the middle part afforded pasture for goats, and the bottom was infested with serpents. Bellerophon destroying these, and rendering the mountain habitable, was said to have conquered Chimæra. He calls this monster *Θεῖον γένος*, in the manner of the Hebrews, who gave to any thing vast or extraordinary the appellative of *divine*. So the Psalmist says, *The mountains of God*, &c. P.

Ver. 220.] Travers keeps more closely to his author, and with a slight castigation might be made preferable here to our poet:

In *this* huge monster of no mortal race,
A goat's shagg'd body and a lion's face,
With a fell dragon's forky tail conspire:
Her glowing nostrils breath'd in blasts of fire,

Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread;
 A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
 Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire;
 Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.

This pest he slaughter'd (for he read the skies,
 And trusted heav'n's informing prodigies) 226
 Then met in arms the Solymæan crew,
 (Fiercest of men) and those the warrior flew.

Ver. 223.] This couplet is framed from one verse of his original:

She breath'd the dreadful strength of burning fire:
 and he seems to have trodden in the steps of Dacier: "*De sa gueule béante elle jettoit des tourbillons de flammes et de feux.*"

Ver. 227. *The Solymæan crew.*] These Solymi were an ancient nation inhabiting the mountainous parts of Asia Minor, between Lyfia and Pisidia. Pliny mentions them as an instance of a people so entirely destroyed, that no footsteps of them remained in his time. Some authors both ancient and modern, from a resemblance in sound to the Latin name of Jerusalem, have confounded them with the Jews. Tacitus, speaking of the various opinions concerning the origin of the Jewish nation, has these words: *Clara alii tradunt Judæorum initia, Solymos carminibus Homeri celebratam gentem, conditæ urbi Hierosolymam nomen è suo fecisse.* Hist. lib. vi. P.

Ver. 228.] The hand of our poet has not preserved a lively stroke of his author, but rudely exhibited by Chapman and Ogilby. Thus it appears in Mr. Cowper:

_____ with whom he waged,
 In his account, the fiercest of his wars.

But it may not be amiss to produce Ogilby:

This victory, he said, was dearly bought:
 and Chapman:

_____ when (he himselfe would say
 Reporting it) he enter'd on a passing vigorous fight.

Next the bold Amazon's whole force defy'd;
And conquer'd still, for heav'n was on his side. 230

Nor ended here his toils: his Lycian foes
At his return, a treach'rous ambush rose,
With levell'd spears along the winding shore;
'There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.

At length the monarch with repentant grief
Confess'd the Gods, and God-descended chief;
His daughter gave, the stranger to detain, 237
With half the honours of his ample reign:
The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with har-
vests crown'd, 240

Ver. 239. *The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground.*] It was usual in the ancient times, upon any signal piece of service performed by the kings or great men, to have a portion of land decreed by the publick as a reward to them. Thus when Sarpedon in the twelfth book incites Glaucus to behave himself valiantly, he puts him in mind of these possessions granted by his countrymen.

Γλαῦκε, τίηδ' ἔτι νῦν τέλει μῆμεσθα μάλιστα—&c.

Καὶ Τέρμεν νεμόμεσθα μέγα Ξάνθοιο παρ' ὄχθας,

Καλὸν, φυταλῆς καὶ ἀρέρης πυροφόροιο.

In the same manner in the ninth book of Virgil, Nisus is promised by Ascanius the fields which were possessed by Latinus, as a reward for the service he undertook.

“—— Campi quod rex habet ipse Latinus.”

Chapman has an interpolation in this place, to tell us that this *field* was afterwards called by the Lycians, *The field of wand'rings*, from the wanderings and distractions of Bellerophon in the latter part of

There long the chief his happy lot possess'd,
 With two brave sons and one fair daughter
 blest'd;

(Fair ev'n in heav'nly eyes; her fruitful love
 Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of
 Jove)

But when at last, distracted in his mind, 245
 Forsook by heav'n, forsaking human kind,

his life. But they were not these fields that were called 'Αλῆϊοι, but those upon which he fell from the horse Pegasus, when he endeavoured (as the fable has it) to mount to heaven. P.

Ver. 245. *But when at last, &c.*] The same criticks who have taxed Homer for being too tedious in this story of Bellerophon, have censured him for omitting to relate the particular offence which had raised the anger of the Gods against a man formerly so highly favoured by them: but this relation coming from the mouth of his grandson, it is with great decorum and propriety he passes over in silence those crimes of his ancestor, which had provoked the divine vengeance against him. Milton has interwoven his story with what Homer here relates of Bellerophon:

Left from this flying steed unrein'd (as once
 Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
 Dismounted on the Aleian field I fall,
 Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.

Parad. Lost, B. vii.

Tully in his third book of Tusculan Questions, having observed that persons oppressed with woe naturally seek solitude, instances this example of Bellerophon, and gives us his translation of two of these lines:

“ Qui miser in campis mœrens errabat Aleis,
 “ Ipse suum cor edens, hominum vestigia vitans.” P.

Two words, one ungrammatical and one impertinent, should be expelled from this noble passage; but I am much more persuaded on

Wide o'er th' Aleian field he chose to stray,
 A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
 Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart;
 His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart; 250
 His eldest-born by raging Mars was slain,
 In combat on the Solymæan plain.
 Hippolochus surviv'd; from him I came,
 The honour'd author of my birth and name;
 By his decree I fought the Trojan town, 255
 By his instructions learn to win renown,

all these occasions, of the rectitude of the criticism, than the success of the amendment:

By Heav'n at *length* (distracted in his mind)

Forsaken, and forsaking human kind,

Wide o'er th' Aleian field *alone* he *strays*,

Through long, forlorn, uncomfortable *ways*.

Nor is the next verse of the original represented in that force and beauty, which our poet was so capable of conferring. Thus?

Here whilst the tooth of woe consumed his heart.

Thus Chapman, in a pleasing strain of antique simplicity:

———— and for this he wander'd evermore

Alone through his Aleian field, and *fed upon the core*

Of his sad bosom.

Ogilby has a beautiful line to our purpose in the fourth Æneid:

Of toyl forgetful, and *heart-eating* care.

Ver. 255.] It were unreasonable to expect from any translation an equality to the original in this place, and especially to that divine verse, which every youth should engrave upon his heart:

αἰεὶν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπερὶ πολλοὺς ἐμμεναι ἄλλων:

To strive in virtue to excell my peers:

a maxim, imbibed by the writer of this note with such effect, even to the marrow of his soul (to use a bold expression of Euripides)

To stand the first in worth as in command,
 To add new honours to my native land,
 Before my eyes my mighty fires to place,
 And emulate the glories of our race. 260

He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart;
 In earth the gen'rous warrior fix'd his dart,
 Then friendly, thus, the Lycian Prince addrest:
 Welcome, my brave hereditary guest!
 Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace, 265
 Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.
 Know, chief, our grandfires have been guests
 of old;

Oeneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold:

that, would Genius and Fortune have conspired in his favour, he had owned no superiour in literary accomplishments: but circumstances were unfavourable, and Nature infused a large portion of *cold blood about his heart*.

Upon the whole I like Travers in preference to Pope on this occasion:

To Troy with this command inspir'd I came:
 Be thine, my son, in arms the foremost name;
 Nor to reproach the bravest race expose,
 That e'er from Ephyre or Lycia rose.
 These were my fires, and I exult to see
 A line so glorious that extends in me.

Ver. 260.] *Two* lines of his author are here suppressed, to the following purport:

Who Ephyre, and broad Lycia nobly grac'd.
 Such is my race, and such the blood I boast!

Ver. 265.] This couplet is an interpolation of the translator.

Ver. 267. *Our grandfires have been guests of old.*] The laws of hospitality were anciently held in great veneration. The friendship

Our ancient feat his honour'd prefence grac'd,
 Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd. 270
 The parting heroes mutual presents left;
 A golden goblet was thy grandfire's gift;
 Oeneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,
 That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.

contracted hereby was so sacred, that they preferred it to all the bands of consanguinity and alliance, and accounted it obligatory even to the third and fourth generation. We have seen in the foregoing story of Bellerophon, that Prætus, a prince under the supposition of being injured in the highest degree, is yet afraid to revenge himself upon the criminal on this account: he is forced to send him into Lycia rather than be guilty of a breach of this law in his own country. And the king of Lycia having entertained the stranger before he unsealed the letters, puts him upon expeditions abroad, in which he might be destroyed, rather than at his court. We here see Diomed and Glaucus agreeing not to be enemies during the whole course of a war, only because their grandfathers had been mutual guests. And we afterwards find Teucer engaged with the Greeks on this account against the Trojans, though he himself was of Trojan extraction, the nephew of Priam by the mother's side, and cousin german of Hector, whose life he pursues with the utmost violence. They preserved in their families the presents, which had been made on these occasions; as obliged to transmit to their children the memorials of this right of hospitality. Eustathius. P.

Thus Ogilby:

Oeneus, my noble grandfire, did of old
 Feast twenty daies *Bellerophon the bold*.

Ver. 269.] The rhymes here are imperfect, and were supplied by Ogilby. The next couplet labours with a similar defect; and other parts of this speech are not elaborated with the customary elegance of our great poetical artificer. 1

(This from his pledge I learn'd, which safely
stor'd 275

Among my treasures, still adorns my board:
For Tydeus left me young, when Thebè's wall
Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall.)

Mindful of this, in friendship let us join; }
If heav'n our steps to foreign lands incline, 280 }
My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine. }
Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,
In the full harvest of yon' ample field;
Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore;
But thou and Diomed be foes no more. 285

Now change we arms, and prove to either host
We guard the friendship of the line we boast.

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they
plight; 289

Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd,
(Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind:)

Ver. 283.] Thus Hopkins, in Dryden's Miscellanies, iii. 184:

Give them the dear-bought wealth their wars can yield,
With all the bloody *harvest* of the *field*.

Ver. 291. *Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind.*] The words in the original are ἐξέλετο φρένας, which may equally be interpreted, *he took away his sense*, or *he elevated his mind*. The former being a reflection upon Glaucus's prudence, for making so unequal an exchange, the latter a praise of the magnanimity and generosity which induced him to it. Porphyry contends for its

For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,
 For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price)
 He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought, 294
 A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.

Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,
 Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.
 Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,
 The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids 299

being understood in this last way, and Eustathius, Monsieur and Madam Dacier are of the same opinion. Notwithstanding it is certain that Homer uses the same words in the contrary sense in the seventeenth Iliad, ver. 470. of the original, and in the nineteenth, ver. 137. And it is an obvious remark, that the interpretation of Porphyry as much dishonours Diomed who proposed this exchange, as it does honour to Glaucus for consenting to it. However, I have followed it, if not as the juster, as the most heroic sense, and as it has the nobler air in poetry. P.

His predecessors Chapman and Ogilby, as well as Dacier, adopted the same interpretation, which is strenuously contended for by other ancients besides Eustathius and Porphyry. I wish their attempts were more convincing! The former French translator renders: "Jupiter ofta à Glaucus la prudence." Thus Ogilby:

Here Jove *inlarg'd* illustrious Glaucus *mind*.

Ver. 295. *A hundred beeves.*] I wonder the curious have not remarked from this place, that the proportion of the value of *gold* to *brass* in the time of the Trojan war, was but as an *hundred* to *nine*; allowing these armours of equal weight: which as they belonged to men of equal strength, is a reasonable supposition. As to this manner of computing the value of the armour by *beeves* or *oxen*, it might be either because the money was anciently stamped with those figures, or, (which is most probable in this place) because in those times they generally purchased by exchange of commodities, as we see by a passage near the end of the seventh book. P.

Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care
 For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.
 He bids the train in long procession go,
 And seek the Gods, t' avert th' impending woe.
 And now to Priam's stately courts he came, 304
 Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame;
 O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
 The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
 In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of state
 Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sat:
 Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses
 shone, 310
 Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.
 Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
 Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen.
 (With her Laodicè, whose beauteous face 314
 Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race)
 Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
 And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun.

Ver. 306.] For this ingenious turn he might owe some obligation to Chapman's version :

To Priam's goodly builded court, which round about
 was runne
 With walking porches.

Ver. 307.] Thus Dacier: " Il y avoit à l'entrée cinquante beaux pavillons."

Ver. 317.] Our poet smoothes the coarseness of Chapman :

The queene grip't hard her Hector's hand.

O Hector! say, what great occasion calls
My son from fight, when Greece furrounds
our walls? 319

Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty pow'r,
With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tow'r?
Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
And pay due vows to all the Gods around. 324
Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl;
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right.

Far hence be Bacchus' gifts (the chief rejoin'd:)
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind, 330
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.

Ver. 318.] He has not expressed the sense of his author.
Thus?

Say, from *the battle* what *my* Hector calls?
Prevail these hated Greeks, and threat our walls?

Ver. 319.] Homer says only,
Around the city fighting:

but Ogilby:

Will these accursed Greeks *our walls* assail?

Ver. 325.] Compare Ogilby, quoted below under ver. 331.

Ver. 329. *Far hence be Bacchus' gifts—Inflaming wine.*
This maxim of Hector's concerning wine, has a great deal of truth
in it. It is a vulgar mistake to imagine the use of wine either
raises the spirits, or encreases strength. The best physicians agree

Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
 To sprinkle to the Gods, its better use.
 By me that holy office were profan'd;
 Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd, 335

with Homer in this point; whatever our modern soldiers may object to this old heroic *regimen*. One may take notice that Sampson as well as Hector was a water-drinker; for he was a Nazarite by vow, and as such was forbid the use of wine. To which Milton alludes in Sampson Agonistes:

Where-ever fountain or fresh current flow'd
 Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure,
 With touch æthereal of heav'n's fiery rod:
 I drank from the clear milky juice, allaying
 Thirst, and refresh'd: nor envy'd them the grape,
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes. P.

Ver. 331.] In this interpolation our poet, I presume, had an eye towards Ogilby's translation:

Mother, no wine, lest the deceitful bowl
 Unnerve my strength, and stupefie my soul.

Ver. 332.] We have too much addition and prolixity here. These *four* lines would have been better included in *two*:

By me *divine libations* were profan'd,
 In *fields of death* with human gore distain'd.

Ogilby is very good; and, with trivial correction, very faithful:

Nor may *these hands*, defil'd with blood and gore,
 Pay due libations, nor great Jove implore.

Ver. 335. *Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd, &c.*] The custom which prohibits persons polluted with blood to perform any offices of divine worship before they were purified, is so ancient and universal, that it may in some sort be esteemed a precept of natural religion, tending to inspire an uncommon dread and religious horror of blood. There is a fine passage in Euripides, where Iphigenia argues how impossible it is that human sacrifices should be acceptable to the Gods, since they do not permit any defiled with

To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
 Or offer heav'n's great Sire, polluted praise.
 You, with your matrons, go! a spotless train,
 And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.
 The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold, 340
 Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
 Before the Goddeſs' honour'd knees be ſpread,
 And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
 So may the pow'r, aton'd by fervent pray'r,
 Our wives, our infants, and our city ſpare, 345
 And far avert Tydides' waſtful ire,
 Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy
 retire.

Be this, O mother, your religious care;
 I go to rouse ſoft Paris to the war:

blood, or even polluted with the touch of a dead body, to come near their altars. Iphig. in Tauris, ver. 380. Virgil makes his Æneas ſay the ſame thing Hector does here :

“ Me bello è tanto digreſſum & cæde recenti

“ Attrectare nefas, donec me flumine vivo

“ Abluero.”——

P.

Ver. 338.] He profited by Ogilby :

But go you ſtraight, attended with a train
 Of pious matrons, to Minerva's fane.

Ver. 343.] Homer mentions only a *vow* of this *sacrifice*, and not the actual performance at this time: an incongruity, which might be ſuppoſed not to attend this paſſage before at verſe 116 of this tranſlation, on account of the phraſe *offer'd vows* in ver. 112.

If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame, 350
 The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
 Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
 That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!
 Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
 Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end. 355
 This heard, she gave command; and sum-
 mon'd came

Each noble matron, and illustrious dame.

The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
 Where treasure'd odours breath'd a costly scent.
 There lay the vestures of no vulgar art, 360
 Sidonian maids embroider'd ev'ry part,
 Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
 With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.

Ver. 354.] Thus Ogilby:

Could I but see his soul to shades *descend*,
 I should find ease, *and all my sorrows end*.

Ver. 361. *Sidonian maids*.] Dictys Cretensis, lib. i. acquaints us that Paris returned not directly to Troy after the rape of Helen, but fetched a compass, probably to avoid pursuit. He touched at Sidon, where he surprised the king of Phœnicia by night, and carried off many of his treasures and captives, among which probably were these Sidonian women. The author of the ancient poem of the Cypriacks say, he sailed from Sparta to Troy in the space of three days: from which passage Herodotus concludes that poem was not Homer's. We find in the scriptures, that Tyre and Sidon were famous for works in gold, embroidery, &c. and for whatever regarded magnificence and luxury. P.

Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes
 The various textures and the various dyes, 365
 She chose a veil that shone superior far,
 And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
 Herself with this the long procession leads ;
 The train majestically slow proceeds.
 Soon as to Ilion's topmost tow'r they come, 370
 And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
 Antenor's confort, fair Theano, waits
 As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.
 With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
 They fill the dome with supplicating cries. 375

Ver. 364.] Our poet has not acquitted himself with a felicity which rarely fails him in passages of this complexion. The following effort is faithful :

From these for Pallas one she chose, of all
 In variegated beauties first, and size;
 Bright as a star it shone, and lowest lay.

Ver. 367.] Horace has imitated this passage in the *first* ode of his *third* book :

Nec purpurarum fidere clarior
Delenit usus :

Nor purple, brighter than a star.

Ver. 374. *With hands uplifted.*] The only gesture described by Homer, as used by the ancients in the invocation of the Gods, is the lifting up of their hands to heaven. Virgil frequently alludes to this practice ; particularly in the second book there is a passage, the beauty of which is much raised by this consideration :

“ *Ecce trahebatur passis Priameïa virgo*

“ *Crinibus, à templo, Cassandra, adytisque Minervæ,*

“ *Ad cœlum tendens ardentia lumina frustra,*

“ *Lumina! nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.*”

P

The priestess then the shining veil displays,
Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays.

Oh awful Goddess! ever-dreadful maid,
Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!

Ver. 378. *Oh awful Goddess! &c.*] This procession of the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, with their offering, and the ceremonies; though it be a passage some moderns have criticised upon, seems to have particularly pleased Virgil. For he has not only introduced it among the figures in the picture at Carthage, *Æn.* i. ver. 483.

“ Interea ad templum non æquæ Palladis ibant

“ Crinibus Iliades passis, peplumque ferebant

“ Suppliciter tristes; & tunsis pectora palmis.

“ Diva solo fixos oculos averſa tenebat.”

But he has again copied it in the eleventh book, where the Latian dames make the same procession upon the approach of Æneas to their city. The prayer to the Goddess is translated almost word for word: ver. 483:

“ Armipotens belli præſes, Tritonia virgo,

“ Frange manu telum Phrygii prædonis, & ipsum

“ Pronum ſterne ſolo, portisque effunde ſub altis.”

This prayer in the Latin poet seems introduced with less propriety, since Pallas appears no where interested in the conduct of affairs through the whole *Æneid*. The first line of the Greek here is translated more literally than the former versions; ἐρυσίπολι, δῖα θεῶων. I take the first epithet to allude to Minerva's being particular protectress of Troy by means of the *Palladium*, and not (as Mr. Hobbes understands it) the protectress of all cities in general. P.

Ogilby's version gives so true a representation of the original, that the reader will not be displeased with it here. I scarcely change a word:

Guardian of Troy, chaste Pallas hear our prayer:

Break, greatest Goddess, stern Tydides' spear.

Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall 380
 Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.

So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
 Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.

But thou, aton'd by penitence and pray'r,
 Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare! 385

So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane;

So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

While these appear before the pow'r with
 pray'rs,

Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.

Himself the mansion rais'd, from ev'ry part 390
 Assembling architects of matchless art.

*Grant at the Scæan gates we view him slain;
 And twelve fair heifers in thy sacred fane
 We then shall pay: if thou commiserate
 Ourselves, our children, and the Trojan state.*

Ver. 387. *But they vow'd in vain.*] For Helenus only ordered that prayers should be made to Minerva to drive Diomed from before the walls. But Theano prays that Diomed may perish, and perish flying, which is included in his falling *forward*. Madam Dacier is so free as to observe here, that women are seldom moderate in the prayers they make against their enemies, and therefore are seldom heard. P.

Ver. 390. *Himself the mansion raised.*] I must own myself not so great an enemy to Paris as some of the commentators. His blind passion is the unfortunate occasion of the ruin of his country, and he has the ill fate to have all his fine qualities swallowed up in that. And indeed I cannot say he endeavours much to be a better man than his nature made him. But as to his parts and turn of mind, I see nothing that is either weak, or wicked, the general manners of those times considered. On the contrary, a gentle soul, patient of good advice, though indolent enough to forget it; and

Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
The pompous structure, and the town com-
mands,

A spear the hero bore of wond'rous strength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length, 395
The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,
Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.

liable only to that frailty of love, which methinks might in his case, as well as Helen's, be charged upon the *Stars*, and the *Gods*. So very amorous a constitution, and so incomparable a beauty to provoke it, might be temptation enough even to a wise man, and in some degree make him deserve compassion, if not pardon. It is remarkable, that Homer does not paint him and Helen (as some other poets would have done) like monsters, odious to Gods and men, but allows their characters such estimable qualifications as could consist, and in truth generally do, with tender frailties. He gives Paris several polite accomplishments, and in particular a turn to those sciences that are the result of a fine imagination. He makes him have a taste and addiction to *curious works* of all sorts, which caused him to transport Sidonian artists to Troy, and employ himself, at home, in adorning and finishing his armour: and now we are told that he assembled the most skilful builders from all parts of the country, to render his palace a compleat piece of architecture. This, together with what Homer has said elsewhere of his skill in the *harp*, which in those days included both *musick* and *poetry*, may I think establish him a *bel-esprit* and a *fine genius*. P.

Ver. 393.] Ogilby thus exhibits the particulars of his author not amiss:

A hall, bed-chamber, and a room of state.

Ver. 396.] This couplet is exceptionable for the inaccuracy of the rhyme, and the ungrammatical *preterite*, *shin'd* for *shone*: and the *second* verse is altogether pitiful. The whole sense may be represented in one verse:

It's gleaming point a plate of gold ran round.

Thus ent'ring, in the glitt'ring rooms he found
 His brother-chief, whose uselefs arms lay round,
 His eyes delighting with their splendid show, 400
 Bright'ning the shield, and polishing the bow.
 Beside him Helen with her virgin stands,
 Guides their rich labours, and instructs their
 hands.

Him thus unactive, with an ardent look
 The prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke. 405
 Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to show?
 (Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)

Ver. 398.] The intention of Homer is better seen, to my judgement, in Ogilby's translation, which is given without alteration:

Him here he found preparing for the field
 His bow, his breast-plate, and his glittering shield:
 Whilst beauteous Helen 'mongst her maids in state
 Their several works and tasks disposing fate.

But our poet seems to have been guided in his conception of the passage by Dacier: "Il trouva Paris, qui avoit devant lui ses belles
 "armes, et qui s'amusoit à visiter sa cuirasse, son bouclier, ses arcs."
 If it should be objected, that Paris ought to have been *using* his
 armour, and not *preparing* it: the answer is, A deity had brought
 him from the field. Compare *Æneid*. vii. 626.

Ver. 406. *Thy hate to Troy, &c.*] All the commentators observe this speech of Hector to be a piece of artifice; he seems to imagine that the retirement of Paris proceeds only from his resentment against the Trojans, and not from his indolence, luxury, or any other cause. Plutarch thus discourses upon it. "As a discreet
 "physician rather chuses to cure his patient by diet or rest, than
 "by castoreum or scammony, so a good friend, a good master, or
 "a good father, are always better pleased to make use of commen-
 "dation than reproof, for the reformation of manners: for nothing

Paris and Greece against us, both conspire;
 Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.
 For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall 410
 'Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;
 For thee the foldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
 And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
 Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care, 414
 Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share?
 Rise, or behold the conqu'ring flames ascend,
 And all the Phrygian glories at an end.

“ so much assists a man who reprehends with frankness and liberty,
 “ nothing renders him less offensive, or better promotes his good
 “ design, than to reprove with calmness, affection and temper.
 “ He ought not therefore to urge them too severely if they deny
 “ the fact, nor forestall their justification of themselves, but rather
 “ try to help them out, and furnish them artificially with honest
 “ and colourable pretences to excuse them; and though he sees that
 “ their fault proceeded from a more shameful cause, he should yet
 “ impute it to something less criminal. Thus Hector deals with
 “ Paris, when he tells him, *This is not the time to manifest your*
 “ *anger against the Trojans*: as if his retreat from the battle had
 “ not been absolutely a flight, but merely the effect of resentment
 “ and indignation.” Plut. *Of knowing a flatterer from a*
friend. P.

Our poet is much too loose and prolix in this speech, which is excellently done by Mr. Cowper. The original has no such bitterness and asperity, as this translation.

Ver. 411.] This extraneous prettiness was indirectly suggested, I presume, by Chapman's quaintnesses.

for thee our slaughter'd friends
 Besiege Troy with their carcases, on whose heapes our
 high wals
 Are overlookt by enemies.

Brother, 'tis just (reply'd the beauteous youth)
Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and
truth: 419

Yet charge my absence less, oh gen'rous chief!
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief:
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sat,
And mourn'd in secret, his, and Ilion's fate.
'Tis now enough: now Glory spreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms. 425

Ver. 418. *Brother, 'tis just, &c.*] Paris readily lays hold of the pretext Hector had furnished him with, and confesses he has partly touched upon the true reason of his retreat, but that it was also partly occasioned by the concern he felt at the victory of his rival. Next he professes his readiness for the fight: but nothing can be a finer trait (if we consider his character) than what Homer puts into his mouth just in this place, that *he is now exhorted to it by Helen*: which shews that not the danger of his country and parents, neither private shame nor publick hatred, could so much prevail upon him, as the commands of his mistress, to go and recover his honour. P.

Ver. 420.] Our poet modelled his version here by that of his predecessors. Thus Chapman:

————— It is not any spleene
Against the towne, as you conceive, that makes me so
unseene,
But sorrow for it: which to ease, and by discourse digest
Within myself, I live so close:

whom Ogilby follows:

But yet no quarrel nor conceived spleen
Made me retire: grief kept me thus within.

Dacier has: " Pour chercher à *cacher* et à ensevelir ma douleur et ma profonde tristesse." I

Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,
 'Tis man's to fight, but heav'n's to give success.
 But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
 Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind. 429

He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son;
 When Helen thus with lowly grace begun.

Oh gen'rous brother! if the guilty dame
 That caus'd these woes, deserve a sister's name!
 Would heav'n, e'er all these dreadful deeds
 were done,
 The day, that show'd me to the golden fun, 435
 Had seen my death! Why did not whirlwinds
 bear

The fatal infant to the fowls of air?

Ver. 426.] This is not inelegantly turned by Chapman:

Conquest brings forth her wreathes by turnes.

Ver. 431.] What has he gained by avoiding to be literal?

When Helen thus with *soothing words* begun.

Ver. 432. *Helen's speech.*] The repentance of Helena (which we have before observed Homer never loses an opportunity of manifesting) is finely touched again here. Upon the whole, we see the Gods are always concerned in what befalls an unfortunate beauty: her stars foredoomed all the mischief, and heaven was to blame in suffering her to live: then she fairly gets quit of the infamy of her lover, and shews she has higher sentiments of honour than he. How very natural is all this in the like characters to this day? P.

He evidently had Chapman in view:

Brother, (*if I may call you so*), that had bene better
 borne

A dog, then such a horrid *dame*.

Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
 And 'midst the roarings of the waters dy'd?
 Heav'n fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst 440
 Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.
 Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,
 Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame!
 Now tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
 With toils, sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine:
 The Gods have link'd our miserable doom, 446
 Our present woe, and infamy to come:
 Wide shall it spread, and last thro' ages long,
 Example sad! and theme of future song.

Ver. 442.] Nearer to his author thus:

Helen at least a *better* spouse might claim,
Touch'd with some feelings of indignant shame.

But Ogilby might have given him a direction:

Ah! would that I had chose a better lord,
 Who more his *reputation* would regard.

And then our poet omits a sentiment or two, fully and strongly exhibited by Chapman:

But he is senseless, nor conceives what any manhood is,
 Nor now, nor ever after will: and therefore hangs, I
 feare,
 A plague above him.

Ver. 444.] Ogilby comprises this passage in small compass,
 nor in despicable strains:

Yet, dearest brother, here a while repose
 Since for our sakes you suffer all these woes,
 Hard Fortune joyn'd his hand and mine, that we
 In after ages infamous should be.

The chief reply'd: This time forbids to rest:
 The Trojan bands by hostile fury prest, 451
 Demand their Hector, and his arm require;
 The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.
 Urge thou thy knight to march where glory
 calls,
 And timely join me, e'er I leave the walls. 455
 E'er yet I mingle in the direful fray,
 My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay;
 This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
 Demands a parting word, a tender tear:
 This day, some God who hates our Trojan land
 May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand. 461
 He said, and past with sad presaging heart
 To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;

Ver. 450.] The affectionate spirit of the original breathes in Chapman's homely version:

He answer'd: Helen, do not seeke to make me sit with thee;
 I must not stay, though well I know, thy honour'd love of me.

Ver. 462. *The episode of Hector and Andromache.*] Homer undoubtedly shines most upon the great subjects, in raising our admiration or terrour: pity, and the softer passions, are not so much of the nature of his poem, which is formed upon anger and the violence of ambition. But we have cause to think his genius was no less capable of touching the heart with tenderness, than of firing it with glory, from the few sketches he has left us of his excellence in that way too. In the present episode of the parting of Hector and Andromache, he has assembled all that love, grief, and compassion could inspire. The greatest censurers of Homer have

At home he fought her, but he fought in vain:
 She, with one maid of all her menial train, 465
 Had thence retir'd; and with her second joy,
 The young Aftyanax, the hope of Troy,

acknowledged themselves charmed with this part; even Monsieur Perault translated it into French verse as a kind of penitential sacrifice for the sacrileges he had committed against this author.

This episode tends very much to raise the character of Hector, and endear him to every reader. This hero, though doubtful if he should ever see Troy again, yet goes not to his wife and child, till after he has taken care for the sacrifice, exhorted Paris to fight, and discharged every duty to the Gods, and to his country; his love of which, as we formerly remarked, makes his chief character. What a beautiful contrast has Homer made between the manners of Paris and those of Hector, as he here shews them one after the other in this domestick light, and in their regards to the fair sex? What a difference between the characters and behaviour of Helen and of Andromache? And what an amiable picture of conjugal love, opposed to that of unlawful passion?

I must not forget, that Mr. Dryden has formerly translated this admirable episode, and with so much success, as to leave me at least no hopes of improving or equalling it. The utmost I can pretend is to have avoided a few modern phrases and deviations from the original, which have escaped that great man. I am unwilling to remark upon an author to whom every English poet owes so much; and shall therefore only take notice of a criticism of his, which I must be obliged to answer in its place, as it is an accusation of Homer himself. P.

Our illustrious translator here, as on every similar occasion, shews the nobleness of his mind in these lavish, but just, encomiums of his master Dryden.

Ver. 463.] *Two* superfluous lines might easily be banished from this place. As thus:

He said; and fought his spouse at home in vain.

Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height,
 Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;
 There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore, 470
 Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
 Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,

Ver. 468. *Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height.*] It is a fine imagination to represent the tenderness of Andromache for Hector, by her standing upon the tower of Troy, and watching all his motions in the field; even the religious procession to Minerva's temple could not draw her from this place, at a time when she thought her husband in danger. P.

Ver. 470.] An useless interpolation, derived from one in Dryden, unauthorised by the original:

Her mournful eyes she cast around the plain,
 And sought the lord of her desires in vain.

Ver. 472.] He again imitates Dryden in fulsome superfluities, and in stifling the speech. Thus Dryden:

*But he, who thought his peopled palace bare,
 When she, his only comfort, was not there,
 Stood in the gate, and ask'd of every one,
 Which way she took, and whither she was gone;
 If to the court, or, with his mother's train,
 In long procession to Minerva's fane?
 The servants answer'd: Neither to the court,
 Where Priam's sons and daughters did resort—.*

Chapman has disguised the speech in the same manner. The following version is almost literal:

But he, not finding there his blameless wife,
 Stood at the door, and to his maidens spake:
 Ye maidens! tell me truly; whither went
 The fair Andromache? to Priam's hall,
 Her beauteous kindred, or Minerva's fane,
 Where other matrons the dread Goddesses soothe?

Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she
bent

Her parting step? If to the fane she went, 475

Where late the mourning matrons made resort;

Or fought her sisters in the Trojan court?

Not to the court, (reply'd th' attendant train)

Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane:

To Ilion's steepy tow'r she bent her way, 480

To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.

Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;

She heard, and trembled for her absent lord:

Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,

Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye. 485

The nurse attended with her infant boy,

The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.

Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;

Swift thro' the town he trod his former way,

Ver. 473. *Whose virtue charm'd him, &c.*] Homer in this verse particularizes the virtue of Andromache in the epithet ἀνύμωρα, *blameless*, or *without a fault*. I have used it literally in another part of this episode. P.

Ver. 484.] Dryden's version here, with a little alteration, would be superiour to Pope's, and much more close and faithful:

*Eager in haste, with fear and fury wild,
She went; the nurse attended with her child.*

Ver. 488. *Hector, this heard, return'd.*] Hector does not stay to seek his wife on the tower of Ilion, but hastens where the business of the field calls him. Homer is never wanting in point of honour and decency, and while he constantly obeys the strictest

Thro' streets of palaces, and walks of state: 490
 And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
 With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
 His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir:
 (Cilician Thebè great Aëtion sway'd,
 And Hippoplacus' wide-extended shade) 495
 The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
 His only hope hung smiling at her breast,

rules, finds a way to make them contribute to the beauty of his poem. Here for instance he has managed it so, that this observance of Hector's is the cause of a very pleasing surprise to the reader; for at first he is not a little disappointed to find that Hector does not meet Andromache, and is no less pleased afterwards to see them encounter by chance, which gives him a satisfaction he thought he had lost. Dacier. P.

Ver. 491.] Dryden has,

And at the gate he met the mournful dame:

whom our poet exactly follows, not only in the similitude of particular expressions, but in the general disposition of the thoughts. Accordingly, they both omit what answers in the original to this sense, after verse 491:

Through which the way conducted to the field.

Ver. 494.] It is grievous to observe Dryden, who knew better so erroneous in the quantity of *proper names*:

————— who on the woody plain
 Of Hippoplacus did in Thebe reign:

following Ogilby, perhaps, without consideration:

My mother, who in Hypoplacus sway'd.

Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
 Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
 To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name 500
 Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream;
 Aftyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
 From his great father, the defence of Troy.

Ver. 499.] Homer says in general, "like a beautiful star:"
 but Dryden,

Who, like the *morning-star*, his beams display'd:
 and in a similar strain Dacier: "Dont la beauté étoit semblable à
 celle d'un astre qui se leve sur l'horison:" which is the *new-born*
 star of our poet.

Ver. 500.] Our poet should have avoided this imperfect rhyme:

The name Scamandrius to this infant gave
 His father, from Scamander's honour'd *wave*.

And Ogilby has comprised the *two* verses of the original in an
 equal number, not contemptibly:

Whom he Scamandrius, but all Troy the child
 Aftyanax, in Hector's honour, styl'd.

But our poet is the metaphrast of Dryden; though he would pro-
 bably have acquitted himself better without the version of his master:
 whose presence acted upon him like enchantment, lockt up his
 faculties, and fixt him to the spot.

Ver. 501. *Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream, &c.*] This manner of giving proper names to children, derived from any place, accident, or quality belonging to them or their parents, is very ancient, and was customary among the Hebrews. The Trojans called the son of Hector, Aftyanax, because (as it is said here and at the end of the twenty-second book) *his father defended the city*. There are many instances of the same kind in the thirtieth chapter of Genesis, where the names given to Jacob's children, and the reasons of those names, are enumerated. P.

Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
 To tender passions all his mighty mind: 505
 His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
 Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
 Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
 And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

Too daring prince! ah whither dost thou run?
 Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son! 511
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
 A widow I, an helpless orphan he!
 For sure such courage length of life denies,
 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice. 515

Ver. 508.] By substituting in ver. 506.

His *weeping* princess —

this couplet becomes an interpolation; the first line of which was formed on Dryden:

Then *sigh'd*, and thus *prophetically* spoke:

who probably took the thought from Dr. Chetwood:

This princess one short visit pays in haste;
 Some daemon told him this would be his last.

Ver. 510.] This seems an improvement on Chetwood's version:

You foremost into every danger *run*,
 Of me regardless, and your little *son*.

Ver. 512.] Two lines of Hobbes at this place are,

And this your son a *wretched orphan* be —
 And then a woful *widow* shall be *I*,

But the translation has a greater resemblance to ver. 432. of the original below, than to the passage before us.

Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
 Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
 Oh grant me, Gods! e'er Hector meets his doom,
 All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb!

So shall my days in one sad tenour run, 520
 And end with sorrows as they first begun.
 No parent now remains my griefs to share,
 No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
 The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
 Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike Sire! 525

Ver. 520.] As so little, like this couplet, appears in Homer, one might suppose our poet to have translated a fine distich in Ovid's epistle of Dido to Æneas:

Durat in extremum, vitæque novissima nostræ
 Prosequitur fati, qui fuit ante, tenor:

My fates, behold! in even tenour run:
 In woe my days will end, and were in woe begun,

but the truth is, he trod in the steps of Dryden's version:

Eternal sorrow and perpetual tears
 Began my youth, and will conclude my years.

Ver. 524. *The fierce Achilles, &c.*] Mr. Dryden, in the preface to the third volume of *Miscellany Poems*, has passed a judgement upon part of this speech, which is altogether unworthy of him. "Andromache (says he) in the midst of her concernment
 "and fright for Hector, runs off her biases, to tell him a story of
 "her pedigree, and of the lamentable death of her father, her
 "mother, and her seven brothers. The devil was in Hector, if he
 "knew not all this matter, as well as she who told it him; for she had
 "been his bed-fellow for many years together: and if he knew it,
 "it must then be confessed, that Homer in this long digression, has
 "rather given us his own character, than that of the fair lady whom
 "he paints. His dear friends the commentators, who never fail him

His fate compassion in the victor bred;
 Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
 His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
 And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile;

“ at a pinch, will needs excuse him, by making the present sorrow
 “ of Andromache to occasion the remembrance of all the past :
 “ but others think that she had enough to do with that grief which
 “ now oppressed her, without running for assistance to her family.”
 But may not it be answered, that nothing was more natural in Andromache, than to recollect her past calamities, in order to represent her present distress to Hector in a stronger light, and shew her utter desertion if he should perish? What could more effectually work upon a generous and tender mind, like that of Hector? What could therefore be more proper to each of their characters? If Hector be induced to refrain from the field, it proceeds from compassion to Andromache : if Andromache endeavour to persuade him, it proceeds from her fear for the life of Hector. Homer had yet a farther view in this recapitulation ; it tends to raise his chief hero Achilles, and acquaints us with those great achievements of his which preceded the opening of the poem. Since there was a necessity that hero should be absent from the action during a great part of the Iliad, the poet has shewn his art in nothing more, than in the methods he takes from time to time to keep up our great idea of him, and to awaken our expectation of what he is to perform in the progress of the work. His greatest enemies cannot upbraid, or complain of him, but at the same time they confess his glory, and describe his victories. When Apollo encourages the Trojans to fight, it is by telling them Achilles fights no more. When Juno animates the Greeks, it is by putting them in mind that they have to do with enemies who durst not appear out of their walls while Achilles engaged. When Andromache trembles for Hector, it is with remembrance of the resistless force of Achilles. And when Agamemnon would bribe him to a reconciliation, it is partly with those very treasures and spoils which had been won by Achilles himself. P.

Ver. 528. *His arms preserv'd from hostile spoil.*] This circumstance of Aëtion's being burned with his arms, will not appear

Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were
burn'd: 530

The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
Jove's silvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honour grow.

By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell;
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell: 535

trivial in this relation, when we reflect with what eager passion these ancient heroes fought to spoil and carry off the armour of a vanquished enemy; and therefore this action of Achilles is mentioned as an instance of uncommon favour and generosity. Thus Æneas in Virgil having slain Lausus, and being moved with compassion for this unhappy youth, gives him a promise of the like favour.

“Arma, quibus lætatus, habe tua: teque parentum
“Manibus, & cineri, si qua est ea cura, remitto.” P.

These imperfect rhymes might be borrowed from Chetwood:

His arms that savage conqueror durst not *spoil*,
But paid just honours to his *funeral pile*.

Ver. 530.] The rhyme of this couplet is vicious, and the thought is immoderately expanded. Perhaps, thus:

Then rais'd a *mound*: Jove's silvan daughters bade
Their elms *spring forth*, and *spread* their *hallow'd* shade.

Our poet's epithet *barren* was suggested by Chapman:

—— set it round with elms, by which is shewne
(In theirs) the *barrenness* of death:

and his note to this effect is from Ogilby.

Ver. 532. *Jove's silvan daughters bade their elms bestow A barren shade, &c.*] It was the custom to plant about tombs only such trees as elms, alders, &c. that bear no fruit, as being most suitable to the dead. This passage alludes to that piece of antiquity. P.

Ver. 535.] I much dislike this use of the word *hell*, which

While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed;
 Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
 My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
 The queen of Hippoplacia's silvan lands:
 Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again 540
 Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
 When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
 She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

perpetually occurs in this translation, for *death*. There is no energy in Dryden's version, but it directed Pope's:

My seven brave brothers in one fatal day
 To death's dark mansions took the mournful way.

Ver. 540.] This turn of the verse he owes to Dryden:
 Her native country did again behold;
 And but beheld.

Ver. 543. *A victim to Diana's bow.*] The Greeks ascribed all sudden deaths of women to Diana. So Ulysses, in Odyss. xi. asks Anticlea, among the shades, if she died by the darts of Diana? And in the present book, Laodame, daughter of Bellerophon, is said to have perished young by the arrows of this Goddess. Or perhaps it may allude to some disease fatal to women, such as Macrobius speaks of, Sat. i. 17. *Fæminis certis afflictas morbis* Σελήνηος καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος καὶ Ἑκάτης *vocant.* P.

I think it probable, that the phrase, as in many other instances, grew by degrees into a *general*, from a *specific* application in its origin; which I suppose to have been the death of women in *child-birth*: as those, slain by Apollo, were such as died of a *coup de soleil*, or, in general, by a sudden death. Hence the propriety of another passage of the Iliad, xxiv. 956. of our poet's translation; to which I refer the reader.

Yet while my Hector still survives; I see
 My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee: 545
 Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
 Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
 Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!
 That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy, 550
 Where yon' wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
 Thou, from this tow'r defend th'important post;
 There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
 That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain, 554
 And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.

Ver. 544.] Dryden is less tender, but more accurate:

But thou, my Hector, art thyself alone
 My parents, brothers, and my lord in one.

Ver. 547.] This thought was engrafted on Homer by Dryden:

O! kill not all my kindred o'er again:

but originated with Chapman:

For thou gone, all these go again.

Ver. 550. *That quarter most—Where yon' wild fig-trees.*] The artifice Andromache here uses to detain Hector in Troy, is very beautifully imagined. She takes occasion from the three attacks that had been made by the enemy upon this place, to give him an honourable pretence for staying at that rampart to defend it. If we consider that those attempts must have been known to all in the city, we shall not think she talks like a soldier, but like a woman, who naturally enough makes use of any incident that offers, to persuade her lover to what she desires. The ignorance too which she expresses, of the reasons that moved the Greeks to attack this particular place, was what I doubt not Homer intended, to reconcile it the more to a female character. P.

Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.

Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.

The chief reply'd: That post shall be my care,
Not that alone, but all the works of war. 561

How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troys proud dames, whose garments sweep
the ground,

Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame? 565

My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to th' embattl'd plains:

Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates; 570
(How my heart trembles while my tongue re-
lates!)

Ver. 560.] He regulates his version by Dryden, but amplifies:

That and the rest are in my daily care:
But should I shun the dangers of the war,
With scorn the Trojans would reward my pains,
And their proud ladies with their sweeping trains:

with an eye on Chapman:

—— and feare it is, to thinke how Troy would scorne.

Ver. 565.] This resembles Dryden:

Belye his courage, and forsake the field:
which might be suggested by Ogilby:

As if I basely had *forsook the field*.

Ver. 571.] This line is due to the invention of the translator,

The day when thou, imperial Troy must bend,
 And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
 And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind, 575
 Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;
 As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
 I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
 In Argive looms our battles to design, 580
 And woes, of which so large a part was thine!

who might have in mind a verse at the beginning of the second Æneid:

Quanquàm animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit:

where Pitt's fine version much resembles in expression this passage of our translator:

Tho' my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell,
 But with a bleeding heart, how Ilion fell.

Ver. 574.] Thus Chapman:

But neither Troyes posteritie so much *my soule* doth wound.

Ver. 578.] He has profited by Ogilby, but not excelled him:

As when I think some cruel Greek shall lead
 Thee, weeping captive, to his loathed bed

Ver. 580.] This detail of the subject woven, not even hinted at by Homer, he derived from Dryden:

A spectacle in Argos, at the loom,
 Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room.

Ver. 581.] He imitates the beginning of the second Æneid:

————— quæque ipse miserrima vidi;
 Et quorum pars magna fui.

Those wars, in which so large a part I bore.

Pitt.

To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
 The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
 There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
 They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife! 585
 Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
 Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
 The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
 A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!
 May I lie cold before that dreadful day, 590
 Press'd with a load of monumental clay!

Ver. 582.] So Chetwood:

Or, lower yet, you may be forc'd to *bring*
 Water to Argos from *Hyperia's spring*.

The next line has a degree of stateliness not suitable, I think, to the simplicity of the passage.

Ver. 583. *Hyperia's spring*.] Drawing water was the office of the meanest slaves. This appears by the holy scripture, where the Gibeonites who had deceived Joshua are made slaves, and subjected to draw water. Joshua pronounces the curse against them in these words: *Now therefore ye are cursed, and there shall none of you be freed from being bondmen, and hewers of wood, and drawers of water.* Josh. ch. ix. ver. 23. Dacier. P.

Ver. 584.] Here are the vestiges of Dryden:

While, groaning under this laborious life,
 They insolently call thee Hector's wife.

Ver. 585.] Our poet gives but an inadequate representation of his author. Thus Mr. Cowper, faithfully:

This was the wife of Hector, who excelled
 All Troy in fight, when Ilium was besieged.

Ver. 590.] Before this verse a circumstance is dropped, which appears thus in Dryden:

That he is dead, who could thy wrongs redress.

Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of
Troy 594
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.

Ver. 594.] He follows Dryden:

Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy,
The pledge of love and other hope of Troy.

Ver. 595. *Stretch'd his fond arms.*] There never was a finer piece of painting than this. Hector extends his arms to embrace his child; the child affrighted at the glittering of his helmet and the shaking of the plume, shrinks backward to the breast of his nurse; Hector unbraces his helmet, lays it on the ground, takes the infant in his arms, lifts him towards heaven, and offers a prayer for him to the Gods; then returns him to the mother Andromache, who receives him with a smile of pleasure, but at the same instant the fears for her husband make her burst into tears. All these are but small circumstances, but so artfully chosen, that every reader immediately feels the force of them, and represents the whole in the utmost liveliness to his imagination. This alone might be a confutation of that false criticism some have fallen into, who affirm that a poet ought only to collect the great and noble particulars in his paintings. But it is in the images of things as in the characters of persons; where a small action, or even a small circumstance of an action, lets us more into the knowledge and comprehension of them, than the material and principal parts themselves. As we find this in a history, so we do in a picture, where sometimes a small motion or turn of a finger will express the character and action of the figure more than all the other parts of the design. Longinus indeed blames an author's insisting too much on trivial circumstances; but in the same place extols Homer as "the poet who best
" knew how to make use of important and beautiful circumstances,
" and to avoid the mean and superfluous ones." There is a vast difference betwixt a *small* circumstance and a *trivial* one, and the smallest become important if they are well chosen, and not confused.

The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
 Scar'd at the dazling helm, and nodding crest.
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
 And Hector hasted to relieve his child, 599
 The glitt'ring terrours from his brows unbound,
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
 Then kifs'd the child, and lifting high in air,
 Thus to the Gods, preferr'd a father's pray'r.

Ver. 596.] Chapman renders,

———— he *cling'd* backe to his nurse, and cride:
 but Chetwood seems to have more attracted the attention of our poet:

*The child clung, crying, to his nurse's breast,
 Scar'd at the burnish'd arms and threatening crest.*

The epithets only are varied.

Ver. 597.] The circumstantial delineation in the original picture will be much more beautifully seen in Dryden, somewhat corrected:

*Scar'd at his face with gleaming steel o'erspread,
 And the high plume that nodded o'er his head.*

Ver. 598.] From Dryden:

His fire and mother smil'd with silent joy,
 And Hector hasten'd to relieve his boy.

Ver. 602.] Ogilby is faithful to his author:

Then having kifs'd and dandled in his arms
 His dearest son —.

And in the *first* edition of our poet the orthography is this:

Then *kist* the child:

which, as I apprehend, is the genuine *preterite*, improperly changed in future impressions to the *participle*.

O thou! whose glory fills th' æthereal throne,
 And all ye deathless pow'rs! protect my son! 605
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
 To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
 Against his country's foes the war to wage,
 And rise the Hector of the future age!

Ver. 604. *Hector's prayer for his son.*] It may be asked how Hector's prayer, that his son might protect the Trojans, could be consistent with what he had said just before, that he certainly knew Troy and his parents would perish. We ought to reflect that this is only a prayer; Hector in the excess of a tender emotion for his son, entreats the Gods to preserve Troy, and permit Astyanax to rule there. It is at all times allowable to beseech heaven to appease its anger, and change its decrees; and we are taught that prayers can alter destiny. *Dacier*. Besides it cannot be inferred from hence, that Hector had any divine foreknowledge of his own fate, and the approaching ruin of his country; since in many following passages we find him possessed with strong hopes and firm assurances to raise the siege, by the flight or destruction of the Greeks. So that these forebodings of his fate were only the apprehensions and misgivings of a soul dejected with sorrow and compassion, by considering the great dangers to which he saw all that was dear to him exposed. P.

There is too much amplification here. I would propose what is faithfully expressive of the original:

Thou, gracious Jove! and all ye powers divine!
 Grant *this* my son a fame to rival mine:
 To guard *our* state, his country's wars to wage,
 And rise the Hector of the future age.

The latter part of this address is excellently translated, and in a style much superior to Dryden's version.

Ver. 607.] This species of phraseology is but ill adapted to his author; but Chetwood was his guide:

Grant this my child in honour and renown
 May equal me, wear and deserve the crown. I

So when triumphant from successful toils 610
 Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
 And say, This chief transcends his father's fame:
 While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
 Restor'd the pleasing burthen to her arms; 617
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
 Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
 The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear, 620
 She mingled with the smile a tender tear.

Ver. 613. *Transcends his father's fame.*] The commendation Hector here gives himself, is not only agreeable to the openness of a brave man, but very becoming on such a solemn occasion; and a natural effect from the testimony of his own heart to his honour; at this time especially, when he knew not but he was speaking his last words. Virgil has not scrupled it, in what he makes Æneas say to Ascanius at his parting for the battle:

“ Et pater Æneas & avunculus excitet Hector.

“ Disce puer virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,

“ Fortunam ex aliis.”—— Æn. xii.

I believe he had this of Homer in his eye, though the pathetic mention of Fortune in the last line seems an imitation of that prayer of Sophocles, copied also from hence, where Ajax wishes his son may be *like him in all things but in his misfortunes*. P.

Ver. 615. *His mother's conscious heart.*] Though the chief beauty of this prayer consists in the paternal piety shewn by Hector, yet it wants not a fine stroke at the end, to continue him in the character of a tender lover of his wife, when he makes one of the motives of his wish, to be the joy she shall receive on hearing her son applauded. P.

The soften'd chief with kind compassion
view'd,

And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd.

Andromache ! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart? 625

No hostile hand can antedate my doom,

'Till Fate condemns me to the silent tomb.

Fix'd is the term of all the race of earth ;

And such the hard condition of our birth.

No force can then resist, no flight can save, 630

All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.

Ver. 623.] This circumstance is interpolated from Dryden :

He, wiping her fair eyes, indulg'd her grief :
who borrowed it from Chapman ;

He dried her tears.

Our poet's execution here is beautifully poetical, but not comparable, in my opinion, to the concise impassioned simplicity of his original : of which the following is a faithful representation :

This said, he placed his infant in the arms
Of his lov'd wife : she to her fragrant breast,
Smiling in tears, receiv'd it : Pity toucht
His soul : he fondly prest her hand, and spake.

Ver. 628. *Fix'd is the term.*] The reason which Hector here urges to allay the affliction of his wife, is grounded on a very ancient and common opinion, that the fatal period of life is appointed to all men at the time of their birth ; which as no precaution can avoid, so no danger can hasten. This sentiment is as proper to give comfort to the distressed, as to inspire courage into the desponding ; since nothing is so fit to quiet and strengthen our minds in times of difficulty, as a firm assurance that our lives are expos'd to no real hazards, in the greatest appearances of danger. P.

No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
 There guide the spindle, and direct the loom :
 Me Glory summons to the martial scene,
 The field of combat is the sphere for men. 635
 Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
 The first in danger as the first in fame.

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
 His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes.
 His princess parts with a prophetick sigh, 640
 Unwilling parts, and oft' reverts her eye
 That stream'd at every look : then moving slow,
 Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.

Ver. 632.] Thus Dryden, with the same faulty rhymes :
 Return ; and, to divert thy thoughts at home,
 There task thy maids, and exercise the loom :
 who seems as well as Pope, to have cast an eye on Ogilby :

Look thou unto thy women's *tasks at home* ;
 Command them ply *the spindle and the loom*.

Ver. 638.] Our poet has profited from Ogilby, who is concise
 and not inelegant :

This said, illustrious Hector *reassumes*
 His glittering *helmet*, stuck *with* horrid *plumes* :
 But sad Andromache to court repairs,
 Oft looking back, and shedding many tears.

Ver. 640.] The thoughts of this couplet are not in the original,
 and were probably derived from Chetwood :

The beauteous princess silently withdrew,
 Turns oft, and with sad-wishing eyes does her lord's
 steps pursue.

Pensive to her apartment she returns,
 And with *prophetic* tears approaching evils mourns.

There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
 Thro' all her train the soft infection ran, 645
 The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
 And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
 Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.
 In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray, 650
 Swift thro' the town the warrior bends his way.
 The wanton courser thus with reins unbound,
 Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling
 ground ;

Ver. 646.] The original is huddled together in consequence of treading so exactly in Dryden's steps :

These loud laments her echoing maids restore,
 And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore:

who followed Ogilby :

————— for Hector yet alive, they mourn
 As he were slain, and never to return.

The following attempt is literal :

They, in his house, the living Hector mourn'd ;
 For, never more, said they, will he from war
 Return, escaped the furious hands of Greeks.

Ver. 649. *Forth issues Paris.*] Paris stung by the reproaches of Hector, goes to the battle. It is a just remark of Eustathius, that all the reproofs and remonstrances in Homer have constantly their effect. The poet by this shews the great use of reprehensions when properly applied, and finely intimates that every worthy mind will be the better for them. P.

Ver. 652. *The wanton courser thus, &c.*] This beautiful comparison being translated by Virgil in the eleventh Æneid ; I shall transcribe the originals, that the reader may have the pleasure of comparing them.

Ὡς δ' ὅτε τις σαυρὸς ἵππος ἀκοσῆσας ἐπὶ φάτνῃ,
 Δεσμὸν ἀπορρήξας δέξει πεδίοιο κραίνων,

Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides;

Εἰωθὼς λέεσθαι ἐϋρρέϊος ποταμοῖο,
Κυδιόων, ὃψ' δὲ κάρη ἔχει, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
Ὠμοῖς αἴσσονται· ὃ δ' ἀγλαΐῃφι πεποιθὼς,
Ῥίμφα ἔγνα φέρει μετὰ τ' ἥθεα καὶ νομὸν ἵππων.

“ Qualis ubi abruptis fugit præsepia vinclis
“ Tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto,
“ Aut ille in pastus armentaque tendit equarum :
“ Aut assuetus aquæ perfundi flumine noto
“ Emicat, arrectisque fremit cervicibus altè
“ Luxurians; luduntque jubæ per colla, per armos.”

Though nothing can be better translated than this is by Virgil, yet in Homer the simile seems more perfect, and the place more proper. Paris had been indulging his ease within the walls of his palace, as the horse in his stable; which was not the case of Turnus. The beauty and wantonness of the steed agrees more exactly with the character of Paris than with the other: and the insinuation of his love of the mares has yet a nearer resemblance. The languishing flow of that verse,

Εἰωθὼς λέεσθαι ἐϋρρέϊος ποταμοῖο,

finely corresponds with the ease and luxuriancy of the pampered courser bathing in the flood; a beauty which Scaliger did not consider, when he criticised particularly upon that line. Tasso has also imitated this simile, cant. ix.

“ Come destrier, che de la regie stalle
“ Ove a l' uso de l' arme si referba,
“ Fugge, e libero alfin per largo calle
“ Và trà gl' armenti, ò al fiume ufato, ò a l'erba;
“ Scherza fù 'l collo i crini, e fù le spalle,
“ Si scote la service alta, e superba;
“ Suonano i piè nel corso, e par, ch' auvampi,
“ Di sonori nitriti empiedo i campi.” P.

Our poet is somewhat indebted to Dryden's spirited translation of the parallel passage in Virgil, quoted above:

His head now freed, he tosses to the skies; 656
 His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulder flies;
 He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
 And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
 With equal triumph, sprightly, bold and gay,
 In arms refulgent as the God of day, 661
 The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
 Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.

And now the warriors passing on the way,
 The graceful Paris first excus'd his stay. 665

Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken reins,
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains:
 Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds,
 And *snuffs the females* in forbidden grounds:
 Or *seeks* his watering in the *well-known flood*,
 To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:
 He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
 And o'er his shoulder flows his waving mane:
 He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high;
 Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.

Ver. 662.] Our translator is uncommonly negligent here, in suppressing a speech, and in other respects transforming his original. Those, who wish a more exact delineation, I refer to Mr. Cowper: for Ogilby in this place, tho' accurate, is void of elegance.

I do not retract this note, which I wrote before reading our poet's apology; an apology, defective, I think, both in taste and judgement.

Ver. 665. *Paris excus'd his stay.*] Here, in the original, is a short speech of Paris containing only these words: *Brother, I have detained you too long, and should have come sooner, as you desired me.* This, and some few others of the same nature in the Iliad, the translator has ventured to omit, expressing only the sense of them. A living author (whom future times will quote, and therefore I shall not scruple to do it) says, that these short speeches, though they may be

To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd:
 O chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!
 Thy pow'r in war with justice none contest;
 Known is thy courage, and thy strength confest.
 What pity sloth should seize a soul so brave, 670
 Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave!
 My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,
 And hopes, thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.
 Haste then, in all their glorious labours share;
 For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war. 675
 These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree
 We crown the bowl to Heav'n and Liberty:

natural in other languages, cannot appear so well in ours, which is much more stubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but so many rubs in the story, that are still turning the narration out of its proper course. P.

Ver. 667.] This verse is a mere interpolation; and so the following circumstances of *woman's slave*, and *my heart weeps blood*, which is, I fear, a hypertragical exaggeration. It might possibly be suggested to his fancy by Dacier's translation: "Je suis accablé de douleur d'entendre les reproches *sanglants*, que vous font les Troyens." P.

Ver. 669. *Known is thy courage, &c.*] Hector here confesses the natural valour of Paris, but observes it to be overcome by the indolence of his temper and the love of pleasure. An ingenious French writer very well remarks, that the true character of this hero has a great resemblance with that of Marc Anthony. See the notes on the third book, ver. 37, and 86. P.

Ver. 677. *We crown the bowl to Heav'n and Liberty.*] The Greek is, κρητῆρα ἐλεύθερον, *the free bowl*, in which they made libations to Jupiter after the recovery of their liberty. The ex-

While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs
 mourns,
 And Greece indignant thro' her seas returns.

pression is observed by M. Dacier to resemble those of the Hebrews;
The cup of salvation, the cup of sorrow, the cup of benediction, &c.
 Athenæus mentions those cups which the Greeks called *γραμματικά*
ἐκπώματα, and were consecrated to the Gods in memory of some
 success. He gives us the inscription of one of this sort, which
 was ΔΙΟΣ ΣΩΤΗΡΟΣ. P.

THE ARGUMENT.

SEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILLIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE SINGLE COMBAT OF HECTOR AND AJAX.

THE battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scaean gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead, the last of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting, but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder and other signs of his wrath.

The three and twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax: the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain; and one more in building the fortification before the ships. So that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

P.

THE
SEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

I L I A D.

SO spoke the guardian of the Trojan state,
Then rush'd impetuous thro' the Scæan gate.
Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms ;
Both breathing slaughter, both resolv'd in arms.

Ver. 2. *Thro' the Scæan gate.*] This gate is not here particularised by Homer, but it appears by the 491st verse of the sixth book that it could be no other. Eustathius takes notice of the difference of the words ἐξέρσυλο and κίε, the one applied to Hector, the other to Paris : by which the motion of the former is described as an impetuous sallying forth, agreeable to the violence of a warrior : and that of the latter as a calmer movement, correspondent to the gentler character of a lover. But perhaps this remark is too refined, since Homer plainly gives Paris a character of bravery in what immediately precedes and follows this verse. P.

Ver. 3.] There is a stiffness and formality in this couplet, which displeases me. Ogilby, with trivial correction, seems not inferior :

*Then, rushing through the gates, both princes go
Resolv'd to try the valour of the foe.*

The following simile is finely translated by our poet, and the *eighth* verse, an effusion of his own fancy, is eminently graceful.

As when to failors lab'ring through the main, 5
 That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain.
 Jove bids at length th' expected gales arise ;
 The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies :
 So welcome these to Troy's desiring train ;
 The bands are chear'd, the war awakes again. 10

Bold Paris first the work of death begun
 On great Menesthius, Areïthous' son:
 Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,
 The pleasing Arnè was his native place.
 Then sunk Eioneus to the shades below, 15
 Beneath his steely casque he felt the blow

Ver. 5. *As when to sailors, &c.*] This simile makes it plain that the battle had relaxed during the absence of Hector in Troy ; and consequently that the conversation of Diomed and Glaucus in the former book, was not (as Homer's censurers would have it) in the heat of the engagement. P.

Ver. 10.] This supplement of the couplet seems to have been suggested by Ogilby :

Such joy reviv'd the Trojans, when they view'd
 These princes ; and *the battell they renew'd.*

Ver. 11.] This is from Chapman :

Then fell they to *the works of death.*

Ver. 16.] After Chapman :

Beneath his good steele caske it pierc't.

By the transposition of a single word, Ogilby's version, which is very close and faithful, becomes more dextrous by far than that of our translator :

Through Eion's neck his javelin Hector thrust
 Beneath his helm ; and lay'd him in the dust.

Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand;
 And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
 By Glaucus' spear the bold Iphinous bleeds,
 Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds; 20
 Headlong he tumbles: his slack nerves unbound
 Drop the cold useless members on the ground.

When now Minerva saw her Argives slain,
 From vast Olympus to the gleaming plain

Ver. 23. *When now Minerva, &c.*] This machine of the two Deities meeting to part the two armies is very noble. Eustathius tells us it is an allegorical Minerva and Apollo: Minerva represents the prudent valour of the Greeks, and Apollo who stood for the Trojans, the power of destiny: so that the meaning of the allegory may be, that the valour and wisdom of the Greeks had now conquered Troy, had not destiny withstood. Minerva therefore complies with Apollo, an intimation that wisdom can never oppose fate. But if you take them in the literal sense as a real God and Goddess, it may be asked what necessity there was for the introduction of two such Deities? To this Eustathius answers, That the last book was the only one in which both armies were destitute of the aid of the Gods; in consequence of which there is no gallant action achiev'd, nothing extraordinary done, especially after the retreat of Hector; but here the Gods are again introduced to usher in a new scene of great actions. The same author offers this other solution: Hector finding the Trojan army over-powered, considers how to stop the fury of the present battle; this he thinks may best be done by the proposal of a single combat: thus Minerva by a very easy and natural fiction may signify that wisdom or courage (she being the Goddess of both) which suggests the necessity of diverting the war: and Apollo that seasonable stratagem by which he effected it. P.

Chapman is more faithful than Pope, and his efforts in this place have an unelaborate simplicity, that will please the reader:

When gray-ey'd Pallas had perceiv'd, the Greeks so fall in fight,
 From high Olympus' top she stoopt, and did on Ilion light.
 Apollo, to encounter her, to Pergamus did flie,
 From whence he, looking to the field, wisht Trojans victorie.

Fierce she descends: Apollo mark'd her flight, 25
 Nor shot less swift from Ilion's tow'ry height:
 Radiant they met, beneath the beechen shade;
 When thus Apollo to the blue-ey'd maid.

What cause, O daughter of almighty Jove!
 Thus wings thy progress from the realms above?
 Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way, 31
 To give to Greece the long-divided day?
 Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,
 Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate:
 This day, the business of the field suspend; 35
 War soon shall kindle, and great Ilion bend;
 Since vengeful Goddesses confed'rate join
 To raze her walls, tho' built by hands divine.

To whom the progeny of Jove replies.
 I left, for this, the council of the skies: 40
 But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear,
 What art shall calm the furious sons of war?

Ver. 34.] If I understand the construction intended by our author, consistency required him to write,

Now breathe thy rage, *be hush'd* the stern debate:
 i. e. *let* thy rage breathe, and the debate be hushed.

Ver. 37. *Vengeful Goddesses.*] Ὑμῖν ἀθανάτοισι in this place must signify Minerva and Juno, the word being of the feminine gender. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 40.] Better, perhaps, as more exact,

'Tis well: I *too*, *for this*, *forsook* the skies.

Ver. 41.] This couplet is wrought from the following simple words of his author:

To her the God : great Hector's soul incite
 To dare the boldest Greek to single fight,
 'Till Greece, provok'd, from all her numbers
 show, 45

A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe.

At this agreed, the heav'nly powr's withdrew ;
 Sage Helenus their secret counsels knew :
 Hector, inspir'd he fought : to him addrest,
 Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast. 50
 O son of Priam ! let thy faithful ear
 Receive my words ; thy friend and brother hear !
 Go forth persuasive, and a while engage
 The warring nations to suspend their rage ;
 Then dare the boldest of the hostile train 55
 To mortal combat on the lifted plain.

But come, how wilt thou stop this war of men ?
 He seems to have cast an eye on Dacier : Mais comment prétendez-
 vous arrêter des troupes dans la plus grande *fureur du combat* ?

Ver. 48. *Sage Helenus their sacred counsels knew.*] Helenus was the priest of Apollo, and might therefore be supposed to be informed of this by his God, or taught by an oracle that such was his will. Or else being an *Augur*, he might learn it from the flight of those birds, into which the Deities are here feigned to transform themselves (perhaps for that reason, as it would be a very poetical manner of expressing it.) The fiction of these divinities sitting on the beech-tree in the shape of Vultures, is imitated by Milton in the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*, where Satan leaping over the boundaries of Eden, sits in the form of a cormorant upon the tree of life. P.

This imitation of Milton had been noticed by Addison in his commentary on that poet, published in the *Spectator*.

For not this day shall end thy glorious date;
 The Gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate.
 He said: the warrior heard the word with joy;
 Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,
 Held by the midst athwart. On either hand
 The squadrons part; th'expecting Trojans stand:
 Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear;
 They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.
 Th'Athenian maid, and glorious God of day,
 With silent joy the settling hosts survey: 66

Ver. 57. *For not this day shall end thy glorious date.*] Eustathius justly observes, that Homer here takes from the greatness of Hector's intrepidity, by making him foreknow that he should not fall in this combat; whereas Ajax encounters him without any such encouragement. It may perhaps be difficult to give a reason for this management of the poet, unless we ascribe it to that commendable prejudice, and honourable partiality he bears his countrymen, which makes him give a superiority of courage to the heroes of his own nation. P.

Ver. 60.] *Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy, Held by the midst athwart.*—] The remark of Eustathius here is observable: he tells us that the warriors of those times (having no trumpets, and because the voice of the loudest herald would be drowned in the noise of a battle) addressed themselves to the eyes, and that grasping the middle of the spear denoted a request that the fight might a while be suspended, the holding the spear in that position not being the posture of a warrior; and thus Agamemnon understands it without any farther explication. But however it be, we have a lively picture of a general who stretches his spear across, and presses back the advanced soldiers of his army. P.

Our poet misunderstood the circumstance of the *spear*. It is not asserted, that Hector held it in a different *direction*, but by another *part* only, in the *middle*: because, when a warrior was poising his spear for a hostile cast, the weight of the iron head would require a position of the hand much beyond the *middle*, towards the *point*.

In form of vultures, on the beech's height
They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.

The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields,
Horrid with bristling spears, and gleaming shields.
As when a gen'ral darkness veils the main, 71
(Soft Zephyr curling the wide watry plain)

Ver. 70.] The epithet *thronging* conveys an idea of *progression*, whereas the troops were sitting down; and a word of the original is passed over in the next verse. I would propose the following couplet:

The troops *condens'd* obscure the dusky fields;
Bristling with spears, and *helms*, and gleaming shields.

Our poet, I presume, had an eye on Ogilby, who has succeeded fully, if one word only be transposed, and one changed:

The squadrons *sate* thick-rank'd; and all the fields
Bristled with arms, helms, spears, and dazzling shields.

Ver. 71. *As when a gen'ral darkness, &c.*] The thick ranks of the troops composing themselves, in order to sit and hear what Hector was about to propose, are compared to the waves of the sea just stirred by the *West* wind: the simile partly consisting in the *darkness* and *stillness*. This is plainly different from those images of the sea, given us on other occasions, where the armies in their engagement and confusion are compared to the waves in their *agitation* and *tumult*: and that the contrary is the drift of this simile appears particularly from Homer's using the word *ἴατο*, *sedebant*, twice in the application of it. All the other versions seem to be mistaken here: what caused the difficulty was the expression *ὄρνυμένον* *νέον*, which may signify the *West* wind *blowing on a sudden*, as well as *first-rising*. But the design of Homer was to convey an image both of the gentle motion that arose over the field from the helmets and spears before their armies were quite settled; and of the repose and awe which ensued, when Hector began to speak. P.

It appears to me, that the *simile* was suggested by the preceding term *πεφρικυιαί*, *bristling—rough—horrent*, as Milton renders the word after Virgil, in *Par. Lost*, ii. 513.

The waves scarce heave, the face of Ocean sleeps,
 And a still horror saddens all the deeps:
 Thus in thick orders settling wide around, 75
 At length compos'd they sit, and shade the ground.
 Great Hector first amidst both armies broke
 The solemn silence, and their pow'rs bespoke.

him round
 A globe of fiery Seraphim enclos'd
 With bright imblazonry, and *horrent arms* :

though elsewhere our sublime bard uses the word of Pope, in a passage palpably imitated from this before us, *Par. Lost. vi. 82.*

Bristled with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields :

and so Dacier: “*Hérissés de piques* :” a term, pleasantly applied by Boileau at the beginning of his *fourth satire* :

Un pédant enyvré de sa vaine science,
 Tout *hérissé de Grec*.

Homer has used this *figurative* expression before, and Virgil on various occasions with much felicity: but I restrain myself on the subject of these philological illustrations; which unwarily indulged would enlarge this edition to an immeasurable size.

On other occasions, when troops are in progressive motion, and the rows of spears undulate with their steps; the comparison is drawn from waving corn in a field: here, as the men were sitting down, the motion of the spears would take a less compass; and the *simile* is adjusted accordingly. I much doubt, whether the *blackness* of the sea were intended to receive any application to the soldiers: it appears rather a circumstance, designed to fix the degree of *undulation* in the sea; because *large waves* are elsewhere spoken of by our poet, as *white* and *foaming*. I would propose the following translation, accommodated to this conception of the original:

As Ocean's waves, when Zephyr's freshning gale
 Pours sudden, curl and blacken at the blast:
 So seem'd in shew the Greek and Trojan files.

Hear all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands,
 What my soul prompts, and what some God
 commands. 80

Great Jove, averse our warfare to compose,
 O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes;

Ver. 79. *Hear all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands.*] The appearance of Hector, his formal challenge, and the affright of the Greeks upon it, have a near resemblance to the description of the challenge of Goliath in the first book of Samuel, ch. xvii. *And he stood and cried to the armies of Israel!—Chuse you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants.—When Saul and all Israel heard the words of the Philistine, they were greatly dismayed, and greatly afraid, &c.*

There is a fine air of gallantry and bravery in this challenge of Hector. If he seems to speak too vainly, we should consider him under the character of a challenger, whose business it is to defy the enemy. Yet at the same time we find a decent modesty in his manner of expressing the conditions of the combat: he says simply, *If my enemy kills me*; but of himself, *If Apollo grant me victory*. It was an imagination equally agreeable to a man of generosity, and a lover of glory, to mention the monument to be erected over his vanquished enemy; though we see he considers it not so much an honour paid to the conquered, as a trophy to the conqueror. It was natural too to dwell most upon the thought that pleased him best; for he takes no notice of any monument that should be erected over himself, if he should fall unfortunately. He no sooner allows himself to expatiate, but the prospect of glory carries him away thus far beyond his first intention, which was only to allow the enemy to interr their champion with decency. P.

Ver. 80.] He might have adhered to his author without interpolation:

Hear all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands,
 What the bold impulse of my soul commands.

War with a fiercer tide once more returns,
 Till Ilion falls, or till yon' navy burns. 84
 You then, O Princes of the Greeks! appear;
 'Tis Hector speaks, and calls the Gods to hear:
 From all your troops select the boldest knight,
 And him, the boldest, Hector dares to fight.
 Here if I fall, by chance of battle slain,
 Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain; 90
 But let my body, to my friends return'd,
 By Trojan hands and Trojan flames be burn'd.
 And if Apollo, in whose aid I trust,
 Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust;
 If mine the glory to despoil the foe; 95
 On Phœbus' temple I'll his arms bestow:

Ver. 84.] More correctly grammatical thus:

Ills with a fiercer tide once more return,
 Till Ilion *fall*, or till yon' navy *burn*.

Ver. 86.] He might have written, without an intermixture of extraneous sentiment, as follows:

'Tis Hector speaks: *his general challenge* hear.

Ver. 92.] The original suggests the following alteration:

By *all the Trojans* and *their wives* be burn'd.

Ver. 96. *On Phœbus' temple I'll his arms bestow.*] It was the manner of the ancients to dedicate trophies of this kind to the temples of the Gods. The particular reason for consecrating the arms in this place to Apollo, is not only as he was the constant protector of Troy, but as this thought of the challenge was inspired by him. P.

The same vulgarity is in Chapman:

The breathless carcass to your navy sent,
 Greece on the shore shall raise a monument;
 Which when some future mariner surveys,
 Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas, 100

in Apollo's shrine
 I'll hang them, as my trophies due :
 and in Ogilby :

His arms I'll bear to sacred Ilium.

Our poet should have avoided it by writing simply,

On Phœbus' temple I his arms bestow :

because *future action* is perpetually expressed in poetry and prophecy with perfect propriety, as well as dignity, by *present determination*.

Ver. 98. *Greece on the shore shall raise a monument.*] Homer took the hint of this from several tombs of the ancient heroes who had fought at Troy, remaining in his time upon the shore of the Hellespont. He gives that sea the epithet *broad*, to distinguish the particular place of those tombs, which was on the Rhœtean or Sigæan coast, where the Hellespont (which in other parts is narrow) opens itself to the Ægean sea. Strabo gives an account of the monument of Ajax near Rhætum, and of Achilles at the promontory of Sigæum. This is one among a thousand proofs of our author's exact knowledge in Geography and Antiquities. Time (says Eustathius) has destroyed those tombs which were to have preserved Hector's glory; but Homer's poetry, more lasting than monuments, and proof against ages, will for ever support and convey it to the latest posterity. P.

Ver. 100] The word *seas* is perpetually constrained by our poets to rhyme with another of similar sound with *surveys*, according to the low and vicious pronunciation of the former word, and others of the same complexion, by the Irish, and the people of Lancashire and Cheshire in England. This practice is highly careless and disgusting.

Thus shall he say, "A valiant Greek lies there,
 "By Hector slain, the mighty man of war."
 The stone shall tell your vanquish'd hero's name,
 And distant ages learn the victor's fame.

This fierce defiance Greece astonish'd heard,
 Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd. 106

Ver. 102.] A poor verse, and a faulty rhyme. Ogilby is not amiss:

There lies the body of one kill'd long since
 By valiant Hector, that renowned prince.
 So let him say, and so preserve my *name*
 From age to age, eternizing my *fame*.

Perhaps, our author might have written, as well in other respects, and with more fidelity, thus:

Thus shall he say: "*Here lies a man of might,
 "Whom once illustrious Hector slew in fight.*"

Ver. 105. *Greece astonish'd heard.*] It seems natural to enquire, why the Greeks, before they accepted Hector's challenge, did not demand reparation for the former treachery of Pandarus, and insist upon the delivering up the author of it; which had been the shortest way for the Trojans to have wiped off that stain: it was very reasonable for the Greeks to reply to this challenge, that they could not venture a second single combat, for fear of such another insidious attempt upon their champion. And indeed I wonder that Nestor did not think of this excuse for his countrymen, when they were so backward to engage. One may make some sort of answer to this, if we consider the clearness of Hector's character; and his words at the beginning of the foregoing speech, where he first complains of the revival of the war as a misfortune common to them both (which is at once very artful and decent) and lays the blame of it upon Jupiter. Though, by the way, his charging the Trojan breach of faith upon the Deity, looks a little like the reasoning of some modern saints in the doctrine of absolute reprobation, making God the author of sin, and may serve for some instance of the antiquity of that false tenet. P.

Ver. 106.] He seems to have consulted Ogilby:

Stern Menelaüs first the silence broke,
And inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke.

Women of Greece! Oh scandal of your race,
Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace.
How great the shame, when ev'ry age shall know
That not a Grecian met this noble foe! 112

Go then! resolve to earth, from whence ye grew;
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!
Be what ye seem, unanimated clay!

Myself will dare the danger of the day, 116
'Tis Man's bold task the gen'rous strife to try,
But in the hands of God is victory.

This said, all silent were: no Greek did speak;
Blush'd to refuse, yet durst not undertake.

And our poet would have written with more fidelity to his original,
had he kept still closer to his predecessor, thus:

This fierce defiance Greece *in silence* heard.

Ver. 109. *Women of Greece! &c.*] There is a great deal of fire in this speech of Menelaus, which very well agrees with his character and circumstances. Methinks while he speaks one sees him in a posture of emotion, pointing with contempt at the commanders about him. He upbraids their cowardice, and wishes they may become (according to the literal words) *earth and water*: that is, be resolved into those principles they sprung from, or die. Thus Eustathius explains it very exactly from a verse he cites of Zenophanes:

Πάντες γὰρ γαῖαν τε καὶ ὕδατος ἐκτενόμεσθα.

Ver. 118.] Chapman has given a very happy turn, in my opinion, to the correspondent verse of his original:

But Conquest's garlands hang aloft, amongst th' immortal Gods.

These words scarce spoke, with gen'rous
 ardour prest,
 His manly limbs in azure arms he drest: 120
 That day, Atrides! a superiour hand
 Had stretched thee breathless on the hostile strand;
 But all at once, thy fury to compose,
 The kings of Greece, an awful band, arose:
 Ev'n he their chief, great Agamemnon, prefs'd
 Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd. 126
 Whither, O Menelaüs! would'st thou run,
 And tempt a fate, which prudence bids thee shun?
 Griev'd tho' thou art, forbear the rash design;
 Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine, 130
 Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear,
 And trembling met this dreadful son of war.
 Sit thou secure amidst thy social band;
 Greece in our cause shall arm some pow'rful hand.

Ver. 131. *Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd his force to fear.*] The Poet every where takes occasion to set the brotherly love of Agamemnon towards Menelaus in the most agreeable light: when Menelaus is wounded, Agamemnon is more concerned than he; and here dissuades him from a danger, which he offers immediately after to undertake himself. He makes use of Hector's superiour courage to bring him to a compliance; and tells him that even Achilles dares not engage with Hector. This (says Eustathius) is not true, but only the affection for his brother thus breaks out into a kind of extravagance. Agamemnon likewise consults the honour of Menelaus: for it will be no disgrace to him to decline encountering a man whom Achilles himself is afraid of. Thus he artfully provides for his safety and honour at the same time. P.

The mightiest warrior of th' Achaian name, 135
 Tho' bold, and burning with desire of fame,

Ver. 135. *The mightiest warrior, &c.*] It cannot with certainty be concluded from the words of Homer, who the person is to whom Agamemnon applies the last lines of this speech: the interpreters leave it as undetermined in their translations as it is in the original. Some would have it understood of Hector, that the Greeks would send such an antagonist against him, from whose hands Hector might be glad to escape. But this interpretation seems contrary to the plain design of Agamemnon's discourse, which only aims to deter his brother from so rash an undertaking as engaging with Hector. So that instead of dropping any expression which might depreciate the power or courage of this hero, he endeavours rather to represent him as the most formidable of men, and dreadful even to Achilles. This passage therefore will be most consistent with Agamemnon's design, if it be considered as an argument offered to Menelaus, at once to dissuade him from the engagement, and to comfort him under the appearance of so great a disgrace as refusing the challenge; by telling him that any warrior, how bold and intrepid soever, might be content to sit still and rejoice that he is not exposed to so hazardous an engagement. The words αἶψα φύγησθαι ἐκ πολέμοιο, signify not to escape out of the combat (as the translators take it) but to avoid entering into it.

The phrase of γόνα κάμψειν, which is literally *to bend the knee*, means (according to Eustathius) to *rest*, to sit down, καθεσθῆναι, and is used so by Æschylus in Prometheus. Those interpreters were greatly mistaken who imagined it signified *to kneel down*, to thank the Gods for escaping from such a combat; whereas the custom of kneeling in prayer (as we before observed) was not in use among these nations. P.

Our poet here is enveloped in a cloud of darkness, raised by himself. He has totally mistaken a passage, which is perfectly plain to any man, who has but a moderate knowledge of the original: nor has one of his predecessors in English translation represented the sense amiss. Take Hobbes for an example:

Therefore, good brother, sit still at your troop;
 Some other we'll oppose to Hector's might,
 That, haughty as he is, shall make him stoop,
 And thank the Gods, if safe he come from fight.

Content, the doubtful honour might forego,
So great the danger, and so brave the foe.

He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind;
He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd, 140
No longer bent to rush on certain harms;
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.

He, from whose lips divine persuasion flows,
Grave Nestor, then, in graceful act arose,
Thus to the kings he spoke. What grief, what
shame 145

Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name?

Ver. 139.] Thus Ogilby, who might assist this fine couplet:

Thus Agamemnon *chang'd his brother's mind*,
Who to his graver *reasons* straight inclin'd.

Again with exquisite felicity, in Prologue to the Satires:

That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But *stoop'd to Truth*, and moraliz'd his song.

Ver. 143.] This is the poetical addition of his own fancy.
His author would have been as fully represented thus:

Then Nestor rose, and spake: What grief, what shame—.

Ver. 145. *The speech of Nestor.*] This speech, if we consider the occasion of it, could be made by no person but Nestor. No young warrior could with decency exhort others to undertake a combat which he himself declined. Nothing could be more in his character than to represent to the Greeks how much they would suffer in the opinion of another old man like himself. In naming Peleus he sets before their eyes the expectations of all their fathers, and the shame that must afflict them in their old age, if their sons behaved themselves unworthily. The account he gives of the conversations he had formerly held with that King, and his jealousy for the glory of Greece, is a very natural picture of the warm dialogues of two old warriors upon the commencement of a new war. Upon the whole, Nestor never more displays his oratory than in this place: you see him rising with a sigh, expressing a pathetick sorrow, and

How shall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn
 Their sons degen'rate, and their race a scorn?
 What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd,
 Oh Peleus, old in arms, in wisdom old! 150
 Once with what joy the gen'rous prince would
 hear
 Of ev'ry chief who fought this glorious war,
 Participate their fame, and pleas'd enquire
 Each name, each action, and each hero's fire?

wishing again for his youth, that he might wipe away this disgrace from his country. The humour of story-telling, so natural to old men, is almost always marked by Homer in the speeches of Nestor: the apprehension that their age makes them contemptible, puts them upon repeating the brave deeds of their youth. Plutarch justifies the praises Nestor here gives himself; and the vaunts of his valour, which on this occasion were only exhortations to those he addressed them to: by these he restores courage to the Greeks, who were astonished at the bold challenge of Hector, and causes nine of the princes to rise and accept it. If any man had a right to commend himself, it was this venerable prince, who in relating his own actions did no more than propose examples of virtue to the young. Virgil, without any such softening qualification, makes his hero say of himself,

“ Sum pius Æneas, famâ super æthera notus.”

And comfort a dying warrior with these words,

“ Æneæ magni dextrâ cadis.

The same author also intimates the wish of Nestor for a return of his youth, where Evander cries out,

“ O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos!

“ Qualis eram, cùm primam aciem Præneste sub ipsâ

“ Stravi, scutorumque incendi victor acervos,

“ Et regem hâc Herilum dextra sub Tartara misi.”

As for the narration of the Arcadian war introduced here, it is a part of the true history of those times, as we are informed by Pausanias.

Gods! should he see our warriors trembling stand,
 And trembling all before one hostile hand; 156
 How would he lift his aged arms on high,
 Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die!
 Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,
 Minerva, Phœbus, and almighty Jove! 160
 Years might again roll back, my youth renew,
 And give this arm the spring which once it knew:
 When fierce in war, where Jordan's waters fall
 I led my troops to Phea's trembling wall,
 And with th' Arcadian spears my prowess try'd,
 Where Celadon rolls down his rapid tide. 166
 There Ereuthalion brav'd us in the field,
 Proud, Areïthous' dreadful arms to wield;
 Great Areïthous, known from shore to shore
 By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore; 170
 No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,
 But broke, with this, the battle of the foe.
 Him not by manly force Lycurgus flew,
 Whose guileful jav'lin from the thicket flew,

Ver. 169.] Chapman is literal:

All men, and faire-girt ladies both, for honour cald him so;
 as is Ogilby:

Not only men, but long-veil'd matrons all,
 This dreadful champion did the *club-man* call.

Ver. 172.] Rather, agreeably to his author,

But brake with this the *phalanx* of the foe.

Deep in a winding way his breast assail'd, 175
 Nor aught the warriour's thund'ring mace avail'd.
 Supine he fell: those arms which Mars before
 Had giv'n the vanquish'd, now the victor bore.
 But when old age had dim'd Lycurgus' eyes,
 To Ereuthalion he consign'd the prize. 180
 Furious with this, he crush'd our levell'd bands,
 And dar'd the trial of the strongest hands;
 Nor cou'd the strongest hands his fury stay;
 All saw, and fear'd, his huge tempestuous sway.
 'Till I, the youngest of the host, appear'd, 185
 And youngest, met whom all our army fear'd.
 I fought the chief: my arms Minerva crown'd:
 Prone fell the Giant o'er a length of ground.

Ver. 177. *These arms which Mars before Had given.*] Homer has the peculiar happiness of being able to raise the obscurest circumstance into the strongest point of light. Areithous had taken these arms in battle, and this gives occasion to our Author to say they were the present of Mars. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 188. *Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.*] Nestor's insisting upon this circumstance of the fall of Ereuthalion, which paints his vast body lying extended on the earth, has a particular beauty in it, and recalls into the old man's mind the joy he felt on the sight of his enemy after he was slain. These are the fine and natural strokes that give life to the description of poetry. P.

Chapman expresses in a lively manner the picturesque description of his original:

I flue: his big bulke lay on earth, extended here and there.

Nor is Ogilby to be despised:

Dead on the spot this combatant I lay'd,

And his huge limbs were all abroad display'd.

What then I was, Oh were your Nestor now!
 Not Hector's self should want an equal foe. 190
 But warriors, you, that youthful vigour boast,
 The flow'r of Greece, th' examples of our host,
 Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers
 sway,

Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?

His warm reproofs the list'ning kings inflame;
 And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name, 196
 Up-started fierce: but far before the rest
 The king of men advanc'd his dauntless breast:
 Then bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd;
 And next his bulk gigantick Ajax rear'd: 200
 Oileus follow'd; Idomen was there,
 And Merion, dreadful as the God of war:

Ver. 191.] It would be much more regular and distinct to make *ye* and not *you* the *nominative plural* of this *pronoun*: both on account of it's application to an individual in the *singular number*, and for a diversity between the two *cases* of the *plural*.

Ver. 196. *And nine, the noblest, &c.*] In this catalogue of the nine warriors, who offer themselves as champions for Greece, one may take notice of the first and the last who rises up. Agamemnon advanced foremost, as it best became the General, and Ulysses with his usual caution took time to deliberate till seven more had offered themselves. Homer gives a great encomium of the eloquence of Nestor, in making it produce so sudden an effect; especially when Agamemnon, who did not proffer himself before, even to save his brother, is now the first that steps forth: one would fancy this particular circumstance was contrived to shew, that eloquence has a greater power than even nature itself. P.

With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand,
 And wife Ulysses clos'd the daring band.
 All these, alike inspir'd with noble rage, 205
 Demand the fight. To whom the Pylian sage:
 Lest thirst of glory your brave souls divide,
 What chief shall combat, let the lots decide.
 Whom Heav'n shall chuse, be his the chance to
 raise
 His country's fame, his own immortal praise. 210

Ver. 208. *Let the lots decide.*] This was a very prudent piece of conduct in Nestor: he does not chuse any of these nine himself, but leaves the determination entirely to chance. Had he named the hero, the rest might have been grieved to have seen another preferred before them; and he well knew that the lot could not fall upon a wrong person, where all were valiant. Eustathius. P.

Chapman has delivered in his quaint and homely stile what appears to be the proper sense of Homer:

Againe Gerenius Nestor spake: Let lots be drawne by all:
 His hand shall helpe the well-arm'd Greeks, on whom the lot
 doth fall:

And to his wish shall he be helpt, if he escape with life
 The downfall danger-breathing fit, of this adventrous strife.

But Pope copied Dacier: "Princes, remettez ce choix au fort, et
 "celui qu' il aura choisi, s'il échappe au danger de ce grand combat,
 "fera un grand bien aux Grecs, et il acquerra une gloire immortelle."

Ver. 209. *Whom heav'n shall chuse, be his the chance to raise,
 His country's fame, his own immortal praise.*]

The original of this passage is somewhat confused; the interpreters render it thus: "Cast the lots, and he who shall be chosen, if he
 "escapes from this dangerous combat will do an eminent service
 "to the Greeks, and also have cause to be greatly satisfied him-
 "self." But the sense will appear more distinct and rational, if the words *ἕτος* and *αὐτός* be not understood of the same person: and the meaning of Nestor will then be, "He who is chosen for the

The lots produc'd, each hero signs his own;
 Then in the gen'ral's helm the fates are thrown.
 The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,
 And vows like these ascend from all the bands.
 Grant, thou Almighty! in whose hand is fate,
 A worthy champion for the Grecian state. 216

“engagement by the lot, will do his country great service: and he
 “likewise who is not, will have reason to rejoice for escaping so
 “dangerous a combat.” The expression αἶνε φύγῃσι Διὶς ἐκ πολέμοιο,
 is the same Homer uses in ver. 118, 119, of this book, which we
 explained in the same sense in the note on ver. 135. P.

Ver. 213. *The people pray.*] Homer, who supposes every thing
 on earth to proceed from the immediate disposition of heaven, al-
 lows not even the lots to come up by chance, but places them in
 the hands of God. The people pray to him for the disposal of them,
 and beg that Ajax, Diomed, or Agamemnon may be the person.
 In which the Poet seems to make the army give his own sentiments,
 concerning the preference of valour in his heroes, to avoid an
 odious comparison in downright terms, which might have been
 inconsistent with his design of complimenting the Grecian families.
 They afterwards offer up their prayers again, just as the combat is
 beginning, that if Ajax does not conquer, at least he may divide
 the glory with Hector; in which the commentators observe Homer
 prepares the readers for what is to happen in the sequel. P.

Our poet might have an eye to Chapman:

The souldiers praid, held up their hands, and this of Jove
 did aske,

With eye advanc't to heaven.

Ver. 215.] The two simple lines of Homer are not well ex-
 panded into four on this occasion, by the help of such abundant
 interpolation. I wish a better substitute to be found than the
 following couplet:

Ajax or Tydeus' son, great Jove! ordain;
 Or him, who holds Mycene's wealthy reign!

This task let Ajax or Tydides prove,
 Or he, the king of kings, belov'd by Jove!
 Old Nestor shook the casque. By heaven
 inspir'd,
 Leap'd forth the lot, of every Greek desir'd. 220
 This from the right to left the herald bears,
 Held out in order to the Grecian peers;
 Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
 'Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own;
 Surveys th' inscription with rejoicing eyes, 225
 Then casts before him, and with transport cries:

Ver. 219.] The phrase *by heav'n inspir'd*, as referred to *lot*, is wretched indeed. Even Ogilby, with a little correction, though wholly destitute of elevation, is not inferiour:

Nestor the helmet shook; and Ajax got,
 As *all the Greeks themselves* desir'd, the lot.

Ver. 224.] The remark, of the *scholiast* on the place is very pertinent and observable; that "the heroes did not know letters:" i. e. *alphabetical writing* was not practised, and perhaps not known to the Greeks, in the heroic ages.

Ver. 225. *Surveys th' inscription.*] There is no necessity to suppose that they put any letters upon these lots, at least not their names, because the herald could not tell to whom the lot of Ajax belonged, till he claimed it himself. It is more probable that they made some private mark or signet each upon his own lot. The lot was only a piece of wood, a shell, or any thing that lay at hand. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 226.] His original says, "He rejoiced in his mind:" but "Dacier has, *transporté de joie.*"

Ver. 227. *Warriours! I claim the lot.*] This is the first speech of Ajax in the Iliad. He is no orator, but always expresses himself in short; generally bragging or threatening; and very positive. The appellation of ἑρκος Ἀχαιῶν, the *bulwark of the Greeks*, which Homer almost

Warriours! I claim the lot, and arm with joy;
 Be mine the conquest of this chief of Troy.
 Now, while my brightest arms my limbs invest,
 To Saturn's son be all your vows addrest: 230
 But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,
 And deem your prayers the mean effect of fear.

constantly gives him, is extremely proper to the bulk, strength, and immobility of this heavy hero, who on all occasions is made to stand to the business, and support the brunt. These qualifications are given him, that he may last out, when the rest of the chief heroes are wounded: this makes him of excellent use in Iliad xiii. &c. He there puts a stop to the whole force of the enemy, and a long time prevents the firing of the ships. It is particularly observable, that he is never assisted by any Deity, as the others are. Yet one would think Mars had been no improper patron for him, there being some resemblance in the boisterous character of that God and this hero. However it be, this consideration may partly account for a particular, which else may very well raise a question: why Ajax, who is in this book superior in strength to Hector, should afterward in the Iliad shun to meet him, and appear his inferiour? We see the Gods make this difference: Hector is not only assisted by them in his own person, but his men second him, whereas those of Ajax are dispirited by heaven: to which one may add another which is a natural reason, Hector in this book expressly tells Ajax, "he will now make use of no skill or art in fighting with him." The Greek in bare brutal strength proved too hard for Hector, and therefore he might be supposed afterwards to have exerted his dexterity against him. P.

Ver. 228.] More exactly thus:

The conquest *hoping* of this chief of Troy.

Moreover, our translator always appears to me as viewing Ajax in a less advantageous light, than that in which Homer intended to display him. He seems a solid, sedate, resolute, and unostentatious warrior. And so Sophocles considered him: and Homer gives him the preference expressly, as a warrior, to all the heroes, but Achilles. I

Said I in secret? No, your vows declare,
 In such a voice as fills the earth and air. 234
 Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread,
 Ajax, in all the toils of battle bred?
 From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,
 And born to combats, fear no force on earth.

He said. The troops with elevated eyes,
 Implore the God whose thunder rends the skies.
 O Father of mankind, superiour lord! 241
 On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd;
 Who in the highest heav'n has fix'd thy throne,
 Supreme of Gods! unbounded, and alone:
 Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away 345
 The praise and conquest of this doubtful day;

Ver. 233.] He follows Dacier in this sprightliness of interrogation: "*Que dis-je? faites-les à haute-voix.*"

Ver. 236.] Our poet has not given here a just representation of his author. A new word or two would improve his translation:

Lives there a chief, whom Ajax ought to dread?
 Ajax, in *every art* of battle bred.
 From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,
 And, born to combats, fear no *skill* on earth.

But the last couplet is low and insipid, and should be entirely superseded by a better. Thus?

To what bold warrior will your Ajax yield?
 What combat dreads he in the list'd field?
 No novice him, but train'd in all the lore
 Of battle, Salamis the warlike bore.

Or if illustrious Hector be thy care,
That both may claim it, and that both may share.

Now Ajax brac'd his dazzling armour on;
Sheath'd in bright steel the giant-warriour shone:
He moves to combat with majestic pace; 251
So stalks in arms the grizly God of Thrace,
When Jove to punish faithless men prepares,
And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.
Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a God;
Grimly he smil'd; earth trembled as he strode:

Ver. 248.] He wrote in the *first* edition,

'That both may claim *'em* :

inaccurately, and without perspicuity, in both cases. I would propose an alteration more conformable to his original :

Let both thy favour and the glory share.

Ver. 251. *He moves to combat.*] This description is full of the sublime imagery so peculiar to our author. The Grecian champion is drawn in all that terrible glory with which he equals his heroes to the Gods: he is no less dreadful than Mars moving to battle, to execute the decrees of Jove upon mankind, and determine the fate of nations. His march, his posture, his countenance, his bulk, his tower-like shield, in a word, his whole figure, strikes our eyes in all the strongest colours of poetry. We look upon him as a deity, and are not astonished at those emotions which Hector feels at the sight of him. P.

Ver. 256.] Our translator has engrafted on his author a circumstance from Milton, who might possibly have in view this passage of Homer: Par. Lost, ii. 676:

The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides: *Hell trembled as he strode.*

Chapman's version is not unpleasing:

His massy jav'lin quiv'ring in his hand, 257
 He stood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.
 Thro' ev'ry Argive heart new transport ran;
 All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man: 260
 Ev'n Hector paus'd; and with new doubt oppress'd,
 Felt his great heart suspended in his breast:
 'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear;
 Himself had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.
 Stern Telamon behind his ample shield, 265
 As from a brazen tow'r o'erlook'd the field.
 Huge was its orb, with sev'n thick folds o'ercast,
 Of tough bull-hides; of solid brass the last.

Smil'd, yet of terrible aspect: on earth with ample pace
 He boldly stalkt, and shooke aloft, his dart with deadly grace.
 Nor that of Ogilby:

The big-bon'd hero sternly did advance,
 And grimly smiling shook his ponderous lance,
 So too Cowley, David. iii. 23.

Th' uncircumcis'd *smil'd grimly* with disdain:
 and Milton is justly thought to have profited by this passage of
 Homer in Par. Lost, ii. 846. but he improves on his master:
 He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
 Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile.

Ver. 262.] Perhaps, the original would be better represented
 thus:

Felt his great heart *tumultuous* in his breast.

Ver. 265.] Here, as above in ver. 245, our poet, after the
 example of Chapman, calls the *Telamonian Ajax* simply *Telamon*;
 but very improperly: thus confounding the hero with his father.

(The work of Tychius, who in Hylè dwell'd,
And all in arts of armoury excell'd.) 270

This Ajax bore before his manly breast,
And threat'ning, thus his adverse chief addrest.

Hector! approach my arm, and singly know
What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian foe.

Ver. 269. *The work of Tychius.*] I shall ask leave to transcribe here a story of this Tychius, as we have it in the ancient Life of Homer, attributed to Herodotus. "Homer falling into poverty, determined to go to Cuma, and as he past through the plain of Hermus, came to a place called *the new wall*, which was a colony of the Cumæans. Here (*after he had recited five verses in celebration of Cuma*) he was received by a leather-dresser, whose name was Tychius, into his house, where he shewed to his host and his company, a poem on the expedition of Amphiaraus, and his *hymns*. The admiration he there obtained, procured him a present subsistence. They shew to this day with great veneration the place where he sat when he recited his verses, and a poplar which they affirm to have grown there in his time." If there be any thing in this story, we have reason to be pleased with the grateful temper of our poet, who took this occasion of immortalizing the name of an ordinary tradesman, who had obliged him. The same account of his life takes notice of several other instances of his gratitude in the same kind. P.

Dwell'd, ungrammatically, for *dwelt*.

Ver. 270. *In arts of armoury.*] I have called Tychius an armourer, rather than a leather-dresser or currier; his making the shield of Ajax authorises one expression as well as the other; and though that which Homer uses had no lowness or vulgarity in the Greek, it is not to be admitted into English heroick verse. P.

With respect to Tychius, the predecessors of our translator, Chapman and Ogilby, make a *currier* of him without any scruple.

Ver. 273. *Hector, approach my arm, &c.*] I think it needless to observe how exactly this speech of Ajax corresponds with his blunt and foldier-like character. The same propriety, in regard to

Achilles shuns the fight; yet some there are, 275
 Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war:
 Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore,
 Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more;
 Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,
 And sends thee one, a sample of her host. 280
 Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
 No more—be sudden, and begin the fight.

O son of Telamon, thy country's pride!
 (To Ajax thus the Trojan prince reply'd)
 Me, as a boy or woman would'st thou fright, 285
 New to the field, and trembling at the fight?

this hero, is maintained throughout the Iliad. The business he is about is all that employs his head, and he speaks of nothing but fighting. The last line is an image of his mind at all times:

No more—be sudden, and begin the fight. P.

Ver. 275.] The epithets, bestowed on Achilles, which our translator omits, are thus represented by Ogilby:

That squadron-router, with a lion's heart,

Ver. 285. *Me, as a boy or woman would'st thou fright?*] This reply of Hector seems rather to allude to some gesture Ajax had used in his approach to him, *as shaking his spear*, or the like, than to any thing he had said in his speech. For what he had told him amounts to no more, than that there were several in the Grecian army who had courted the honour of this combat as well as himself. I think one must observe many things of this kind in Homer, that allude to the particular attitude or action, in which the author supposes the person to be at that time. P.

These rhymes have just occurred. Perhaps,

Me, as a boy or woman would'st thou *fear*,
 New to the field, and trembling at the *war?*

Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
 To combat born, and bred amidst alarms :
 I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
 Turn, charge, and answer ev'ry call of war ; 290
 To right, to left, the dext'rous lance I wield,
 And bear thick battle on my founding shield.
 But open be our fight, and bold each blow ;
 I steal no conquest from a noble foe.

He said, and rising, high above the field 295
 Whirl'd the long lance against the sev'nfold shield.
 Full on the brass descending from above
 Thro' six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
 'Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw ;
 Thro' Hector's shield the forceful jav'lin flew, 300

In this speech the customary dexterity and ingenuity of our translator are conspicuous ; but they, who wish a more circumstantial delineation of the original, must have recourse to the faithful and elegant pencil of Mr. Cowper.

And, with reference to our poet's criticisms, Ajax had trumpeted forth the praises of the Græcian chiefs ; which Hector very naturally interprets into a comparative disparagement of himself, and an intention of alarming him with high-sounding names and characters, as if he were a child, to be terrified by *words* only.

Ver. 290. *Turn, charge, and answer ev'ry call of war.*] The Greek is, *To move my feet to the sound of Mars*, which seems to shew that those military dances were in use even in Homer's time, which were afterwards practised in Greece. P.

The *military dance* is spoken of in Greek authors as practised long before the time of Homer's heroes.

Ver. 299.] Thus Ogilby :

His corslet enters, and his garment rends,
 And glancing downwards near his flank descends.
 The wary Trojan shrinks, and bending low
 Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.
 From their bor'd shields the chiefs their jav'lines
 drew, 305
 Then close impetuous, and the charge renew:
 Fierce as the mountain-lions bath'd in blood,
 Or foaming boars, the terrour of the wood.
 At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends; 309
 The blunted point against the buckler bends:
 But Ajax watchful as his foe drew near,
 Drove thro' the Trojan targe the knotty spear;

— through six
 Bull-hides it went, and *in the seventh did fix.*

Ver. 304.] More accurately with this correction:

*The wary Trojan bends his body low,
 And death eludes by shrinking from the blow.*

Ver. 305. *From their bor'd shields the chiefs their jav'lines drew.*] Homer in this combat makes his heroes perform all their exercises with all sorts of weapons; first darting lances at a distance, then advancing closer and pushing with spears, then casting stones, and lastly attacking with swords; in every one of which the poet gives the superiority to his countryman. It is farther observable, (as Eustathius remarks) that Ajax allows Hector an advantage in throwing the first spear. P.

Ver. 307.] Chapman's comment on Homer's epithet of the *lion* does not seem beside the purpose:

Whose bloudie violence is increast, by that raw food they eate.

It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength
 impell'd;
 Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining shield.
 Yet ceas'd not Hector thus; but, stooping down,
 In his strong hand up-heav'd a flinty stone, ³¹⁶
 Black, craggy, vast: to this his force he bends;
 Full on the brazen boss the stone descends;
 The hollow brass resounded with the shock.
 Then Ajax seiz'd the fragment of a rock, ³²⁰
 Apply'd each nerve, and swinging round on high,
 With force tempestuous let the ruin fly:
 The huge stone thund'ring thro' his buckler broke:
 His slacken'd knees receiv'd the numbing stroke;

Ver. 313.] Our translator indulges his invention. Chapman is faithful:

But Ajax, following his lance, smote through his target quite,
 And stay'd bold Hector rushing in; the lance held way out-
 right,
 And hurt his neck: out gusht the blood.

Ver. 314.] The latter clause of the verse is the translator's own addition, suggested probably by Dacier: "*Et fit rejaillir le sang en abondance sur ses armes.*"

Ver. 315.] Chapman, not unobserved by Pope, goes on thus, with great fidelity:

— yet Hector ceast not so,
 But in his strong hand took a flint, as he did backwards go,
 Blacke, sharp, and big, lay'd in the field.

Ver. 320.] This effort of Ajax is exhibited by our countryman with an energy, an elegance, and a precision, which no translator besides himself ever yet attained.

Great Hector falls extended on the field, 325
 His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield:
 Nor wanted heav'nly aid: Apollo's might
 Confirm'd his sinews, and restor'd to fight.
 And now both heroes their broad faulchions drew:
 In flaming circles round their heads they flew; 330
 But then by heralds voice the word was giv'n,
 The sacred ministers of earth and heaven:
 Divine Talthybius whom the Greeks employ,
 And sage Idæus on the part of Troy,

Ver. 327. *Apollo's might.*] In the beginning of this book we left Apollo perched upon a tree, in the shape of a vulture, to behold the combat: he comes now very opportunely to save his favourite Hector. Eustathius says that Apollo is the same with Destiny, so that when Homer says Apollo saved him, he means no more than that it was not his fate yet to die, as Helenus had foretold him. P.

Ver. 331. *Heralds, the sacred ministers.*] The heralds of old were sacred persons, accounted the delegates of Mercury, and inviolable by the law of nations. The ancient histories have many examples of the severity exercised against those who committed any outrage upon them. Their office was to assist in the sacrifices and councils, to proclaim war or peace, to command silence at ceremonies or single combats, to part the combatants, and to declare the conqueror, &c. P.

Our illustrious translator has made a happy use of a grand thought in Milton, Par. Lost, vi. 304.

Now wav'd their *fiery swords*, and in the air
 Made *horrid circles*.

Ver. 333. *Divine Talthybius, &c.*] This interposition of the two heralds to part the combatants, on the approach of the night, is applied by Tasso to the single combat of Tancred and Argantes, in the sixth book of his Jerusalem. The herald's speech, and particularly that remarkable injunction to *obey the night*, are translated

Between theſe words, their peaceful ſceptres rear'd;
And firſt Idæus' awful voice was heard. 336

Forbear, my ſons! your farther force to prove,
Both dear to men, and both belov'd of Jove.
To either hoſt your matchleſs worth is known,
Each ſounds your praiſe, and war is all your own.
But now the Night extends her awful ſhade; 341
The Goddeſs parts you: be the Night obey'd.

To whom great Ajax his high ſoul expreſs'd.
O ſage! to Hector be theſe words addreſs'd.
Let him, who firſt provok'd our chiefs to fight,
Let him demand the ſanction of the night; 346
If firſt he aſk it, I content obey,
And ceaſe the ſtrife when Hector ſhows the way.

Oh firſt of Greeks! (his noble foe rejoin'd) }
Whom heav'n adorns, ſuperiour to thy kind, 350 }
With ſtrength of body, and with worth of mind! }

literally by that author. The combatants there alſo part not without
a promiſe of meeting again in battle, on ſome more favourable
opportunity. P.

Ver. 336. *And firſt Idæus'.*] Homer obſerves a juſt decorum in
making Idæus the Trojan herald ſpeak firſt, to end the combat
wherein Hector had the diſadvantage. Ajax is very ſenſible of this
difference, when in his reply he requires that Hector ſhould firſt
aſk for a ceaſation, as he was the challenger. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 342.] Ogilby has,
Beſides, 'tis late, and night muſt be obey'd.

Ver. 349. *Oh firſt of Greeks, &c.*] Hector, how hardly ſoever
he is preſs'd by his preſent circumſtances, ſays nothing to obtain a truce

Now martial law commands us to forbear;
 Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war,
 Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,
 And let the Gods decide of death or life! 355
 Since then the Night extends her gloomy shade,
 And heav'n enjoins it, be the Night obey'd.
 Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,
 And joy the nations whom thy arm defends;
 As I shall glad each chief, and Trojan wife, 360
 Who wearies heav'n with vows for Hector's life.
 But let us, on this memorable day,
 Exchange some gift; that Greece and Troy may
 say,

that is not strictly consistent with his honour. When he praises Ajax, it lessens his own disadvantage, and he is careful to extol him only above the Greeks, without acknowledging him more valiant than himself or the Trojans: Hector is always jealous of the honour of his country. In what follows we see he keeps himself on a level with his adversary; *Hereafter we shall meet.*—Go thou, and give the same joy to thy Grecians for thy escape, as I shall to my Trojans. The point of honour in all this is very nicely preserved. P.

Ver. 361. *Who wearies heav'n with vows for Hector's life.*] Eustathius gives many solutions of the difficulty in these words, Θεῶν ἀγῶνα: they mean either that the Trojan ladies will pray to the Gods for him (ἀγωνίως, or *certatim*) with the utmost zeal and transport; or that they will go in procession to the temples for him (εἰς Θεῶν ἀγῶνα, *cætum Deorum*;) or that they will pray to him as to a God, ὅσα Θεῶ τινὲ εὐχονται μοι. P.

The last of the three interpretations proposed by our poet, appears to me utterly inadmissible; and the truth of the *second* is sufficiently apparent from Iliad ii. 239. without more authority.

“ Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend;
 “ And each brave foe was in his soul a friend.” 365

With that, a sword with stars of silver grac'd,
 The baldrick studded, and the sheath enchas'd,
 He gave the Greek. The gen'rous Greek bestow'd
 A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.

Then with majestick grace they quit the plain; 370
 This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.

The Trojan bands, returning Hector wait,
 And hail with joy the champion of their state;

Ver 363. *Exchange some gift.*] There is nothing that gives us a greater pleasure in reading an heroick poem, than the generosity which one brave enemy shews to another. The proposal made here by Hector, and so readily embraced by Ajax, makes the parting of these two heroes more glorious to them than the continuance of the combat could have been. A French critick is shocked at Hector's making proposals to Ajax with an air of equality; he says a man that is vanquished, instead of talking of presents, ought to retire with shame from his conqueror. But that Hector was vanquished, is by no means to be allowed; Homer had told us that his strength was restored by Apollo, and that the two combatants were engaging again upon equal terms with their swords. So that this criticism falls to nothing. For the rest, it is said that this exchange of presents between Hector and Ajax gave birth to a proverb, That the presents of enemies are generally fatal. For Ajax with this sword afterwards kills himself, and Hector was dragged by this belt at the chariot of Achilles. P.

Ver. 365.] Ogilby's version at this place is no bad representation of it's original:

They fought with all their fury, force, and art;
 And, though like foes they fought, like friends they part.

Ver. 373.] Ogilby is more intent on the steps of his author, and by no means to be despised. The following is his translation, slightly corrected:

Escap'd great Ajax, they survey'd him round,
 Alive, unharm'd, and vig'rous from his wound. 375
 To Troy's high gates the godlike man they bear,
 Their present triumph, as their late despair.

But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,
 The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead.
 A steer for sacrifice the king design'd, 380
 Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.
 The victim falls; they strip the smoking hide,
 The beast they quarter, and the joints divide;
 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare, 384
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
 The king himself (an honorary sign)
 Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.

The drooping Trojans' hearts with joy revive,
 When they *their chief beheld return* alive,
 Escap'd from Ajax: those, who late despair'd,
 With him in triumph now to Troy repair'd.
 The Grecians also to Atrides led
 Ajax, rejoicing he so well had sped.

Ver. 381.] This is a miserable couplet. Ogilby, with some alteration, may be made much superiour:

Soon as *the chiefs had reach'd* the royal tents,
 A five-years ox to Jove *the king* presents.

Ver. 387. *Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.*] This is one of those passages that will naturally fall under the ridicule of a true modern critick. But what Agamemnon here bestows on Ajax was in former times a great mark of respect and honour: not only as it was customary to distinguish the quality of their guests by the largeness of the portions assigned them at their tables, but as this

When now the rage of hunger was remov'd;
 Nestor, in each persuasive art approv'd, 389
 The sage whose counsels long had sway'd the rest,
 In words like these his prudent thought express'd.

How dear, O kings! this fatal day has cost,
 What Greeks are perish'd! what a people lost!
 What tides of blood have drench'd Scamander's
 shore? 394

What crouds of heroes sunk, to rise no more?

part of the victim peculiarly belonged to the king himself. It is worth remarking on this occasion, that the simplicity of those times allowed the eating of no other flesh but beef, mutton, or kid: this is the food of the heroes of Homer, and the patriarchs and warriors of the Old Testament. Fishing and fowling were the arts of more luxuriant nations, and came much later into Greece and Israel.

One cannot read this passage without being pleased at the wonderful simplicity of the old heroick ages. We have here a gallant warrior returning victorious (for that he thought himself so, appears from these words *κεχαρμότα νίκη*) from a single combat with the bravest of his enemies; and he is no otherwise rewarded, than with a larger portion of the sacrifice at supper. Thus an upper seat, or a more capacious bowl, was a recompence for the greatest actions; and thus the only reward in the Olympick games was a pine-branch, or a chaplet of parsley or wild olive. The latter part of this note belongs to Eustathius. P.

Our author has unfortunately imitated Ogilby:

But Agamemnon, as a favouring *sign*,
 Before great Ajax set the lusty *chine*.

Ver. 390.] Nor was he unmindful of the same predecessor on this occasion:

He, who so oft advised for the best,
 Now with much *prudence* thus himself *express'd*.

Then hear me, chief! nor let the morrow's light
 Awake thy squadrons to new toils of fight:
 Some space at least permit the war to breathe,
 While we to flames our slaughter'd friends be-
 queathe.

Ver. 399. *While we to flames, &c.*] There is a great deal of artifice in this counsel of Nestor, of burning the dead, and raising a fortification; for though piety was the specious pretext, their security was the real aim of the truce, which they made use of to finish their works. Their doing this at the same time they erected the funeral piles, made the imposition easy upon the enemy, who might naturally mistake one work for the other. And this also obviates a plain objection, viz. Why the Trojans did not interrupt them in this work? The truce determined no exact time, but as much as was needful for discharging the rites of the dead.

I fancy it may not be unwelcome to the reader to enlarge a little upon the way of *disposing the dead* among the ancients. It may be proved from innumerable instances, that the Hebrews *interred* their dead; thus Abraham's burying-place is frequently mentioned in scripture: and that the Ægyptians did the same, is plain from their embalming them. Some have been of opinion, that the usage of burning the dead was originally to prevent any outrage to the bodies from their enemies; which imagination is rendered not improbable by that passage in the first book of Samuel, where the Israelites burn the bodies of Saul and his sons, after they had been misused by the Philistines, even though their common custom was to bury their dead: and so Sylla among the Romans was the first of his family who ordered his body to be burnt, for fear the barbarities he had exercised on that of Marius might be retaliated upon his own. Tully, *de legibus*, lib. ii. *Proculdubio cremandi ritus à Græcis venit, nam sepultum legimus Numam ad Anienis fontem; totique genti Cornelie solenne fuisse sepulchrum usque ad Syllam, qui primus ex eâ gente crematus est.* The Greeks used both ways, of interring and burning; Patroclus was burned, and Ajax laid in the ground, as appears from Sophocles's Ajax, lin. 1185.

Σπεῦσον κοίλῃν κάπετόν τιν' ἰδεῖν

Τῷ δὲ τάφῳ.—

From the red field their scatter'd bodies bear, 400
 And nigh the fleet a fun'ral structure rear;
 So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,
 And pious children o'er their ashes weep.
 Here, where on one promiscuous pile they blaz'd,
 High o'er them all a gen'ral tomb be rais'd; 405
 Next, to secure our camp, and naval pow'rs,
 Raife an embattl'd wall, with lofty tow'rs;

Hasten (says the chorus) to prepare a hollow hole, a grave, for this man.

Thucydides, in his second book, mentions *λάξευκας κυπαρισσίνας*: coffins or chests made of cypress wood, in which the Athenians kept the bones of their friends that died in the wars.

The Romans derived from the Greeks both these customs of burning and burying: *In urbe neve SEPELITO neve URITO*, says the law of the twelve tables. The place where they burned the dead was set apart for this religious use, and called *glebe*; from which practice the name is yet applied to all the grounds belonging to the church.

Plutarch observes, that Homer is the first who mentions one general tomb for a number of dead persons. Here is a *Tumulus* built round the *Pyre*, not to bury their bodies, for they were to be burned; nor to receive the bones, for those were to be carried to Greece; but perhaps to interr their ashes, (which custom may be gathered from a passage in Iliad xxiii. ver 255.) or it might be only a *Cenotaph* in remembrance of the dead. P.

Ver. 401.] For the sake of a clearer distinction from the tomb, which follows, it would be better, perhaps, thus:

And nigh the fleet a *flaming* structure rear.

Ogilby, on whom our poet had his eye, is more literal:

That mules and oxen may the *bodies* bear,
 Off from the fleet, where *funeral* piles we'll rear.

From space to space be ample gates around,
 For passing chariots; and a trench profound.
 So Greece to combat shall in safety go, 410
 Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe.
 'Twas thus the sage his wholesome counsel mov'd;
 The sceptred kings of Greece his words approv'd.
 Meanwhile, conven'd at Priam's palace-gate,
 The Trojan peers in nightly council sat: 415
 A senate void of order, as of choice;
 Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.

Ver. 414.] Ogilby's version stands thus:

*Meanwhile, the Trojans at a council fate,
 In the high tower, near Priam's palace-gate.*

Ver. 415. *The Trojan peers in nightly council sat.*] There is a great beauty in the two epithets Homer gives to this council, δεινὴ, τέληνχυνά, *timida turbulenta*. The unjust side is always fearful and discordant. I think M. Dacier has not entirely done justice to this thought in her translation. Horace seems to have accounted this an useful and necessary part, that contained the great moral of the Iliad, as may be seen from his selecting it in particular from the rest, in his epistle to Lollius.

“ Fabula, quâ Paridis propter narratur amorem,

“ Græcia Barbariæ lento collisa duello,

“ Stultorum regum & populorum continet æstus,

“ Antenor censet belli præcidere causam.

“ Quid Paris? Ut salvus regnet, vivatque beatus,

“ Cogi posse negat.”

P.

Ver. 416.] The words of *choice* are a mere botch, alike destitute of propriety and authority. For the *four* verses of our poet I would propose the *two* following lines, which are literal:

In the high tower, meanwhile, Troy's council fate,

Discordant, fierce, at Priam's palace-gate.

He wrote in the first edition, void of *union*.

Antenor rising, thus demands their ear:
 Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars hear!
 'Tis heav'n the counfel of my breast infpires, 420
 And I but move what ev'ry God requires:
 Let Sparta's treasures be this hour reftor'd,
 And Argive Helen own her ancient lord.
 The ties of faith, the fworn alliance broke,
 Our impious battles the juft Gods provoke. 425
 As this advice ye practice, or reject,
 So hope fuccefs, or dread the dire effect.

The fenior fpoke, and fat. To whom reply'd
 The graceful husband of the Spartan bride.
 Cold counfels, Trojan, may become thy years, 430
 But found ungrateful in a warriour's ears:
 Old man, if void of fallacy or art
 Thy words exprefs the purpofe of thy heart,

Ver. 420.] This couplet is a total deviation from his author.
 The paffage might be ordered better by correcting Ogilby :

*Hear me, ye Trojans and allies ! impart,
 Antenor faid, the dictates of my heart.*

Ver. 422.] Ogilby is clofe and respectable. I have tranfpofed
 only a fingle word in the following paffage :

*Straight let the Spartan princefs be reftor'd,
 With all her riches to her former lord.
 Since perjur'd we engage by broken vow,
 Can we expect that ought fhall prosper now?*

Ver. 432.] Our poet, I prefume, had his eye on Ogilby :

*But if thou ferioufly doft fpeak thy heart,
 Thou by the gods infatuated art.*

Thou, in thy time, more sound advice hast given;
 But wisdom has its date, assign'd by heaven. 435
 Then hear me, princes of the Trojan name!
 Their treasures I'll restore, but not the dame;
 My treasures too, for peace, I will resign;
 But be this bright possession ever mine.

'Twas then, the growing discord to compose,
 Slow from his seat the rev'rend Priam rose: 441
 His godlike aspect deep attention drew:
 He paus'd, and these pacific words ensue.

Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands!
 Now take refreshment as the hour demands: 445

And much is said in the translation allusive to the *old age* of Antenor, of which there is not a hint in the original.

Ver. 437.] I would correct,

Their treasures *I* restore, but not the dame;
Nay, more than these, I freely would resign —.

Ver. 440.] This is not in the original, but repeated by our poet from book i. ver. 329, where Dryden renders:

But from his seat the Pylian prince arose,
 With reas'ning mild, their madness to compose.

Ver. 441. *The rev'rend Priam rose.*] Priam rejects the wholesome advice of Antenor, and complies with his son. This is indeed extremely natural to the indulgent character and easy nature of the old king, of which the whole Trojan war is a proof; but I could wish Homer had not just in this place celebrated his wisdom in calling him Θεόφιν μήσωρ ἀτάλαντος. Spondanus refers this blindness of Priam to the power of Fate, the time now approaching when Troy was to be punished for its injustice. Something like this weak fondness of a father is described in the scripture, in the story of David and Absalom. P.

Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
 'Till the new sun restore the chearful light:
 Then shall our herald to th' Atrides sent,
 Before their ships proclaim my son's intent. 449
 Next let a truce be ask'd, that Troy may burn
 Her slaughter'd heroes, and their bones in-urn;
 That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
 And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!

The monarch spoke: the warriors snatch'd
 with haste

(Each at his post in arms) a short repast. 455

Soon as the rosy morn had wak'd the day,
 To the black ships Idæus bent his way;
 There, to the sons of Mars, in council found,
 He rais'd his voice: the host stood list'ning
 round. 459

Ver. 450. *Next let a truce be ask'd.*] The conduct of Homer in this place is remarkable: he makes Priam propose in council to send to the Greeks to ask a truce to bury the dead. This the Greeks themselves had before determined to propose: but it being more honourable to his country, the poet makes the Trojan herald prevent any proposition that could be made by the Greeks. Thus they are requested to do what they themselves were about to request, and have the honour to comply with a proposal which they themselves would otherwise have taken as a favour. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 455. *(Each at his post in arms.)*] We have here the manner of the Trojans taking their repast: not promiscuously, but each at his post. Homer was sensible that military men ought not to remit their guard, even while they refresh themselves, but in every action display the soldier. Eustathius. P.

Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear!
The words of Troy, and Troy's great monarch
hear.

Pleas'd may ye hear (so heav'n succeed my pray'rs)
What Paris, author of the war, declares.

The spoils and treasures he to Ilion bore, 464
(Oh had he perish'd e'er they touch'd our shore)
He proffers injur'd Greece; with large encrease
Of added Trojan wealth to buy the peace.

Ver. 460. *The speech of Idæus.*] The proposition of restoring the treasures, and not Helen, is sent as from Paris only; in which his father seems to permit him to treat by himself as a sovereign prince, and the sole author of the war. But the herald seems to exceed his commission in what he tells the Greeks. Paris only offered to restore the treasures he took from Greece, not including those he brought from Sidon and other coasts, where he touched in his voyage: but Idæus here proffers all that he had brought to Troy. He adds, as from himself, a wish that Paris had perished in that voyage. Some ancient expositors suppose those words to be spoken aside, or in a low voice, as it is usual in dramatick poetry. But without that salvo, a generous love for the welfare of his country might transport Idæus into some warm expressions against the author of its woes. He lays aside the herald to act the patriot, and speaks with indignation against Paris, that he may influence the Grecian captains to give a favourable answer. Eustathius. P.

It is unnecessary to look out for apologies in behalf of the conduct of Idæus, as if he were a common servant, and censurable for deviating into voluntary remarks beyond the verbal directions of his employers. A variety of passages in Homer only must have convinced the reader already, that the character of a herald in these times was not only respectable, but venerable and sacred, in high regard both with Gods and men. See our poet on ver. 31.

Ver. 466.] Somewhat more accurately, and, perhaps, not altogether worse;

But to restore the beauteous bride again,
 This Greece demands, and Troy requests in vain.
 Next, O ye chiefs! we ask a truce to burn 470
 Our slaughter'd heroes, and their bones in-urn.
 That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
 And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!
 The Greeks gave ear, but none the silence broke;
 At length Tydides rose, and rising spoke. 475
 Oh take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,
 Their proffer'd wealth, nor ev'n the Spartan dame.

With large additions of his own, to Greece
 He freely gives, the purchase of a peace.
 I suppose our poet might have Chapman in view:

That all the wealth he brought from Greece (would he had
 died before)

He will, with other *added wealth*, for your amends restore.

Ver. 474. *The Greeks gave ear, but none the silence broke.*] This silence of the Greeks might naturally proceed from an opinion, that however desirous they were to put an end to this long war, Menelaus would never consent to relinquish Helen, which was the thing insisted upon by Paris. Eustathius accounts for it in another manner, and it is from him M. Dacier has taken her remark. The princes (says he) were silent, because it was the part of Agamemnon to determine in this nature; and Agamemnon is silent, being willing to hear the inclinations of the princes. By this means he avoided the imputation of exposing the Greeks to dangers for his advantage and glory; since he only gave the answer which was put into his mouth by the princes, with a general applause of the army. P.

Ver. 476. *Oh take not, Greeks, &c.*] There is a peculiar decorum in making Diomed the author of this advice, to reject even Helen if she were offered; this had not agreed with an amorous

Let conquest make them ours: Fate shakes their
wall,

And Troy already totters to her fall. 479

Th'admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name,
With gen'ral shouts return'd him loud acclaim.

Then thus the king of kings rejects the peace:
Herald! in him thou hear'st the voice of Greece.

For what remains; let fun'ral flames be fed
With heroes corps: I war not with the dead: 485

Go search your slaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the manes of the slain.

Be witnesses, Jove, whose thunder rolls on high!

He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky.

To sacred Troy, where all her princes lay 490
To wait th' event, the herald bent his way.

husband like Menelaus, nor with a cunning politician like Ulysses,
nor with a wise old man like Nestor. But it is proper to Diomed,
not only as a young fearless warrior, but as he is in particular an
enemy to the interests of Venus. P.

Ver. 483.] Agamemnon's individual assent is omitted by our
author, after the example of Chapman:

———— Herald, thou hearst in him the voice entire
Of all our peers.

Ver. 484.] The passage, perhaps, might be adjusted thus with
more attention to the original:

For what remains, let fun'ral flames be fed:
I envy not this tribute to your dead.
When Death has laid them prostrate on the plain,
Why grudge these soothing honours to the slain?

He came, and standing in the midst, explain'd
 The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.
 Straight to their sev'ral cares the Trojans move,
 Some search the plain, some fell the founding
 grove: 495

Nor less the Greeks, descending on the shore,
 Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore.
 And now from forth the chambers of the main,
 To shed his sacred light on earth again,

Ver. 495.] More accurately,
Some bring the dead, some fell the founding grove.

Ver. 497.] So Ogilby:
To cut down fuel, others bodies bear.

Ver. 499.] I wish our author had preserved the beautiful figure
 of his original, as Chapman has done:

then did the new-fir'd funne
Smite the brode fields.

I would propose the following attempt, which may serve to suggest
 an essential improvement to the genuine sons of poetry:

From the still sea when Sol relumed his ray,
 And *smote* the fields with *shafts* of early day.

I have spoken of this metaphor more particularly in a note at Vir-
 gil's Georgics, iii. 219. where I suppose that Isaiah xiv. 12. should
 be rendered thus:

How art thou fallen from heaven, Lucifer! son of the Morning!
 Art tumbled to the earth, who *sentest thy light thro'* all lands!

which passage, in a contention for my own amusement with Bishop
 Lowth, of translating the whole address into Latin verse, I executed
 as follows:

Quo decidisti, Lucifer, impetu
 Ad ima terræ, vultus ab æthere!

Arose the golden chariot of the Day, 500
And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.

In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
Thro' heaps of carnage search'd the mournful
plain.

Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend
explore,

With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they
shed, 506

And, laid along their cars, deplor'd the dead.

Tu, natus Auroræ! Per omnem
Tu *radios jaculatus orbem!*

Cowley, a true genius! has a fine couplet in his *Davideis*, connected with these quotations; which the reader will thank me for producing:

Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face
Strikes through the solid darkness of the place.

Ver. 507. *And, laid along their cars.*] These probably were not chariots, but carriages; for Homer makes Nestor say in ver. 332 of the original, that this was to be done with mules and oxen, which were not commonly joined to chariots, and the word *κυκλίσσόμεν* there, may be applied to any vehicle that runs on wheels. *Ἀμαζα* signifies indifferently *plaustrum* and *currus*; and our English word *car* implies either. But if they did use chariots in bearing their dead, it is at least evident, that those chariots were drawn by mules and oxen at funeral solemnities. Homer's using the word *ἄμαξα* and not *δίφρος*, confirms this opinion. P.

This is a very awkward line, and the right grammatical construction leads to a sense the reverse of the true. The whole passage, as it is rendered in Ogilby, becomes poetical, as it is faithful, with moderate corrections:

Sage Priam check'd their grief: with silent haste
 The bodies decent on the piles were plac'd:
 With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd;
 And sadly flow, to sacred Troy return'd. 511
 Nor less the Greeks their pious sorrows shed,
 And decent on the pile dispose the dead;
 The cold remains consume with equal care;
 And slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair. 515
 Now, e'er the morn had streak'd with red'ning
 light

The doubtful confines of the day and night;
 About the dying flames the Greeks appear'd,
 And round the pile a gen'ral tomb they rear'd.

Soon as the sun *emerg'd* with trembling ray
 From ocean's *bed*, and sprinkled silver day
 O'er pearly meads, promiscuously they go;
 But scarce could *each* distinguish friend from foe.
 They wash the dead, *deform'd* by dust and gore,
 And, weeping, thence in *cars* their *bodies* bore.

Ver. 510.] Ogilby thus:
 And, when they were consum'd, *to Troy return'd*;
 So to their fleet the Greeks, when their's were *burn'd*.

Ver. 512.] The repetition of his author our poet has varied
 with a neatness and dexterity worthy of his taste and genius.

Ver. 516.] Ogilby's version at this place may be read with
 pleasure:

Scarce had the day subdu'd the duskie night,
 And trembling constellations put to flight,
 But up the Græcians rose, and with much toil
 Rais'd round the pyre their monumentall pile.

Then, to secure the camp and naval pow'rs, 520
 They rais'd embattl'd walls with lofty tow'rs:
 From space to space were ample gates around,
 For passing chariots; and a trench profound,
 Of large extent; and deep in earth, below,
 Strong piles infix'd stood adverse to the foe. 525

Ver. 520. *Then, to secure the camp, &c.*] Homer has been accused of an offence against probability, in causing this fortification to be made so late as in the last year of the war. M. Dacier answers to this objection, That the Greeks had no occasion for it till the departure of Achilles: he alone was a greater defence to them; and Homer had told the reader in a preceding book, that the Trojans never durst venture out of the walls of Troy while Achilles fought: these intrenchments therefore serve to raise the glory of his principal hero, since they become necessary as soon as he withdraws his aid. She might have added, that Achilles himself says all this, and makes Homer's apology in the ninth book, ver. 460. The same author, speaking of this fortification, seems to doubt whether the use of intrenching camps was known in the Trojan war, and is rather inclined to think Homer borrowed it from what was practised in his own time. But I believe (if we consider the caution with which he has been observed, in some instances already given, to preserve the manners of the age he writes of, in contradistinction to what was practised in his own;) we may reasonably conclude the art of fortification was in use even so long before him, and in the degree of perfection that he here describes it. If it was not, and if Homer was fond of describing an improvement in this art made in his own days; nothing could be better contrived than his feigning Nestor to be the author of it, whose wisdom and experience in war rendered it probable that he might carry his projects farther than the rest of his contemporaries. We have here a fortification as perfect as any in the modern times: a strong wall is thrown up, towers are built upon it from space to space, gates are made to issue out at, and a ditch sunk, deep, wide and long: to all which palisades are added to compleat it. P.

Sotoil'd the Greeks: meanwhile the Gods above
In shining circle round their father Jove,

Ver. 527.] Nor will a comparison of Ogilby's efforts here, with due allowances for his age and disadvantages, be unacceptable to the reader:

Thus *toil'd the Greeks*: whilst those, who sit *above*
In starry mansions with celestiall *Jove*,
With wonder their stupendious works survey'd;
When, th' earth's foundation-shaker, Neptune said.

By which verses it is manifest that Pope modelled his own.

———— *meanwhile the Gods* ———] The fiction of this wall raised by the Greeks, has given no little advantage to Homer's poem, in furnishing him with an opportunity of changing the scene, and in a great degree the subject and accidents of his battles; so that the following descriptions of war are totally different from all the foregoing. He takes care at the first mention of it to fix in us a great idea of this work, by making the Gods immediately concerned about it. We see Neptune jealous lest the glory of his own work, the walls of Troy, should be effaced by it; and Jupiter comforting him with a prophecy that it shall be totally destroyed in a short time. Homer was sensible that as this was a building of his imagination only, and not founded (like many other of his descriptions) upon some antiquities or traditions of the country, so posterity might convict him of a falsity, when no remains of any such wall should be seen on the coast. Therefore (as Aristotle observes) he has found this way to elude the censure of an improbable fiction: the word of Jove was fulfilled, the hands of the Gods, the force of the rivers, and the waves of the sea, demolished it. In the twelfth book he digresses from the subject of his poem, to describe the execution of this prophecy. The verses there are very noble, and have given the hint to Milton for those in which he accounts, after the same poetical manner, for the vanishing of the terrestrial paradise.

———— All fountains of the deep
Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
Beyond all bounds, 'till inundation rise
Above the highest hills: then shall this mount
Of *Paradise* by mighty waves be mov'd

Amaz'd beheld the wond'rous works of man:
 Then he, whose trident shakes the earth, began.
 What mortals henceforth shall our power adore,
 Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore, 531
 If the proud Grecians thus successful boast
 Their rising bulwarks on the sea-beat coast?
 See the long walls extending to the main,
 No God consulted, and no victim slain! 535
 Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends;
 Wide, as the Morn her golden beam extends.
 While old Laomedon's divine abodes,
 Those radiant structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods,

Out of its place, push'd by the horned flood,
 With all its verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
 Down the great river to the opening gulf,
 And there take root, an island salt and bare,
 The haunt of seals and orcs, and sea-mews clang. P.

Ver. 530.] He might easily have brought his version somewhat nearer to the standard of Homer, thus:

What mortals, *fire!* shall *now* our pow'r adore,
 Confess our wisdom, and our aid implore?

but he trod in the steps of Ogilby:

What mortal, Jove! will longer thee adore,
 Or us consult, or for our aid implore?

with an eye also on Dacier: "Et de recourir à nos oracles?" Otherwise, this speech is incomparably beautiful in our poet's version.

Ver. 537.] Chapman represents the figure of his author with fidelity, and not ungracefully:

As farre as white Aurora's dewes, are sprinkled through the aire,
 Fame will renowne the hands of Greece, for this divine affaire.

Shall, raz'd and lost, in long oblivion sleep. 540

Thus spoke the hoary monarch of the deep.

Th' almighty Thund'rer with a frown replies,
That clouds the world, and blackens half the
skies.

Strong God of ocean! thou, whose rage can make
The solid earth's eternal basis shake! 545

What cause of fear from mortal works could
move

The meanest subject of our realms above?

Where e'er the sun's refulgent rays are cast,

Thy pow'r is honour'd, and thy fame shall last.

But yon' proud work no future age shall view,

No trace remain where once the glory grew. 551

The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,

And whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge
wall:

Ver. 542.] I should prefer to such amplification a less ostentatious plainness; as,

The Thunderer *thus*: O! thou, whose rage—

Ver. 549.] He omits after this line *two* verses of his author, which may be represented and inserted thus:

But mark; when soon departs the Græcian band,

In ships returning to their native land,

Yon' *haughty* work——.

Ver. 553.] I cannot bring myself to admire this species of imitative verse: there seems a quaintness and affectation, the result of artifice, that must, I should think, be ever unacceptable to the lovers of simplicity and nature. For these reasons I applaud the

Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore;
The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more. 556

Thus they in heav'n: while, o'er the Grecian
train,

The rolling fun descending to the main
Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they flew:

Black from the tents the fav'ry vapours flew. 560

And now the fleet, arriv'd from Lemnos' strands,

With Bacchus' blessings chear'd the gen'rous
bands.

Of fragrant wines the rich Eunæus sent

A thousand measures to the royal tent.

(Eunæus, whom Hypsipyle of yore 565

To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore)

judgement of our poet for correcting the original lines in his Wind-
for Forest, ver. 307 :

When brass decays, when trophies lie o'erthrown,
And mould'ring into dust *drops* the proud stone.

Ver. 561. *And now the fleet, &c.*] The verses from hence to the end of the book, afford us the knowledge of some points of history and antiquity. As that Jason had a son by Hypsipyle, who succeeded his mother in the kingdom of Lemnos: that the ~~isle~~ of Lemnos was anciently famous for its wines, and drove a traffick in them; and that coined money was not in use in the time of the Trojan war, but the trade of countries carried on by exchange in gross brass, oxen, slaves, &c. I must not forget the particular term used here for slave, *ἀνδραποδον*, which is literally the same with our modern word *footman*. P.

This ridiculous etymology of *ἀνδραποδον* is derived from Ogilby. The *feet* of slaves were usually *fettered* to prevent their escape: hence the derivation of the word; as we say, a *bondman*.

The rest they purchas'd at their proper cost,
 And well the plenteous freight supply'd the host:
 Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave:
 Some brass, or iron; some an ox, or slave. 570
 All night they feast, the Greek and Trojan pow'rs;
 Those on the fields, and these within their tow'rs.
 But Jove averse the signs of wrath display'd,
 And shot red light'nings thro' the gloomy shade:
 Humbled they stood; pale horror seiz'd on all, 575
 While the deep thunder shook th' aërial hall.
 Each pour'd to Jove, before the bowl was crown'd;
 And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground:
 Then late, refresh'd with sleep from toils of fight,
 Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night. 580

Ver. 573. *But Jove averse, &c.*] The signs by which Jupiter here shews his wrath against the Grecians, are a prelude to those more open declarations of his anger which follow in the next book, and prepare the mind of the reader for that machine, which might otherwise seem too bold and violent. P.

END OF VOL. II.



